

may 15c

modern screen



INGRID BERGMAN

Just One Cake of Camay for Softer, Smoother Skin!



MRS. JOHN WILLIAM COURSEN
the former Marian Reid of Valley Stream, N. Y.
Bridal portrait painted by *SANDOR*



It's lovely to look at—thrilling to touch—the clearer, softer complexion that comes with your *first cake* of Camay! So change from careless cleansing—go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested Camay's daring beauty promise on scores of complexions; reported that woman after woman—using just *one cake* of Camay—had softer, smoother skin!

WITH THE COURSENS

A mutual interest in auto racing helped to bring engineer Johnny Coursen and lovely Marian together. They went often to a speedway in a New York suburb. But races couldn't compete with Marian's fair-skinned beauty for Johnny's attentions! She uses Camay for her skin!



Now the Coursens have a home in Connecticut, and Johnny vows he'll build a closet just for Marian's hats. She has dozens—and her young-bride complexion looks lovely with every one. Marian pledges: "I'll stick with the Camay Mild-Soap Diet." Why don't you? Follow directions on wrapper.

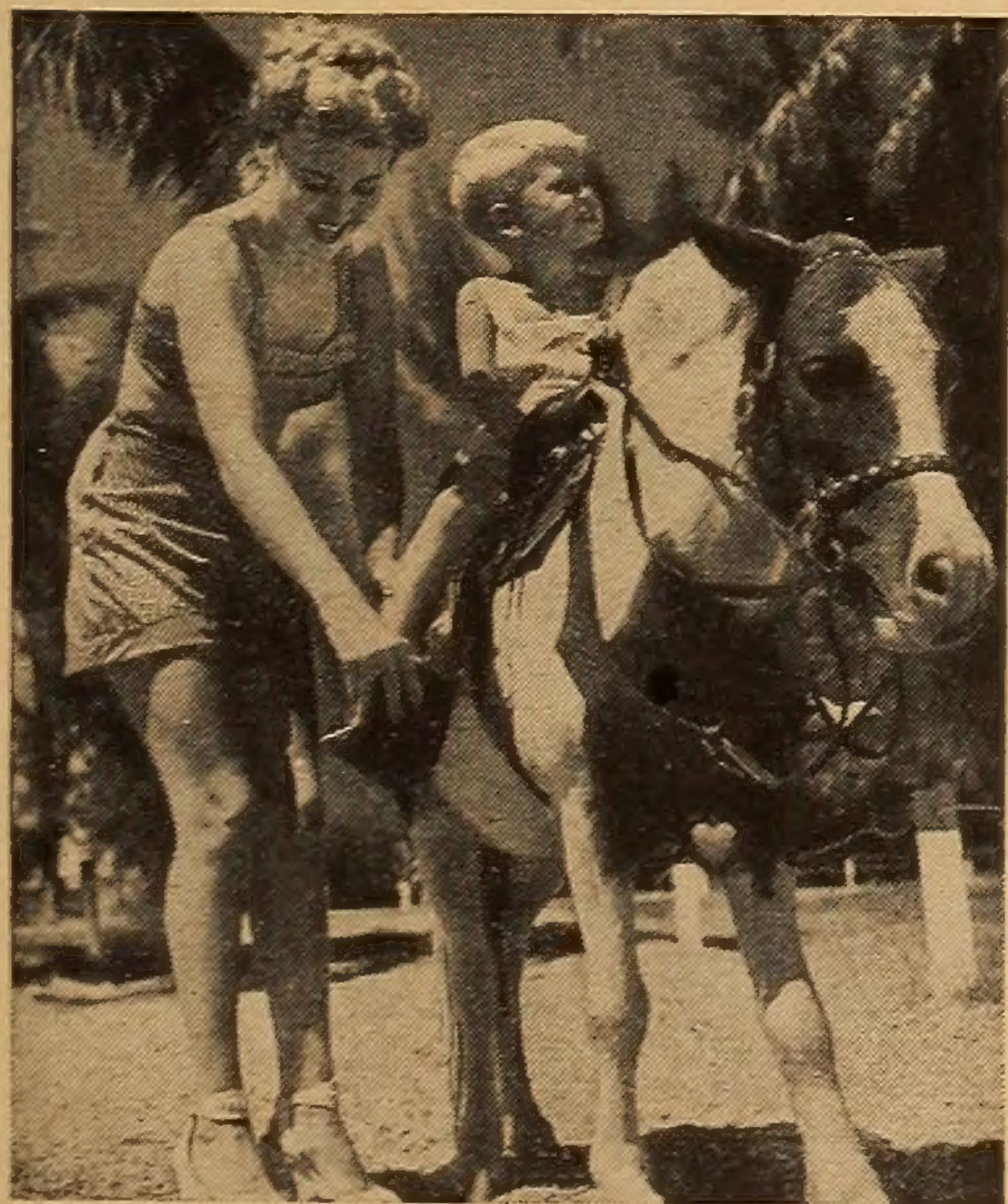


Handsome lifeguard in daring rescue. Every day, almost, Junior (very) Lifeguard Georgie rescues his "model" mother. It's good fun and exercise. Fortunately, Virginia knows that gums, too, need exercise. Be-

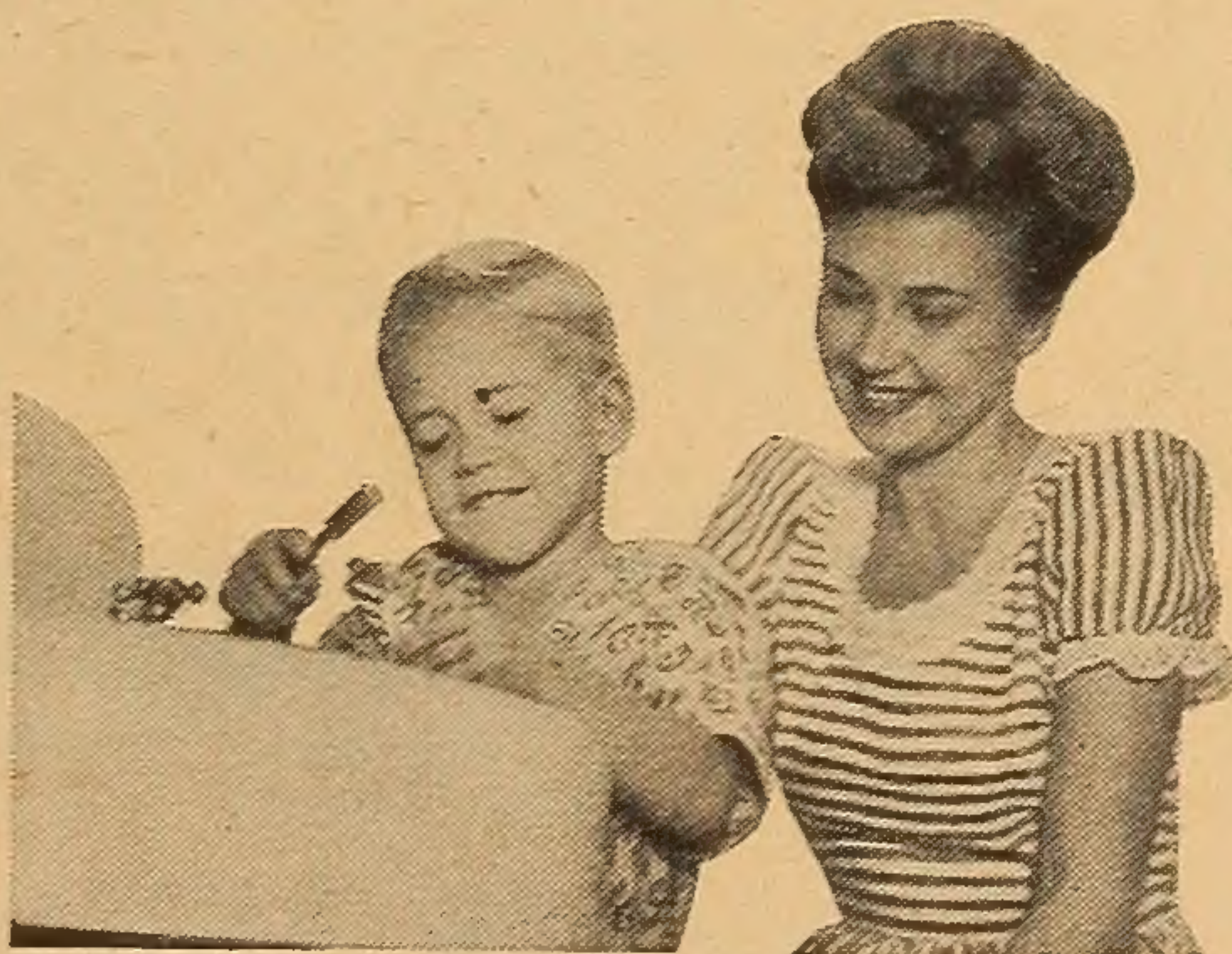
cause today's soft, creamy foods often tend to make them tender and flabby. So the Swensens use Ipana Tooth Paste—specially designed, with gentle massage, to help gums to healthier firmness.

This Mother never dreamed of becoming a Model

...until her lovely figure and winning smile won Virginia Swensen a Florida beauty contest



Giddyap Napoleon! A few more riding lessons and Georgie will go tearing off in a cloud of dust. But he needs no lessons in care of teeth and gums. "When you brush your teeth, massage your gums gently," Virginia has taught him. This brief workout with Ipana helps speed up circulation within the gums.



"A lifeguard must be strong," Virginia reminds ambitious Georgie, "with sound teeth and gums." Sensitive gums often herald their warning with "pink" on your tooth brush—a sign to see your dentist. Let him decide whether yours is simply a case for "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."



Product of Bristol-Myers

IT'S POSSIBLE that if she hadn't won a beauty contest, Virginia Swensen of Miami Springs might still be modeling aprons in her kitchen...instead of fashions in a model agency.

It's possible—but not probable. With her figure, her sparkling smile, she couldn't miss becoming a hit. Today this lovely mother knows more than ever the importance of a smile. So she's teaching 4-year-old Georgie her own prized dental routine: *Regular brushing with Ipana—then gentle gum massage.*

Mrs. Swensen knows what thousands of dentists and schools teach—that a radiant smile depends on sparkling teeth. And sparkling teeth call for healthy gums.



Many parents could learn from youngsters the importance of gum massage, taught in thousands of schools. Also, 7 in 10 dentists recommend gum massage, national survey shows. (And dentists, 2 to 1, prefer Ipana for their own use!). But let your dentist decide whether and how to massage your gums.

Start today with Ipana and Massage



Brooklyn boasts a tree, a ball club, and a flair for butchering the English language.

But that's not all. Now it's also famous for a wonderful musical film!

M-G-M has turned four of its most talented stars loose somewhere in the area of Brooklyn Bridge . . . and what comes out is sheer enchantment, sure-fire humor, solid entertainment entitled "It Happened In Brooklyn".

Frank Sinatra is cast as the girl-shy hero who thinks that "New York is just a place to see Brooklyn from". And "The Voice" is in rare voice.



Then, to prove that Brooklyn has an eye for beauty and an ear for song, there's lovely Kathryn Grayson.



As the romantic young blue-blood who doesn't know that Greenpoint is pronounced "Greenpernt", Peter Lawford proves he's the screen's new heart-throb.

Brightening "Brooklyn" with songs and quips is Jimmy Durante, who's got a million of them!



Yes, it happened in "Anchors Aweigh"; it happened in "Till The Clouds Roll By"; and it's happened again.

That now-famous M-G-M "musical romance" touch is TOPS!

The screen play by Isobel Lennart, based on an original story by John McGowan, abounds in happy moments.

Richard Whorf directed and Jack Cummings produced the picture and it's a happy combination.

"It Happened In Brooklyn" is a wonderful weaving of story and song, a rollicking, easy-going motion picture that simply bubbles over with delight.

It's just about the happiest thing that ever happened!

— Leo



P. S. Best-sellers make best pictures! Three great novels are on their way to being M-G-M hits: "The Hucksters", "B. F.'s Daughter", "East River".

MAY, 1947

modern screen

the friendly magazine

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*it's the happiest thing
that ever happened!!!*

FRANK SINATRA

sings 7 romantic songs... and

KATHRYN GRAYSON

finds love in the arms of handsome

PETER LAWFORD

Hollywood's new heart-throb, and

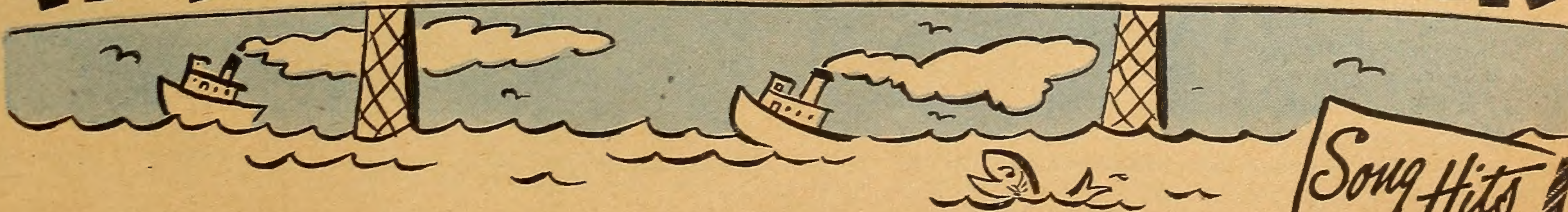
JIMMY DURANTE

is funnier than ever!

*It's from
M-G-M*



IT HAPPENED IN BROOKLYN



Screen Play by ISOBEL LENNART • Based on an Original Story by JOHN MCGOWAN
Directed by RICHARD WHORF • Produced by JACK CUMMINGS
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

Song Hits
"Time After Time"
"Brooklyn Bridge"
"It's the Same Old
Dream"
and many more!



good news good news good news good news good news good news good news

louella parsons'

■ Murrerder! Are the bachelor girls getting good and miffed with Peter Lawford and Keenan Wynn!

With Hollywood embarrassingly short on eligible males, these two attractive gents are starting something guaranteed to drive single gals crazy.

What they do is merely this: They start out on a stag evening and then wind up in one of the local cafes featuring a pretty girl singer. The singer is then invited to join their table for supper, following her show, and the boys take turns dancing with her.

It's a lovely way for bachelors to spend an evening. Nice company, pretty girl, no romantic implications. But how the "date"-able gals hate it!

* * *

That very young star, with a baby not yet a year old, can't hide the fact much longer that her marriage is tottering.

She shows up at the studio every day almost a nervous wreck, with dark shadows under her eyes, and her face is getting so thin the cameraman has a hard time keeping her glamorous.

All but one of their marital tiffs have been kept very much on the q.t.

* * *

You'll never guess who is Bing Crosby's rival for sporting the loudest shirts.

Gregory Peck showed up on the set of *The Paradine Case* wearing a shirt that made Bing's selections look like studies in pastel.

The colors were green, yellow and red in checkerboard pattern and with this charming creation Greg wore a bright yellow tie. (Continued on page 6)



Glo DeHaven Payne's new hair-do created a minor sensation at a recent Hollywood shindig. Note the on-the-bias cut of the bangs. John's headed for the hospital shortly to fix up his knee, injured when he was a G.I.



The wedding of Ella Raines and Major Robin Olds, former jet plane ace of the 8th Air Force, was the most elaborate since the Shirley Temple-John Agar merger. See the impressive rows of ribbons on Robin's chest?

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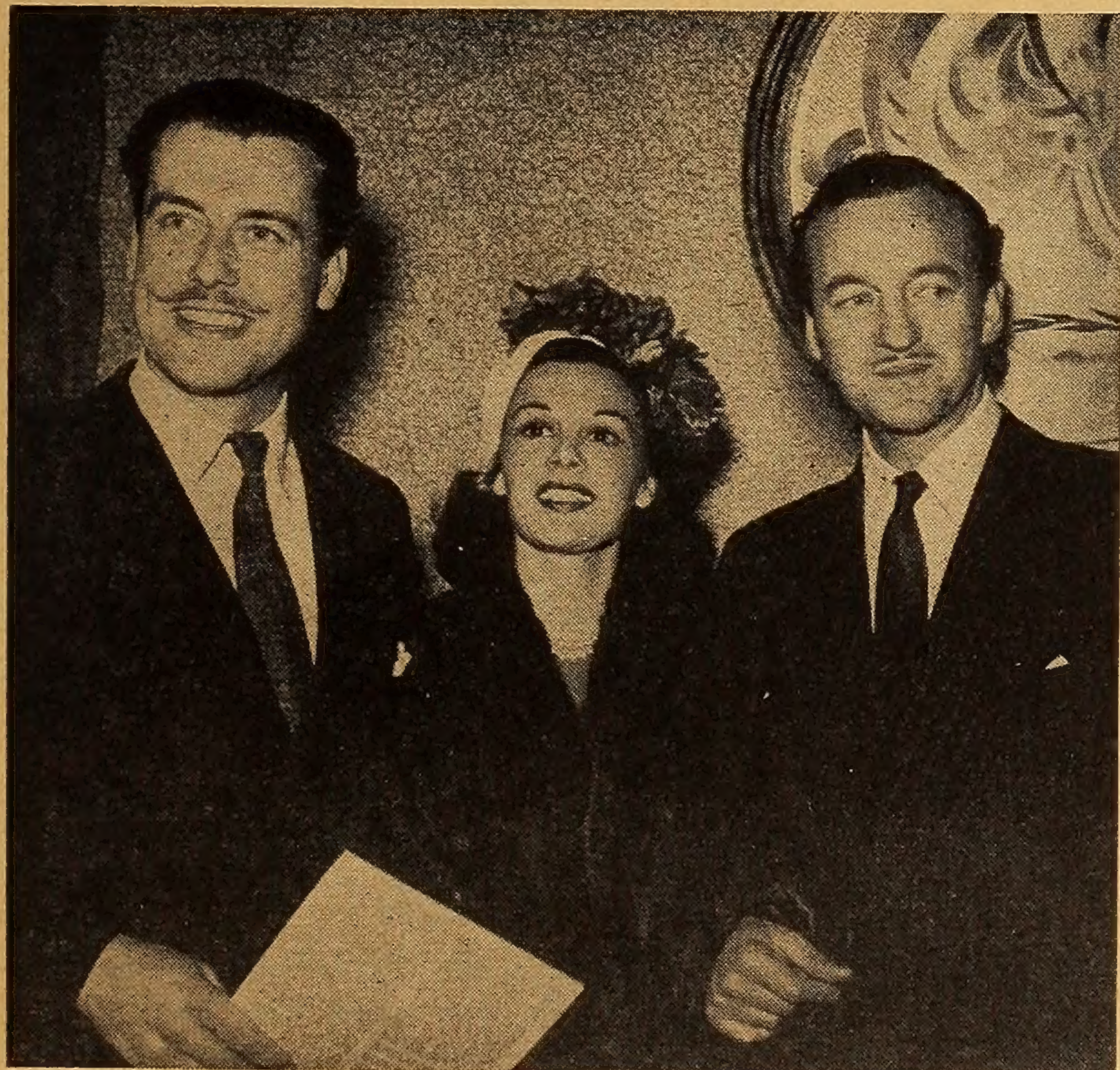
good news good news good news good news good news good news



David Rose seems to have invented a new ear-boxing technique that delights June Haver. A few weeks after this photo was shot, June, who had vowed not to wed for 5 years, eloped to Las Vegas with Jimmy Zito.



Charles Boyer, happily married for 13 years, teased bride Olivia De Havilland, at their recent Lux appearance. "Mark and I will beat your record," challenged Livvy, "because he won't interfere with my career."



David Niven attended the *Stairway To Heaven* opening with Richard Greene and wife, Patricia Medina. Pat refused a contract at Richard's studio, recalling bad publicity Cornel Wilde and Pat Knight received.



At Earl Wilson's Marquis party, Esther Williams congratulated Jackie Coogan on, 1: his forthcoming marriage to starlet Ann McCormick and, 2: his new radio show. Esther and husband Ben Gage are adopting a baby.

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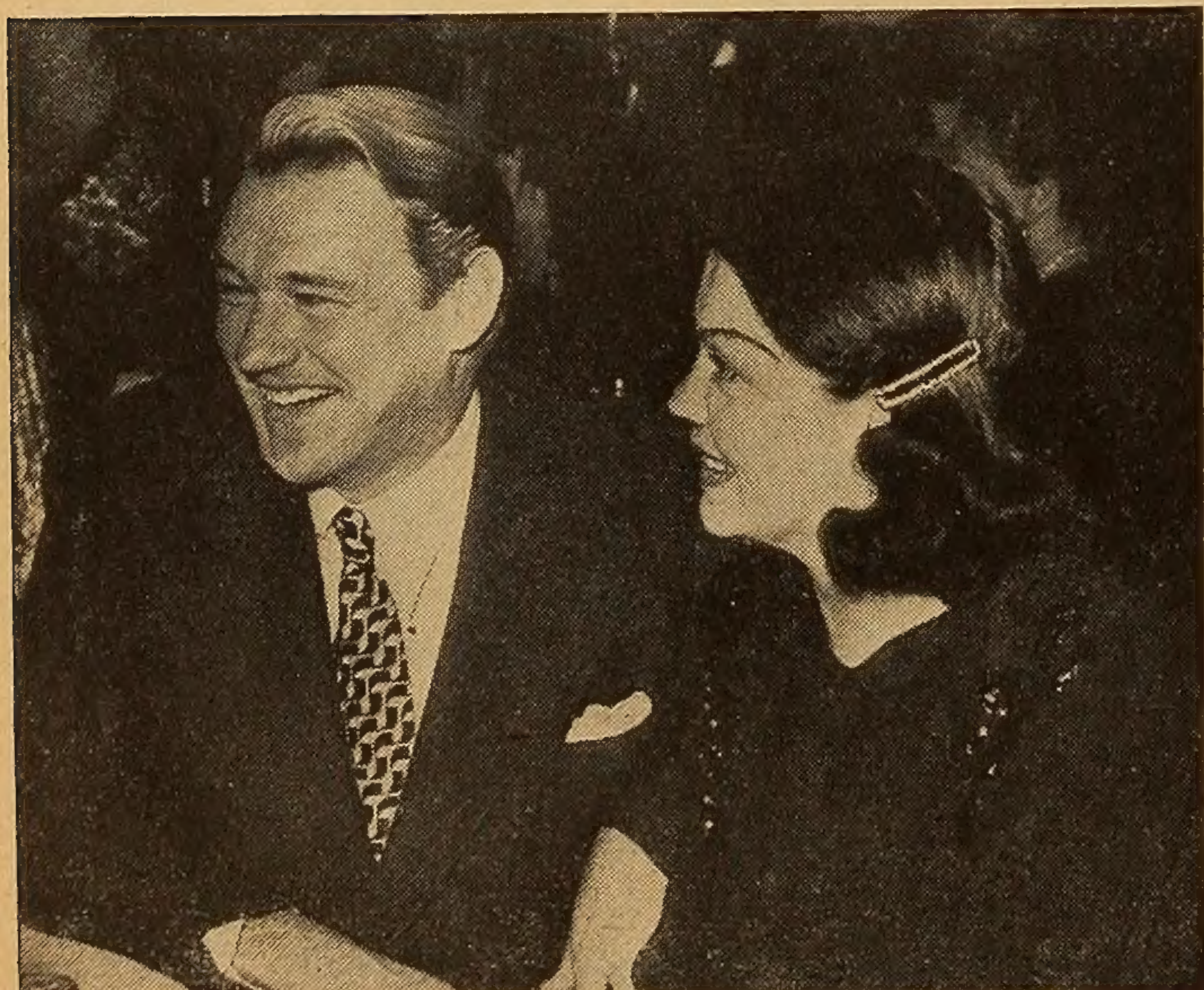
louella parsons'



Alice Faye and Phil Harris spend a rare evening out—dining at the Beverly Tropics. Getting ideas, maybe for their planned coast-to-coast chain of restaurants.



Lon McCallister squired Ann Blyth to the Look Award party; drank a toast (in water) to Ann's hope of getting the role of Regina in *Another Part of the Forest*.



Mr. and Mrs. Sonny Tufts, guests at Look's party, told friends they'd given up the idea of adopting Don Devlin, the boy who worked with Sonny in *Swell Guy*. Don's dad objected.

(Continued from page 4)

Without a word to spoil the gag, director Alfred Hitchcock had a prop boy supply the entire cast with dark glasses! If you think that piqued Mr. Peck you can guess again.

The next day he wore a black shirt and white tie with bright yellow canaries on it!

* * *

Have you ever stopped to wonder just what a traveling movie star has to take along with her in the line of clothes when she goes out on a personal appearance jaunt?

When Martha Vickers headed for New York to appear at the Strand Theater with *That Way With Women*, it was decided that the glamor build-up was as important off the screen as on. Martha isn't a million dollar salary star—so here's what the good brethren Warners loaned her:

15 evening gowns designed by Bernie Newman, Milo Anderson, Travilla and Leah Rhodes.

22 pairs of shoes.

One \$3000 evening coat trimmed with ermine.

One stone marten stole valued at \$2200.

One \$6000 mink coat.

One leopard coat—\$750.

Five suits and five dresses.

25 hats of all types from five leading designers.

Appropriate costume jewelry to match each complete outfit.

Pretty nice to have such a wardrobe checked off to "exploitation" isn't it—even if Martha, like Cinderella, does have to return most of the finery when she gets home.

* * *

By the time he finishes *The Hucksters*, Clark Gable will be the most-kissed man in Hollywood. His first scene called for him to kiss Connie Gilchrist, who plays a telephone operator, three times. Later, the same day, he kissed Deborah Kerr, Ava Gardner and five-year-old Diane Perrine!

Clark has dropped 20 pounds since he made *Adventure*—and not from all that kissing, either. He didn't like the way he looked on the screen with all that weight and went to work exercising it off.

Here's a little tip that may interest you. After seeing Gable and Ava Gardner in action, M-G-M is thinking about remaking some of the old films Clark made with Jean Harlow—particularly *Red Dust* and *China Seas*.

* * *

Van and Evie Abbot Wynn Johnson have been living so quietly since their marriage that some of their closest friends haven't been invited to their new home. They've gone mad for tennis and play every day.

The few times they've dined out, on cook's night out, it's been at one of the quietest cafes in town. Evie's wearing one of those old fashioned gold bands for a wedding ring and Van has one just like it. Theirs was a double ring ceremony.

But just in case you WERE lucky enough to be invited out to (Continued on page 8)

TIERNEY

with a taunting smile...

HARRISON

with a haunting kiss...



*...doin'
what comes
super-naturally!*

It's the man-woman affair like
nothing on earth... from the
best-seller that spread a sly smile
across the face of America!

GENE REX GEORGE
TIERNEY · HARRISON · SANDERS

The Ghost and Mrs. Muir

A 20th
CENTURY-FOX
ROMANCE!



with EDNA BEST · Vanessa Brown · Anna Lee · Robert Coote · Natalie Wood · Isobel Elsom · Victoria Horne

Directed by JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ · Produced by FRED KOHLMAR · Screen Play by Philip Dunne
From the Novel by R. A. Dick



That Bandbox Look

isn't come by accidentally, Lamby
... You achieve it only by
paying close attention to the
little details of grooming ...

The prettiest hair-do, for instance,
can go limp around the edges fast
—if you don't anchor it with
Bob Pins that have a Stronger Grip.
And that means DeLong Bob Pins.

Stronger Grip

Won't Slip Out

They're made of high-carbon steel so they
can't slip and slide and they keep their
snap and shape indefinitely.



Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years
BOB PINS HAIR PINS SAFETY PINS
SNAPS PINS
HOOKS & EYES HOOK & EYE TAPES
SANITARY BELTS



John Agar takes Shirley Temple out for a Saturday night on the town. The place is Earl Carroll's—and did Shirley ever look more sophisticated than she does in that off-the-shoulder gown! They'll be up early tomorrow, though—for golf!

louella parsons'

their house—here's what you'd find:

The Johnson home is situated in Santa Monica at the end of a dead-end street. It is protected by high shrubbery and an electrically controlled gate.

Inside, the house is extremely modernistic. It was designed by Cedric Gibbons, M-G-M's art director, and the front is almost entirely glass. From almost every room in the place you can look out on the tennis court and swimming pool, the latter boasting heated water.

On the first floor are a foyer, bedroom, dining room, kitchen and pantry. This downstairs bedroom has been converted by the Johnsons into the one and only guest room. It's furnished as a combination library and bedroom and is more fitting for a gentleman guest than for a lady.

The second floor boasts a large, cheerful living room opening onto two bedrooms with private dressing room suites and baths. Every bit of the furniture in the place, with the exception of the dining room, is built in. For instance, an open fireplace in the living room has two built-in divans on either side, a huge built-in mirror, and bookshelves built almost to the ceiling lining the walls.

The newlyweds' house will be painted white inside and out and the carpets and draperies in the living room are white, too.

* * *

Hollywood hostesses who have hesitated about inviting Evie and Van Johnson and Keenan Wynn to the same party, need have no fears. The Johnsons paid Keenan a visit on the set of *Song of The Thin Man* and all of them seemed, I must say, the best of friends.

I noticed, however, that at Louis B. Mayer's big party for the young Henry Fords, Keenan brought Nan Bennett. On the same night, the Johnsons were the guests at Atwater Kent.

These two big parties, on the same night, had every big star in Hollywood circulating between the two hilltop mansions.

We have few visitors in our town more popular than Ann and Henry Ford. They are so attractive and likeable. At L. B.'s party for them, I sat between Cary Grant and Peter Lawford and I must say I enjoyed myself. I want to predict right here that Cary will marry Betty Hensel. He says he never missed a gal so much in his life since she's been visiting relatives in St. Louis.

Cary's ex, Virginia Cherrill, is back in Hollywood and divorced from the Earl of Jersey—but he has had no dates with her. He also told me that Barbara Hutton, also an ex, had called him from Paris to tell him she was marrying again. That boy certainly stays friends with all the women in his life.

Both my dinner partners were doing raves over Virginia O'Brien, the famed "dead pan" singer who is rapidly developing into one of the real beauties in our town. This night she was wearing a coral-red gown and with her dark hair piled high on her head in an upsweep and her big blue Irish eyes, she was a rarin', tearin' beauty, believe me.

Loretta Young was another beauty in red—one of the new short evening gowns. On her it looked good, but I think most women look better in long evening gowns. It seems to me the new dresses which end at the ankle are awkward and unbecoming to most women.

The two dancers who "necked" most on the floor were June Allyson and Dick Powell. "Look at those two," said my husband. "They're certainly in love." And believe me, it doesn't mean that they're in love just in public—they really care.

Joan Crawford, who at this writing is madly, but madly, in love with good looking, Irish Peter Shaw, came late. But her appearance was worth (Continued on page 10)

A Love as Bold, as Beautiful, as Wild
as the Hills that Hid Their Story!



THE EXCITEMENT THEY COULDN'T DRIVE OUT OF THEIR BLOOD
WILL SURGE IN YOURS...THESE TWO WHO SHARED A SAVAGE
LOVE NOT EVEN THE LAWLESS WEST COULD FORGIVE!

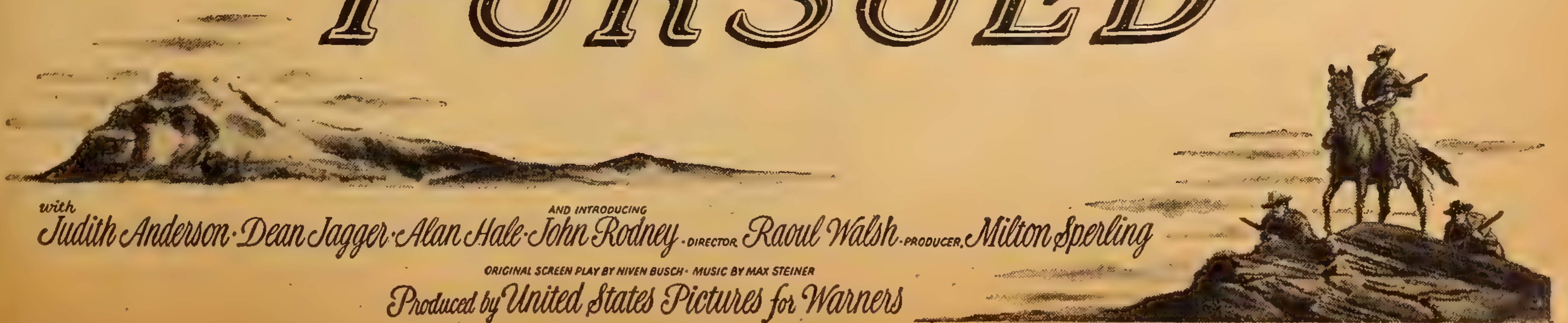
TERESA WRIGHT  *ROBERT MITCHUM*

"PURSUED"

with Judith Anderson · Dean Jagger · Alan Hale · John Rodney · AND INTRODUCING Raoul Walsh · PRODUCER Milton Sperling

ORIGINAL SCREEN PLAY BY NIVEN BUSCH · MUSIC BY MAX STEINER

Produced by United States Pictures for Warners



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louella parsons'

waiting for, Joan and George Murphy danced together and they were so wonderful that most of the others got off the floor to watch. No exhibition dancers were ever more graceful. "And George and I haven't danced together for fifteen years," said Joan. Peter said that after watching Joan dance with George, the only thing left for him was to go out and take dancing lessons.

I saw the other Joan—Joan Caulfield—with Hurd Hatfield at Atwater Kent's. Maybe Greg Bautzer, the popular lawyer-about-town, had a night off and was playing cards with the fellas.

Cleatus Caldwell, Bob Hutton's pretty bride, had had her hair made several shades lighter that very afternoon—and was worried! She goes to Perc Westmore's, the hair-doing emporium all us girls "take" from, and she was in a private tizzy that Bob might not like the new color. She could have saved her fretting. He told me he thought she had never looked so beautiful.

I have often said that Ginger Rogers overdresses. Now I want to take back those words and say that she was one of the smartest looking women at the Kent party. Ginger wore a plain black gown set off with a stunning diamond pin shaped like a fan. She and Jackie Briggs have such fun together.

I asked Ginger how her "boarder" was getting along. Richard Ney went to the Briggs' to live after he separated from Greer Garson. She told me he had left and was looking for an apartment. We both agreed that boy is carrying a torch.

Merle Oberon looked like a dream walking in a white lace gown with diamond necklace, earrings and bracelet. Merle really has THE most gorgeous jewels of any of the screen stars.

Diana Lynn, on the arm of Robert Neale, the young Texas millionaire who has been trailing her all around the country, fairly beamed. Young Diana falls soooooo in love and then, boom, it's all over. I can't say

she'll marry young Neale (she didn't marry Henry Willson after announcing their engagement) but there are rumors that away.

Robert Stack came with vivid Yvonne De Carlo. He has also been escorting Irene Wrightsman McEvoy, socialite, to various places and s'help me, the way he dreams into the eyes of both fair charmers—it's hard to say which has caught his heart.

June Haver, all by her little self, came with that "old" married couple, the John Paynes. By the way, Johnny and Gloria de Haven seem to have ironed out those matrimonial troubles that once parted them.

Brian Aherne and his charming wife were among those I said "Hello" to and Brian told me that he had just that day talked long distance to Katharine Cornell, completing plans to tour the Coast this summer in their old hit, *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*.

You have to take off your hat to a girl like Jane Wyman, who has always put her family ahead of her career. I certainly doff my latest Josephi chapeau to her. She and Ronnie Reagan are expecting their third baby and Janie couldn't be happier about it.

It doesn't matter in the least to her that her career is right at its peak. In fact, I broke the "scoop" about the expected arrival the very week Janie was nominated as an Oscar candidate for her wonderful work in *The Yearling*.

How different her attitude is from another young actress I know, also going places in a big way right now, who told me:

"I would love to have a baby. But my agent thinks it would be very unwise right now—when I'm just beginning to get my best breaks!"

* * *

Everything has happened to the Guy Madison-Gail Russell romance—but my bet is that true love will conquer all, as they used to put it in the old-fashioned novels.

In the beginning, their studios were opposed to their (Continued on page 116)



That's Anita Colby in the foreground, with Mr. and Mrs. Tom Lewis (Loretta Young) behind her. Tom surprised everyone at Look's party by announcing he'd been given the most excellent Order of the British Empire by the King of England.

"I can't stand
to see you kiss him...even though
you're my brother's wife!"

Look who's back! It's Bill
Holden! It's Sterling Hayden!
They're not only back on the
screen... but they're *both* in
love with the same girl!

THEY WERE BROTHERS...who shared the desperate adventure
of flying the mail!

BUT THEY WERE MEN...who couldn't share the warm heart
of the girl one of them married and
the other loved so hopelessly!

Paramount presents

"BLAZE OF NOON"



Back together.. after
their super-smash in
"Two Years Before The Mast"!

All kinds of men were interested
in Poppy's charms... but only
one kind of husband.



Starring

ANNE BAXTER
WILLIAM HOLDEN
SONNY TUFTS
WILLIAM BENDIX
STERLING HAYDEN
HOWARD DA SILVA

with

JOHNNY SANDS • JEAN WALLACE

Directed by **JOHN FARROW**

Screenplay by Frank Wead and Arthur Sheekman

by *Florabel* **m***uir*

THE WHOLE THING WAS SO SWIFT AND SECRET, YOU'RE PROBABLY STILL WONDERING HOW IT HAPPENED. SO HERE'S THE INSIDE STORY—BY OUR SPECIAL HOLLYWOOD CORRESPONDENT.

how **V**an got married

■ Here's your ringside story of the stunning elopement and marriage of Van Johnson and Evie Wynn, a love dénouement so sensational that it jerked even blasé Hollywood out of its joint and collective seats and left it agasp!

On Friday, the 24th of January, Evie Wynn, telling not a soul, quietly obtained air passage to El Paso, Texas, via American Airlines. Alone, mind you. Van drove her to the airport and then returned quietly to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio where he hurried to the office of a friend.

"Evie has just taken off for El Paso," he announced. "I'm flying back there tomorrow. We're going to be married."

Before the friend could react from his astonishment, enter a tall, dark and handsome figure. Just how and why Keenan Wynn happened to drop in at that moment no one will ever know. Keenan doesn't.

(Continued on page 125)



For weeks before Evie Wynn and Van Johnson were married, Evie haunted local antique shops looking for furnishings for their new home. Now she says that there's no room—Van's cluttered up everything with his books and records.

The same Glenn Ford who tamed GILDA!

*"I didn't ask
you to come
into my life!"*

COLUMBIA
PICTURES
presents

Glenn Ford

in

FRAMED

with

Janis CARTER • Barry SULLIVAN

Edgar Karen Jim
BUCHANAN • MORLEY • BANNON

Screenplay by Ben Maddow

Directed by Produced by
RICHARD WALLACE • JULES SCHERMER




dorothy kilgallen
selects

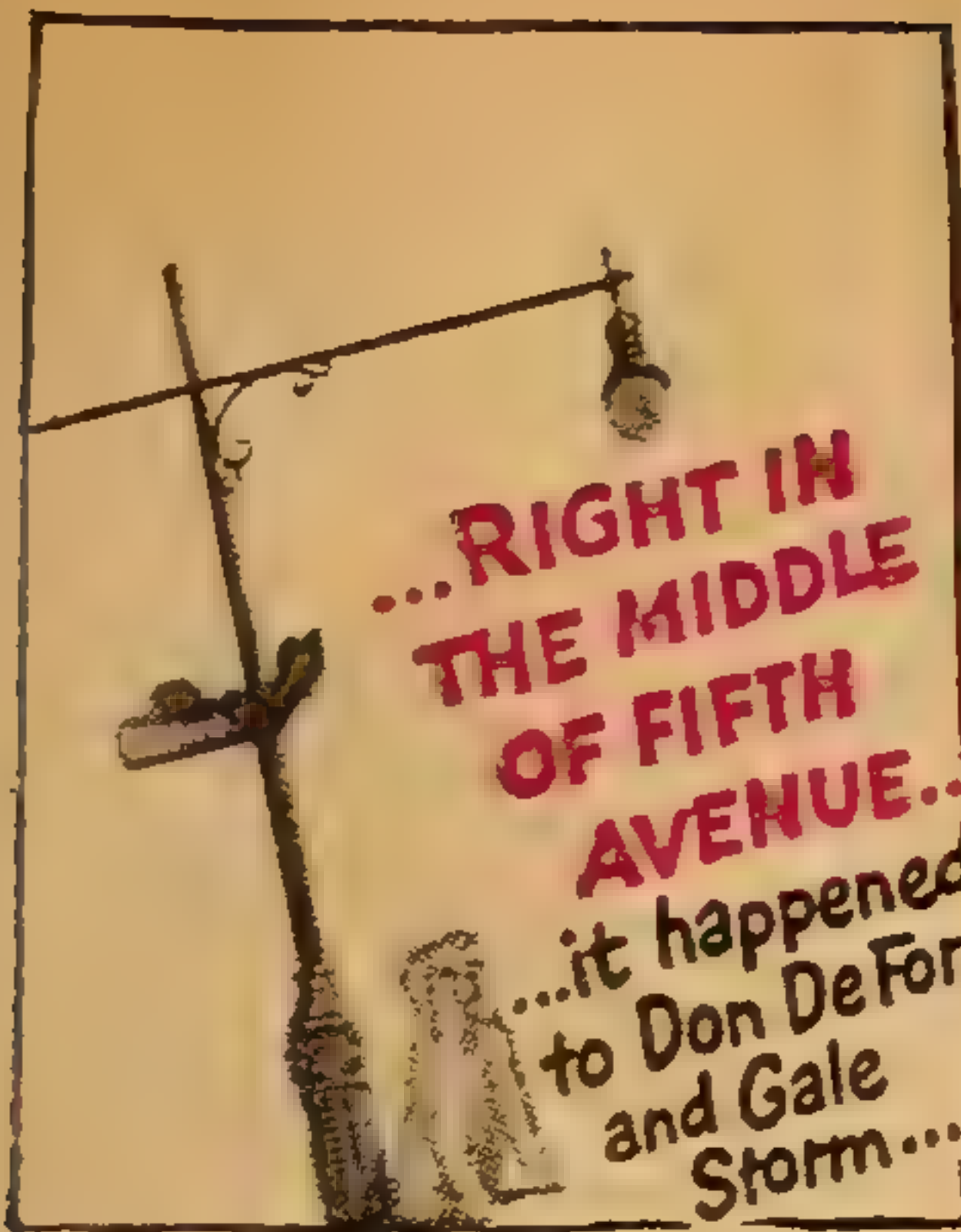
**"the beginning
or the end"**

■ Any Hollywood producer knows as well as he knows the palm of his hand that no ticket-buyer ever walked up to a box-office and put his dollar on the line because a picture was advertised as "significant," "historical" or "important." Those are frightening adjectives to the average cinema customer; he is traditionally lured into the flicker palaces by words like "daring!" "passion!" "adventure!" and "Betty Grable," and surveys prove that when history is being shown on his local movie screen he is apt to be bowling 250 or spending a quiet evening at home.

So I am reluctant to say that *The Beginning Or The End* is an important picture, for fear of poisoning it at the box office. I hesitate to describe it as historic because that is never a lure to the public and I fervently hope that every man, woman and child in the nation—or even better, the world—will go to see it. I don't like to brand it as "significant," because any apprentice ad writer would scream, with justification, that a picture could be killed overnight by such a tag. But the fact remains that the atom (*Continued on page 98*)



Experimenting on the world's deadliest weapon, scientists Richard Hayden, Tom Drake and Norman Lloyd are sworn to secrecy.



ON THE STREET WHERE ANYTHING
CAN HAPPEN... ONE WONDERFUL
NIGHT EVERYTHING DID!.....

"IT



HAPPENED

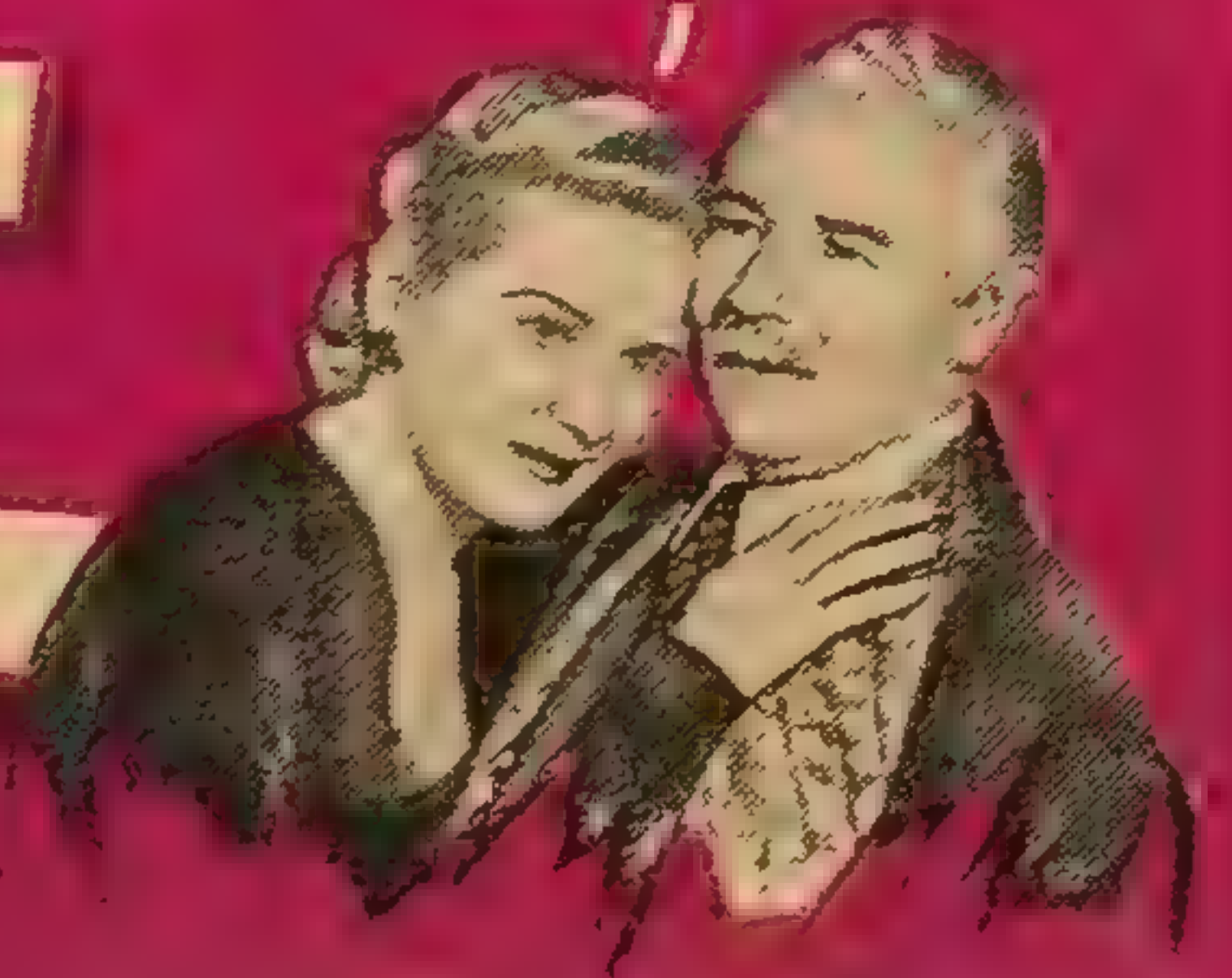


ON 5TH



AVENUE"

ALLIED ARTISTS PRODUCTIONS, INC
Presents
DON DeFORE • ANN HARDING
CHARLIE RUGGLES • VICTOR MOORE
GALE STORM
in ROY DEL RUTH'S
"IT HAPPENED
ON 5TH AVENUE"
with GRANT MITCHELL • EDWARD BROPHY • EDWARD RYAN, Jr.
Produced and Directed by ROY DEL RUTH • Associate Producer, JOE KAUFMAN • Screenplay by EVERETT FREEMAN
Story by HERBERT CLYDE LEWIS & FREDERICK STEPHANI • Music and Lyrics by HARRY REVEL & PAUL WEBSTER
Musical Score by EDWARD WARD





Macomber (Bob Preston, right) reveals his cowardice early in the hunt, when he leaves the job of killing a charging lion to his professional guide (Gregory Peck).



Macomber's wife, Margaret (Joan Bennett), has seen him fleeing from the dangerous beast, and is filled with loathing. Wilson, the guide, is an embarrassed observer.



The attraction between Margaret and Wilson increases as Macomber's weakness becomes more apparent. Their problem is dramatically resolved.

"the Macomber Affair"

■ "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber" was what Ernest Hemingway called it when he wrote it, and you'll understand why when you see the picture. Francis Macomber (Robert Preston) doesn't really begin to live until the morning of the day he dies, but his life is very important to two people. One is his wife, Margaret (Joan Bennett). The other is the guide Macomber has hired for his East African hunting trip, Robert Wilson (Gregory Peck).

In Nairobi, when you start out on a hunting trip, there are certain conventions to be observed. You treat the native bearers well, you keep your guns clean, and you never let anyone know if you're afraid. Francis Macomber breaks every one of these traditions. All his life he has been afraid. Four million dollars hasn't helped. Neither has his beautiful wife, because he knows her contempt for him. Now he has come to Africa to hunt lions, hoping that he can prove to her—and to himself—that he isn't really afraid at all.

Wilson doesn't know at first the situation he has gotten into. On the surface, the Macombers are a charming couple. As a rule, Wilson doesn't like taking women along on trips, but Mrs. Macomber doesn't seem the type that would frighten easily. She isn't. But Francis is. Wilson finds that out on their first lion hunt. The beast is wounded and they must go into the brush after him to finish him off. The lion charges, and Macomber runs away, leaving Wilson to do the job. Then Macomber vents his rage at his own cowardice on the native bearers and that night Margaret leaves her husband's tent.

The next day they hunt buffalo. Not too dangerous, ordinarily. But somehow in the course of that hunt Macomber comes alive. He isn't afraid any more of anything or anybody, even Margaret. And so he dies.—U. A.

(Continued on page 18)

MOVIE REVIEWS

by Virginia Wilson

SHE'S HIS GLAMOR GIRL...HE'S HER GUY!

Elope to Mexico City with Shirley,
gay and grown-up... and Guy, ready
for romance... in a very funny story
of a marriage in the making!



The Guy
you loved
in 'Till the
End of
Time!

RKO
PRESENTS

SHIRLEY TEMPLE
FRANCHOT TONE
GUY·MADISON

in

Honeymoon

A WILLIAM KEIGHLEY PICTURE

with

LINA ROMAY • GENE LOCKHART
CORINNA MURA • GRANT MITCHELL

Produced by WARREN DUFF • Directed by WILLIAM KEIGHLEY
Screen Play by MICHAEL KANIN • Based on a Story by VICKI BAUM



No Male... Either!



IT'S JUST NOT FAIR, CLAIRE! I WRITE THE LETTERS—AND YOU GET THE MAIL! MUST BE WHAT I WRITE IS WRONG!

I THINK IT'S MORE A MATTER OF BREATH, BETH! WHY NOT ASK YOUR DENTIST ABOUT BAD BREATH, HONEY? THEN SEE IF THE MALES DON'T CROWD THE MAILS!



TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!

"Colgate Dental Cream's active *penetrating* foam gets into hidden crevices between teeth—helps clean out decaying food particles—stop stagnant saliva odors—remove the *cause* of much bad breath. And Colgate's soft polishing agent cleans enamel thoroughly, gently, *safely*!"



COLGATE DENTAL CREAM SELDOM MISSES; NOW BETH GETS MAIL—WITH LOVE AND KISSES!



COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
Cleans Your Breath While It Cleans Your Teeth!

COLGATE
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

Use
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
twice a day
and before every date!



Framed: Janis Carter puts up bail for Glenn Ford, who's been framed in a truck accident. Actually, she's planning to double-cross him herself.

FRAMED

Glenn Ford, as exciting as when he speeded up your pulse in *Gilda*, now plays a guy who has two weaknesses. The usual two—liquor and women. Between them, they almost cause his sudden and violent demise.

Mike Lambert (Glenn Ford) is a mining engineer, out of a job, when he comes into La Paloma cafe. He has landed in this out-of-the-way Arizona town by accident. An accident which involved a truck without any brakes, and which cost him next to his last dollar. The last one he has left to spend for a couple of drinks.

There's a blonde waitress at the cafe who evinces considerable interest in Mike. Not for the routine reasons, either. Paula (Janis Carter) has been working there for six weeks, on the chance that someone who looks like Mike will show up. She has her own mysterious purpose in this, and it isn't a pretty one.

Mike is having his first drink when the cops come in and arrest him for the truck accident. Paula, surprisingly, pays the fifty-dollar fine for him, and gives him enough extra so he gets thoroughly drunk. Then she dumps him in a hotel room while she goes off to a mountain rendezvous with Stephen Price (Barry Sullivan). Price is the town's leading banker, and no one knows of his

connection with the "waitress." He and Paula have concocted a neat little plot between them. Price will steal a quarter of a million dollars from the bank, and put it in a safe deposit box which Paula has rented. Then, if they can find a man who looks something like Price, they will stage an accident. A fatal accident, with Price as the supposed victim.

They have the man now, Paula tells him. A few days to arrange the last details and they'll be all set. But the next day they almost lose their prospective victim. Mike is offered a job as engineer at a nearby silver mine. It takes some fast finagling on Price's part to kill the deal, but he manages it. Now everything is ready, isn't it? Only—people do unexpected things sometimes. This is one of the times.—Col.

CARNIVAL IN COSTA RICA

What's the difference between the county fair in a small American town and a carnival in Costa Rica? Not much, really. You have color and music and boy meets girl, and that's the same anywhere. In Costa Rica, the girl happens to be Luisa Molina (Vera-Ellen), daughter of Rica Molina (J. Carroll Naish) and his American wife (Anne Revere). The boy is Jeff Stevens (Dick Haymes), who is from Kansas. (Continued on page 20)



Carnival in Costa Rica: Vera-Ellen, promised to another, falls in love with Dick Haymes at the Carnival. Here, they're on Celeste Holm's float

A great big wonderful show!

Great Tunes!
Big Laughs!
Wonderful Romance!



Hit Parade of 1947

Starring

EDDIE ALBERT · CONSTANCE MOORE · JOAN EDWARDS

with GIL LAMB · BILL GOODWIN · WILLIAM FRAWLEY

WOODY HERMAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA · and REPUBLIC GUEST STARS ROY ROGERS AND TRIGGER

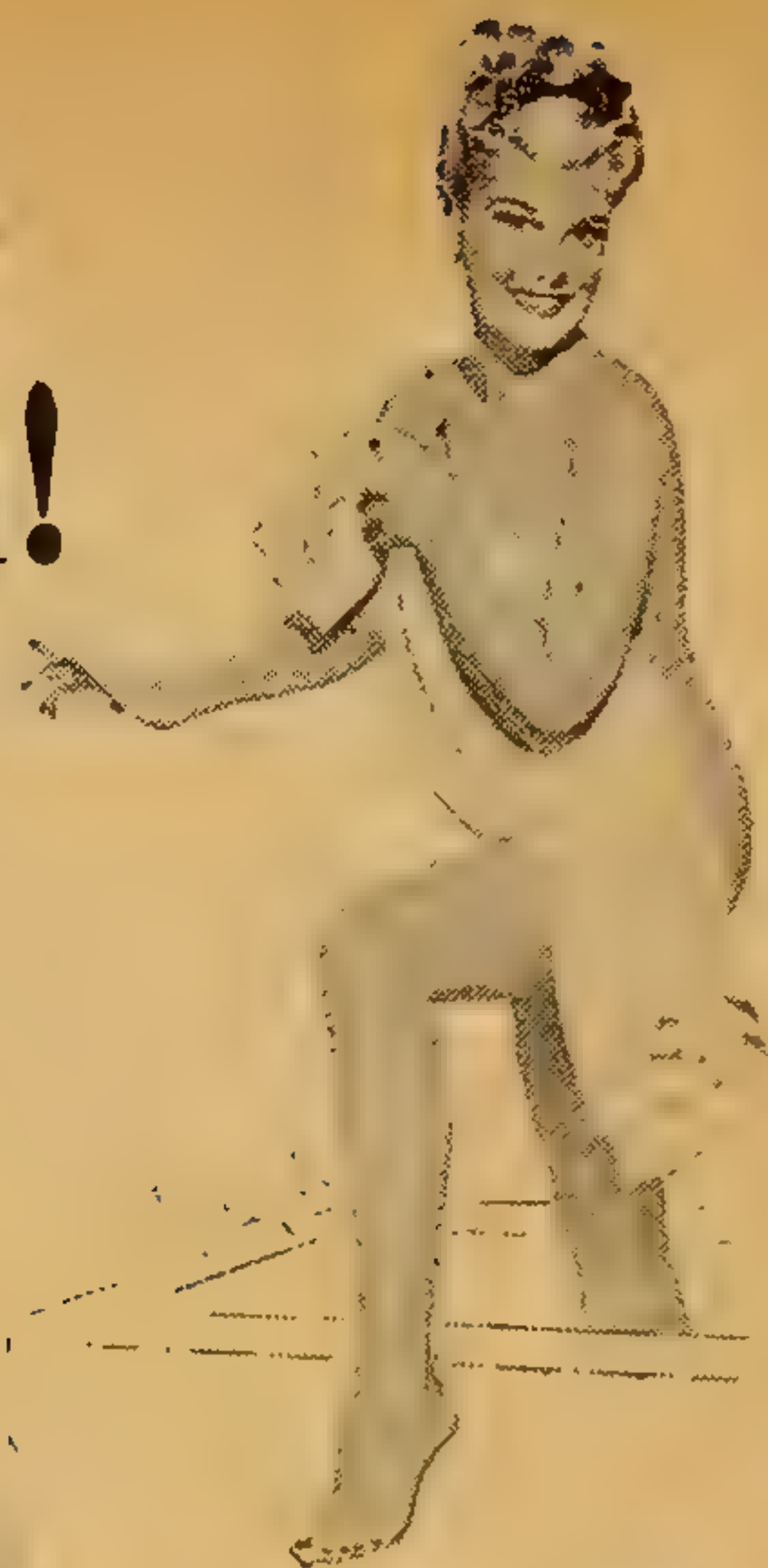
and BOB NOLAN and THE SONS OF THE PIONEERS

Songs by JIMMY McHUGH and HAROLD ADAMSON · Screen Play by Mary Loos · Original Story by Parke Levy

Associate Producer and Director — FRANK McDONALD · A REPUBLIC PICTURE

Swing With Woody Herman
 Sing With Joan Edwards
 to songs by JIMMY McHUGH
 and HAROLD ADAMSON
 "I Guess I'll Have
 That Dream Right Now"
 "Is There Anyone Here
 From Texas?"
 "It Could Happen To Me"
 "Chiquita From Santa Anita"
 "The Cats Are Goin'
 To The Dogs"

Keep Fresh!



Feel Smooth!



Stay Dainty!



with this delightfully
fragrant talcum powder

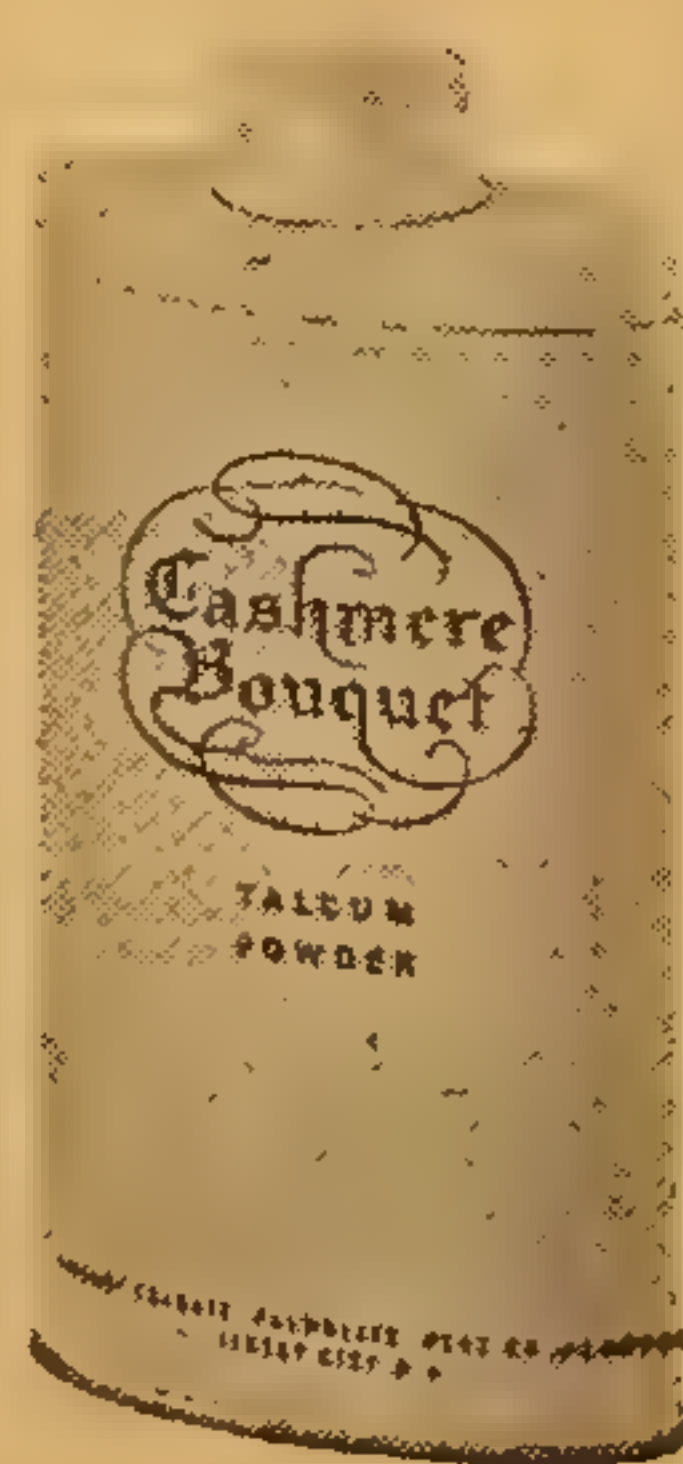
KEEP FRESH: First bathe and then sprinkle Cashmere Bouquet Talc into every curve. Like a scent-laden breeze it freshens and cools your skin.

FEEL SMOOTH: Shake Cashmere Bouquet over those chafable places. It gives your skin a satin-smooth sheath of protection . . . girdles slip on like magic.

STAY DAINTY: To prolong your bathtub freshness, use Cashmere Bouquet Talc generously and often. It perfumes your person with the fragrance men love.

Pamper your person
with Cashmere Bouquet
Dusting Powder.
Smartly packaged with
a big velour puff.

Cashmere Bouquet Talc



with the fragrance men love

Luisa's father has arranged a marriage between her and his best friend's son. But when Luisa meets her fiancé, Pepe Castro (Cesar Romero), she finds him definitely depressing. He takes pills and his temperature alternately. He says dancing sends his blood pressure up. When Luisa wistfully mentions that she would like to visit the glamorous El Sesteo club, he almost faints, and forbids her ever to go there. As Luisa's kid sister, Maria (Barbara Whiting), remarks, "Pepe isn't half dead. He's dead, period."

It's really no wonder that when the Molinas go to the Fiesta, Luisa gives Pepe a tactful brush-off and wanders with Maria to the Promenade. There she meets Jeff, who quickly makes her realize that love is not a matter of family arrangements. Jeff is fascinated by the lovely Luisa and has no idea that she is engaged to his friend, Pepe.

At that moment, Pepe, completely re-vitalized from the languid specimen Luisa knows, is dancing a fast rhumba. In his arms is the reason he forbade her ever to come to El Sesteo club. The reason is named Celeste (Celeste Holm) and she and Pepe are in love, but he doesn't dare tell his father.

The Fiesta is especially brilliant that year. Rica Molina is one of the judges, and is in a high good humor until he recognizes his daughter, Luisa, on one of the floats holding hands with an unknown young man. That is the first time it has occurred to him that perhaps she isn't exactly thrilled with the husband he has picked out for her. You had better see for yourself what happens next—in Technicolor.—20th-Fox.

JOHNNY O'CLOCK

If you're in a bad racket, maybe it's better to be all bad yourself. Because if you're a good guy in a bad racket, like Johnny O'Clock (Dick Powell), you're likely to end up with a bullet in your back.

Johnny's been around. He was brought up in a tough school and he's gotten pretty near the top in the racket world. He's a junior partner of Guida Marchetti (S. Thomas Gomez),

who runs a string of fancy gambling clubs. The third member of the gang is a policeman named Blayden (Jim Bannon). If a rival gambler gives Marchetti any trouble, he's "arrested" by Blayden and "shot while trying to escape." Very neat. Johnny doesn't think so much of this system, but he's a smart guy, he keeps telling himself, and the way to get rich and live to an old age is to keep your mouth shut.

However, Johnny forgets to stick to his system. Blayden has been playing around with Harriet (Nina Foch), a pretty hat-check girl, and is now giving her the brush-off. Johnny tells him to mend his ways or there'll be trouble. There's trouble anyway—a police detective, Koch (Lee J. Cobb), comes around next day to tell Johnny Harriet has been found dead in a gas-filled room. And Blayden has disappeared.

There are other complications, too. Marchetti's wife, Nellie (Ellen Drew), is in love with Johnny. She has given her husband a beautiful platinum watch, specially made. Not being a very bright girl, she gave Johnny one just like it. He handed it over to Harriet to give back to her, but now Harriet is dead and the watch has vanished.

Harriet's sister, Nancy (Evelyn Keyes), arrives and refuses to believe her sister committed suicide.

Blayden's body is found floating in the river, and the police consider the possibility that he, and perhaps Harriet too, have been murdered. By now Johnny and Nancy are in love, but that word "murder" stands between them. That and Johnny's past.

Dick Powell is excellent as the good guy in a bad racket. Lee J. Cobb and Nina Foch are particularly helpful in supporting roles.—Col.

THE ARNELO AFFAIR

Advice to husbands: Don't get so absorbed in business that you forget about your wife. Advice to wives: Even if your husband neglects you, don't get involved, however, innocently, with another man. Advice to husbands and wives: See *The Arnelo Affair*. (Continued on page 22)



Johnny O'Clock: Detective Lee Cobb quizzes Evelyn Keyes in the "suicide" of her younger sister. He's trying to pin the rap on Dick Powell, whom Evelyn loves.

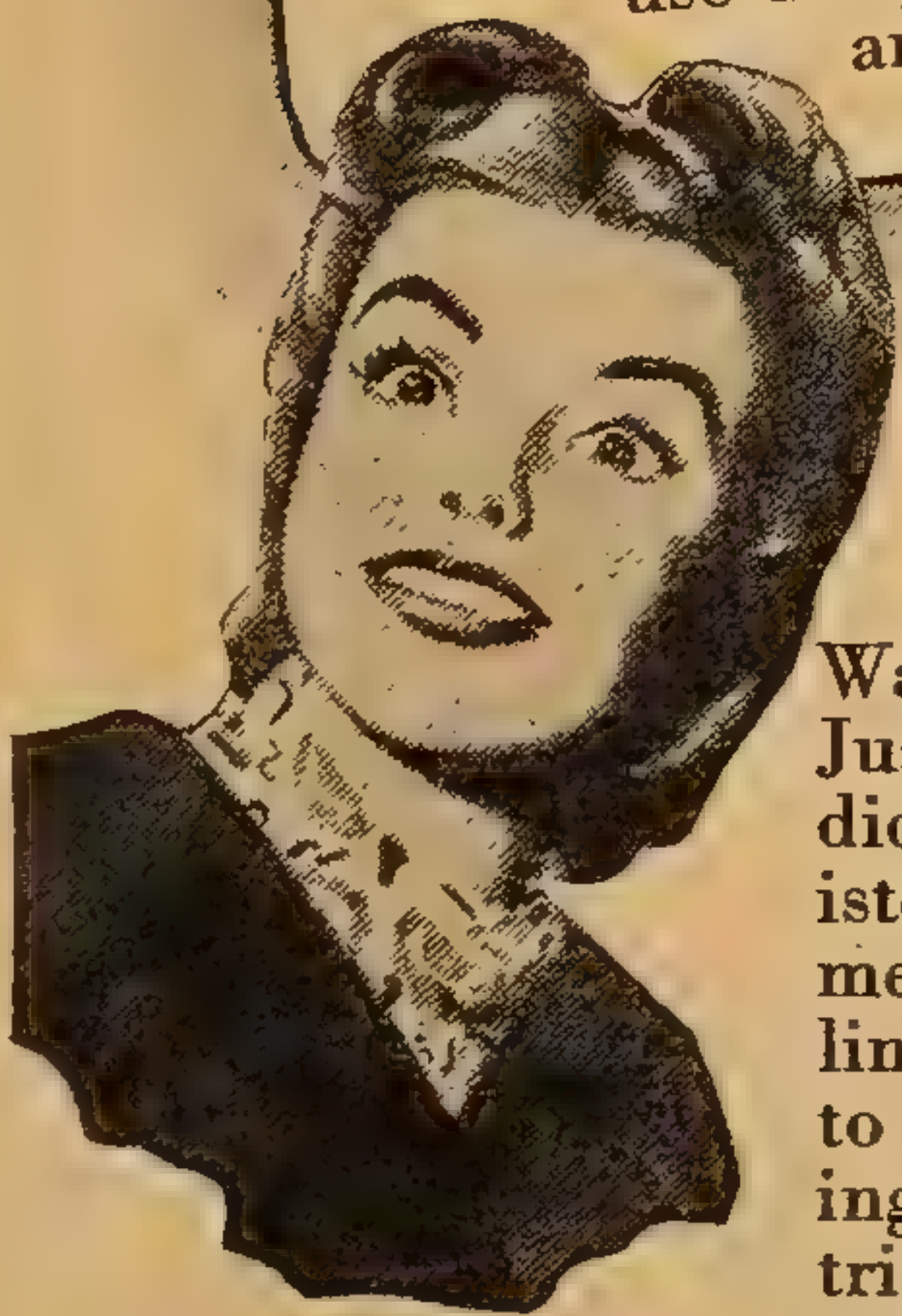
WIN A *free*, ALL-EXPENSE 2-WEEKS TRIP TO HOLLYWOOD!

...FOR YOURSELF AND A MEMBER OF YOUR FAMILY!

Or \$50.00 Second Prize — \$25.00 Third Prize — Five \$5.00 Prizes

Contest Rules...

- 1 Entries are limited to girls between the ages of 16 and 22. Awards will be based on cuteness and personality as shown by snapshots plus the originality and interest of the written message.
- 2 Send us a full-length snapshot and negative, untouched. Professional studio portraits or prints from retouched negatives will be rejected.
- 3 Snapshots must have written on the reverse side, in ink, the name, address and birth-date of the contestant. You may submit as many snapshots as you want, but be sure to accompany *each one* with the other items specified in the next paragraph.
- 4 Each snapshot must be accompanied by either a Victory bobbie card or a Victory hair pin container (without pins, of course), or facsimiles of them, and an original statement in 25 words or less, on the subject, "What I Look For in a Bobbie Pin."
- 5 Entries will not be returned, and the decision of the judges will be final. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
- 6 Ineligible are all Smith Victory Corporation employees and their families, the employees and families of the company's advertising agency, and artists or models or others employed by the agency in the preparation of Smith Victory advertising.
- 7 Entries, to be eligible, must be postmarked no later than midnight of July 1st, 1947. The name of the winner will be announced in this magazine.
- 8 Smith Victory Corporation shall have the right to use the photograph of the winner in its advertising and packaging.



America... and to some member of her family! You can be blonde or brunette, blue-eyed or brown-eyed, 16 or 22—it doesn't matter—just be *cute*. But whatever you are, don't be late!

Yours,

Vicky

Hi Chicks!

Want to know what the excitement's all about? Just this—they're trying to find *me*! No, I didn't get lost or kidnapped—I just never existed, I mean, *really* existed. An artist dreamed me up to be a trade-mark girl for the Victory line of hair and bobbie pins. Now they want to produce me in the flesh—and they're offering a two-week trip to Hollywood, with all the trimmings, to the girl the judges say is the cutest, peppiest, most typical bobbie pin-up in

Here's all you do—

- Send us a full-length snapshot, with the negative, to prove that you most closely represent the typical American girl now portrayed by "Vicky," the trade-mark girl of Smith Victory Corporation. NOTE: *Color* of hair is not important.
- Also write a 25-word (or less) message on the subject, "What I Look For in a Bobbie Pin."
- And accompany your entry with either an empty Victory bobbie pin card or an empty Victory hair pin package, or facsimiles of them

YOU'LL BE JUDGED BY:

PERC WESTMORE

*Director of Make-up and
Hairstyling for
Warner Brothers Studios*

and a panel of
**HOLLYWOOD
MOVIE STARS**



Enter Today!

CONTEST ENTRY BLANK

Department D, SMITH VICTORY CORPORATION
2969 Main Street, Buffalo 14, N. Y.

Enclosed is ☐ a Victory Bobbie Card
or ☐ a Victory Hair Pin Package

together with my snapshot and a 25-word (or less) message on "What I Look For in a Bobbie Pin." In addition, I consent to all the rules of the contest.

Name _____ Age _____

Please Print

Street _____

City _____

Zone _____ State _____

School _____

SMITH *Victory* CORP.

Since 1871

Hair Pins and Bobbie* Pins

BUFFALO 14, NEW YORK

*The Original Bobbie Pin Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

NEW Lustre-Creme Shampoo

**LEAVES YOUR HAIR SOFTER,
MORE LUSTROUS... EASIER TO MANAGE**

*Not a liquid—Not a soap—but a
revolutionary new CREAM shampoo
that gives amazing results!*



*See how soft—how shining—how easy to manage
your hair can be with Lustre-Creme Shampoo!*

Now, millions of women can have softer, more radiant and glamorous hair that's also easy to manage—thanks to a remarkable cream-shampoo discovery—Lustre-Creme Shampoo by Kay Daumit!

Lustre-Creme Shampoo was created by the genius of Kay Daumit. Out of her wealth of cosmetic lore, she selected lanolin with special secret ingredients to achieve an almost-magic new formula. Once you try Lustre-Creme Shampoo you'll find its abundant, pleasant lather offers these advantages—compared to soap and liquid soap shampoos you've used before:—

1. Lustre-Creme Shampoo leaves hair glowing soft and brilliant, as though it had been given lots of good brushing.
2. Not drying.
3. Leaves no dulling soap film.
4. Your hair is easier to manage, easier to arrange.
5. No vinegar or lemon rinse.
6. Works just as well in hard water.

So, no matter how you've been sham-

pooing, you owe it to your hair to try Lustre-Creme Shampoo. See how soft, how naturally lovely, how brilliantly-alive and well-behaved your hair can be. Simple and easy to use. Economical—a little does so much. Ask for Lustre-Creme Shampoo at cosmetic counters in department and drug stores.

KAY DAUMIT, INC. (Successor)
540 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois



4 oz. jar \$1⁰⁰ • 1lb. jar \$3⁵⁰

Ted Parkson (George Murphy) and his wife, Anne (Frances Gifford), have been married for ten years. They have a charming home, and a little boy, Rickey (Dean Stockwell), whom they adore. Their friends point them out as an ideally happy couple until Tony Arnelo (John Hodiak) comes along.

Arnelo, a night club owner, has known many women but none like Anne. When Ted takes him home to discuss a business deal, Arnelo's bold, black eyes take in Anne—and the situation. He sees that Ted has let his law business crowd out his personal life. Anne, still young and lovely, naturally feels neglected. Arnelo's first move is to admire the way Anne has furnished the house. Now if she would just be willing to give him some advice about his apartment. Anne is doubtful at first. Arnelo's eyes have informed her quite plainly that it isn't her ability as an interior decorator he's interested in. But perhaps it wouldn't do any harm to go and look at his place. . .

So she makes her first visit to his apartment. Harmless enough as to what actually happened, but far from harmless in its implications. Arnelo gives her a key to use on future visits. Next day he hasn't arrived when she gets there, but a girl comes in. Claire Lorrison (Joan Woodbury) her name is, and she warns Anne in coarse and bitter terms against Arnelo. Anne leaves, shocked and frightened, dropping a compact in her hurry.

The next day she reads that Claire has been murdered and that the only clue is a woman's compact found with the body, and initialed "A." Anne realizes in terror that Arnelo must have deliberately involved her, as indeed he has. And what will happen when Ted finds out?—M-G-M.

IVY

In 1909, there's no one in all England as beautiful as Ivy Lexton (Joan Fontaine). Beautiful and child-like and imperiously charming. But Ivy is what's known as a "femme fatale"—meaning heaven help the men who love her. And, particularly, heaven help her young husband, Jervis (Richard Ney), because he is in her way, and Ivy is as ruthless as she is beautiful.

She and Jervis have been married just long



Ivy: As Joan Fontaine's husband, Richard Ney is a weak tool for her ruthless schemes.

enough for them to have spent his entire inheritance. Now they're living in cheap lodgings and cadging meals from their friends. Ivy has been having an affair with Dr. Roger Gretorex (Patric Knowles), who wants her to divorce Jervis and marry him, but the idea only irritates Ivy, since he, too, is poor.

Then she meets Miles Rushforth (Herbert Marshall). Miles has several million pounds, and is fascinating, besides. Ivy makes herself seem as appealing and helpless as possible. Soon Miles and the young Lextons are on intimate terms. He takes them for a cruise on his yacht, and then gets Jervis a position with his London firm. However, Ivy runs into a difficulty she has not expected. Miles Rushforth is an honorable man, and when he finds himself falling in love with another man's wife, he goes to South Africa to forget.

But Ivy has no intention of still being married when he gets back. She gives Jervis what she considers a fair chance. She asks him for a divorce. When he refuses, his fate is sealed. She steals poison from Dr. Gretorex' surgery, and a few doses in Jervis' scotch and soda do the trick. Ivy is the loveliest widow in London. She weeps bitterly.

Ivy is beautiful, but she isn't really very clever. And you have to be clever to get away with murder. Not since Rebecca has Joan Fontaine had as exciting a role as this. —Univ.

THE BELLS OF SAN ANGELO

Excitement in the little border town of San Angelo centers around the Monarch silver mine. Gridley (John McGuire), its owner, has a nasty habit of shooting trespassers first and asking questions afterward, if at all. The padre at San Angelo asks Roy Rogers, border investigator, for assistance.

Roy isn't fond of Gridley and is sure the mine owner is up to no good, but he hasn't a thing in the way of proof. The Sheriff, Cookie (Andy Devine), is helpless for the same reason. They know that Ulrich (David Sharpe), Gridley's assistant, shot Ramon, a young Mexican boy. However, Ulrich claims that Ramon was stealing silver from the mine and produces a chunk of silver ore from the dead boy's pocket to prove it.

Roy gets a wire from the Chief of Border Investigations which comes as near making him lose his temper as anything can. The Chief says that Lee Madison, writer of lurid Western mystery novels, will arrive that afternoon.

Roy decides grimly that he'll provide some local color that will send Mr. Madison screaming back to civilization. He disguises himself as a Western desperado and holds up the wagon. Only Lee Madison turns out to be a pretty girl instead of a man, and she isn't even faintly impressed by Roy's rootin'-tootin' desperado act.

Later Roy and Lee get on a more friendly basis, and she joins him in the investigation of the Gridley mine and its attendant complications. They find clues indicating that the mine may be a blind to cover the smuggling of silver across the border. A lawyer from England shows up to say that all this land belongs to a missing Earl, thought to be around here somewhere. No, it isn't Roy, so help me! You'll have to see for yourselves!—Rep.



That April shower won't bring you flowers!

LEAVES YOU whistle-clean and sweet—a refreshing shower like that. But don't stop there, honey. Think of your *future* charm!

Remember, your bath washes away *past* perspiration, but Mum protects underarms against risk of odor *to come*.

So follow up your bath with safe, dependable Mum. That's the way so many popular girls win bouquets and *keep* a beau enamored.

→ better because it's Safe

Mum



Product of Bristol-Myers

1. Safe for skin. No irritating crystals. Snow-white Mum is gentle, harmless to skin.

2. Safe for clothes. No harsh ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics.

3. Safe for charm. Mum gives sure protection against underarm odor all day or evening.

Mum is economical, too. Doesn't dry out in the jar—stays smooth and creamy. Quick, easy to use—even after you're dressed.

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable . . . ideal for this use, too.

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER

You'll laugh a lot and maybe cry a little, too, at *The Farmer's Daughter*. The story is simple enough. A pretty Swedish girl, Katie Holstrom (Loretta Young), leaves the farm to study nursing in nearby Capitol City. She only has seventy-five dollars, so to save the thirty-five bus fare she accepts a ride with a neighborhood house painter, Adolph (Rhys Williams). Adolph gets drunk en route, smashes up his car and borrows the naive Katie's money. She arrives in Capitol City cold broke, and takes a job as waitress to get money enough to start her nursing career.

It's a big, imposing house she comes to, but the people are not imposing—they're friendly and charming. There is Congressman Glenn Morley (Joseph Cotten) and his mother, Agatha Morley (Ethel Barrymore), and the butler, Clancy (Charles Bickford). Clancy was an old friend of the late Senator Morley and is on such close terms with the family that he calls Mrs. Morley, Agatha. A bit startling to guests, but they get used to it.

Katie fits in from the beginning. She isn't afraid of Clancy's acid wit, and she makes wonderful coffee. Her only fault as a waitress is her habit of joining in the political discussions that go on. She doesn't approve of all Glenn Morley's policies, but she does approve of Glenn, very definitely.

And Glenn finds himself curiously attracted to this demure girl with the Scandinavian accent and the practical idealism. His mother likes Katie, too, and watches with slightly perplexed interest the progress of this unexpected romance. Less impartial but even more interested is Virginia (Rose Hobart), a newspaperwoman who's had a predatory eye on Glenn for years.

Everything is fine until the evening Katie goes to a political meeting. She asks the speaker some very direct—and very awkward—questions. The next thing that Glenn, angry and baffled, knows, Katie is running for Congress.

There's sly humor and excellent characterization here. Charles Bickford as the butler is one of my favorites of the year.—RKO.



Stallion Road: Ronald Reagan, proud owner of Stallion Road ranch, loves pretty Alexis Smith, but does little about it.



The Farmer's Daughter: Congressman Joseph Cotten finds himself curiously attracted to Loretta Young, the poor farm girl, who takes an interest in his politics.

STALLION ROAD

Between the blue-black mountains of the Sierra Madre range and the placid waves of the Pacific lies some of the best grazing land in the world. Horses are all-important to the people who live there. People like Larry Hanrahan (Ronald Reagan), who owns Stallion Road ranch, and is, besides, a skilled veterinarian.

Steve Purcell (Zachary Scott), who comes to visit his old friend Larry, is not particularly interested in horses. He prefers women. The first one he meets at Stallion Road is a pretty matron, Daisy Otis (Peggy Knudsen), who obviously is much more intrigued by Larry's handsome tallness than she is by her dull husband.

The next girl of the Sierras is quite different. Her name is Rory Teller (Alexis Smith) and she's one of the most accomplished horsewomen anywhere around. Both Larry and Steve fall in love with her, but in quite different ways. Steve makes his usual pitch, gets nowhere, and settles down for a long siege. Larry puts Rory on a romantic pedestal, but doesn't do anything about her. No woman wants to be left sitting around on a pedestal indefinitely. Also, Rory's little sister, Chris (Patti Brady), reports that she has seen Larry kissing Daisy Otis, which doesn't help the romantic plight of the lovers in the least.

When Larry lets Daisy ride his horse in the Madre Range show, Rory is determined to win with her own mare, "Sultan's Pride." She gets the blue ribbon, but is sure she has no chance with Larry. Then the mare falls ill of anthrax and she phones for him frantically. Larry is the only one who might have a chance of pulling the horse through. And Larry can't come because he is inoculating Daisy's cattle, hoping to prevent an epidemic. To Rory that's the last straw. She convinces herself that she's through with Larry, and she tells Steve she'll marry him. But when Larry himself comes down with anthrax, nothing in the world can prevent her from going to him . . . —War.

THE IMPERFECT LADY

The English upper classes have never been noted for their broad-mindedness. In 1892, girls of the theater occasionally made temporary romantic alliances with dashing young lords, but never matrimonial ones. An exception is the case of Milly Hopkins (Teresa Wright) and Clive Loring (Ray Milland).

Milly meets Clive by accident. She and her friend, Rose (Virginia Field), have squandered their last shilling on a hansom cab ride home from rehearsal, and they stop to listen a moment to a political speaker being heckled. The speaker is Clive, who is running for Parliament on a platform which includes women's suffrage—a very unpopular subject with the crowd. To escape a barrage of tired vegetables, he jumps into the cab.

Rose sees a chance for a free meal and tries to impress him with their "gentility." Milly is more interested in his views on suffrage. She agrees with them, but suggests more tactful ways of putting them across. Clive is amused by her agile mind and delighted by her beauty. They see each other again, and soon Milly gives up the theater and goes to the city where Clive lives. He wants to marry her.

But his elder brother, Lord Belmont (Sir Cedric Hardwicke) intervenes. He persuades Milly that it would be ruinous to Clive's political career to marry a girl of her background. She sees his point, and without a word to Clive, joins a theatrical troupe.

One night she and Rose meet an ex-concert pianist, Martinez (Anthony Quinn), and to escape a misguided policeman, Milly has to spend the night in his rooms. It is all quite innocent, and she forgets about it when Clive comes to see her next day and demands that she marry him. She agrees and they spend a delirious honeymoon in France. When they come back, she hears that Martinez is on trial for murder, and only her testimony that she spent the night with him can save him. Quite a dilemma for an imperfect lady!—Par.

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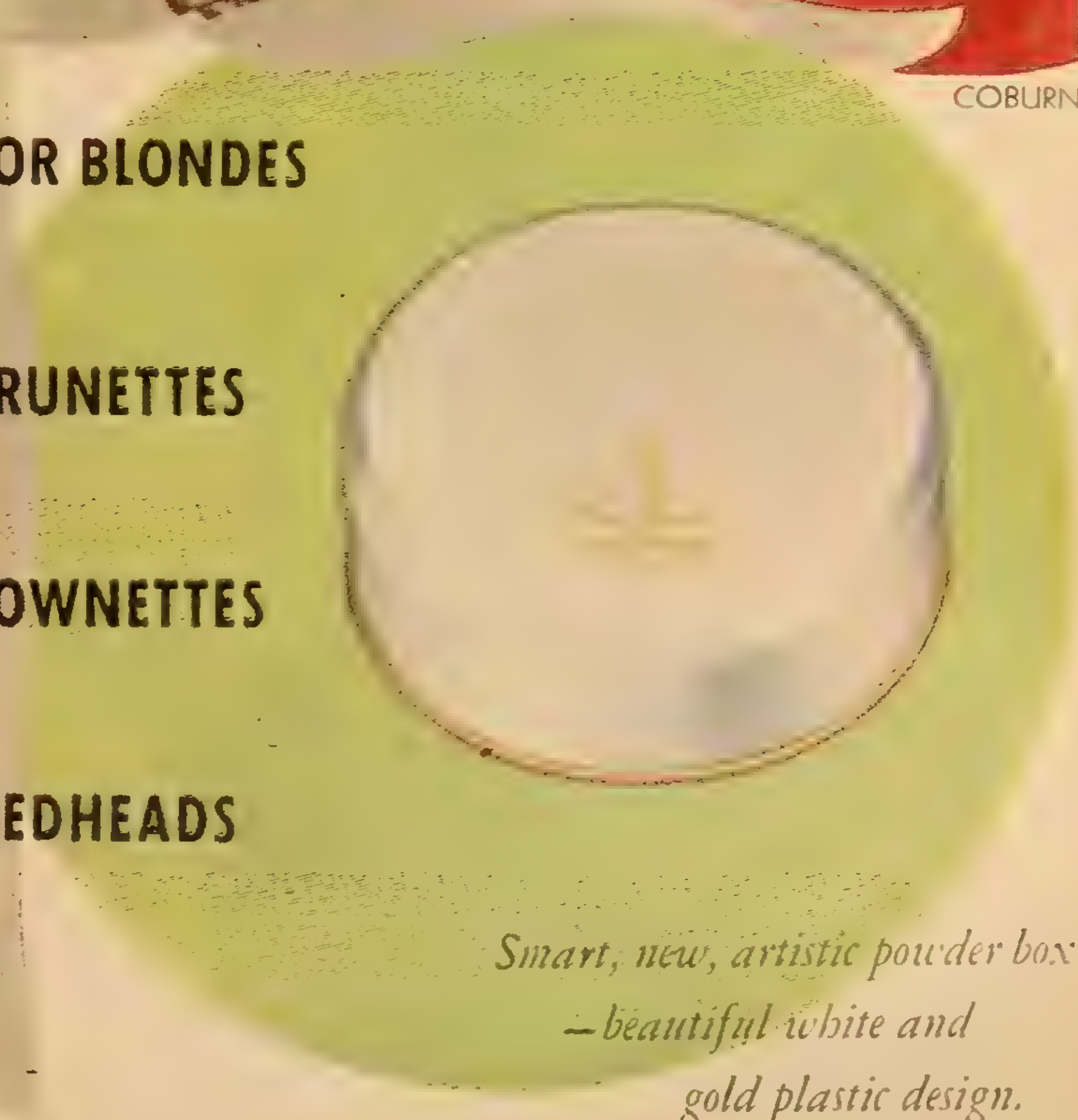


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Shhh! Rumors are flying about a new Cutex idea... for Cutex, the originator of matching lips and finger tips, is preparing a new harmonizing lipstick that'll open your eyes! Watch for it soon.

*Tests made in our own research laboratory by one of the foremost nail-polish chemists in the country.



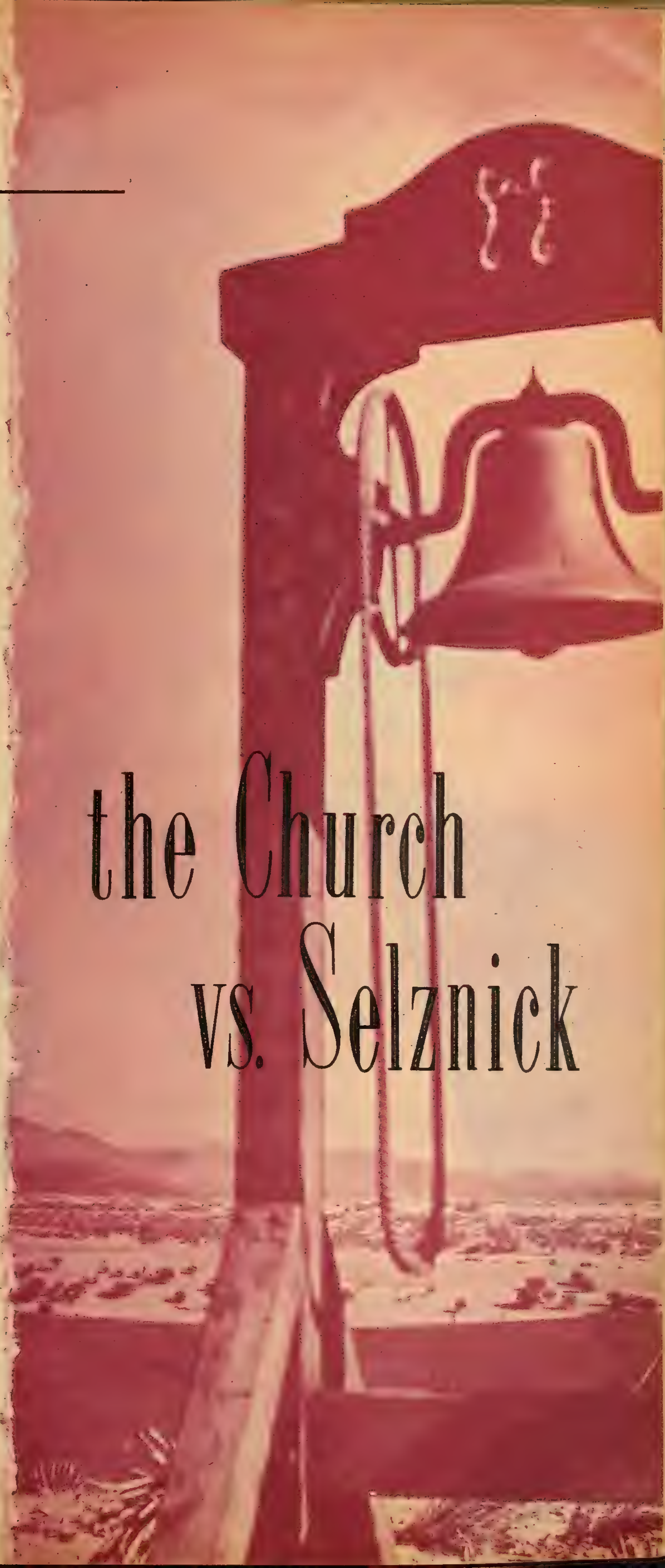
by Albert P. Delacorte

■ Oceans of printer's ink have been spilled in the course of the *Duel in the Sun* controversy. The Catholic press has carried reams about it. The secular press has, too. Now *we* want to get into the act—but don't get us wrong. We're taking no sides. We simply want to point a moral, as we see it, to this whole unhappy fiasco.

In March, 1944, David O. Selznick began the making of *Duel in the Sun*. After seemingly interminable delays, brought about largely by wartime shortages and strikes, the tremendous job was finished; and in December, 1946, a purity seal was issued for the film by Joseph I. Breen, administrator of the Production Code Administration, in the following emphatic language: "This is to certify that Vanguard Films, in producing *Duel in the Sun*, has complied with the self-imposed regulations of the industry to maintain right standards in the production."

So far so good. Now, normally, David Selznick would have immediately rushed a print of the picture to the New York office of the Legion of Decency. (This is not only as a courtesy, but as self-protection, since the rating given pictures by the Legion affects their standing with state censorship boards. A "C" rating from the Legion almost automatically means condemnation by the censorship boards of New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Ohio—which states comprise approximately 50% of the movie-going public.) However, due to the film industry strikes, he had only one Technicolor print assembled, and this he just managed to get under the wire for consideration in the annual Academy Awards.

The film was shown for the first time just prior to the first of the year, and immediately afterwards a hostile review of it appeared in *The Tidings*. (Continued on page 85)



the Church vs. Selznick



by
charles
boyer

as told to
howard sharpe

ingrid

■ You may remember the extremely dramatic opening scene of Erich Remarque's *Arch of Triumph*. Ravic, the refugee doctor practicing in Paris without a license (this is my role in the film) reaches out and takes the arm of a girl as she stumbles past him. She has a "pale face, high cheekbones and wide-set eyes." The face is "rigid and masklike."

"He took out a package of cigarettes and fumbled in his pocket for matches . . . bent down cautiously to shelter the flame with his hands against the soft breeze of the river.

"Give me a cigarette too," the woman said in an almost toneless voice.

". . . She smoked hastily, inhaling deeply."

After the first take of this scene Ingrid lunched at Lucey's with David Lewis, her producer. When the coffee was brought, he lighted up a cigarette.

"Give me one, too," said Ingrid.

"You're not on the set now," Lewis said. Nevertheless he gave her a cigarette and held a match for her. She smoked three before they left and each time singed her lashes with the match flame. Lewis was concerned. "You'll make yourself sick, inhaling like that," he told her. "Save it for the camera."

"You misunderstand," she said. "I'm learning to smoke for myself. People seem to enjoy it so much."

"That's different," he said. Then he did a double-take. "Bergman, learning to smoke?"

"Isn't it high time?" she asked demurely.

Next day he presented her with a lighter that would not burn her lashes. She learned rapidly. By the time we made the final take of the "cigarette" scene she was able to inhale as if she had been addicted to nicotine since the age of five.

And just before she left for New York to do *Joan of Lorraine* (Continued on page 103)

Frank started his vacation trip alone, later wired Nancy, "Will you be my valentine? Meet me in Mexico City." Nancy (that's Phil Silvers kissing her above) did; both went on to Acapulco.



Most of us have never heard the hilarious Command Performance broadcasts Bing and Frank made for the armed forces. The friendly, hearty ribbing each gave the other is now legend; made the GIs love 'em all the more.

by heddla hopper



Frankie, Jr. visits his Dad's radio show often, sings for the studio audience. At dinner in Maxim's, he broke up the crowd by asking loudly, "When do we go to Romanoff's, Daddy?"

Peter Lawford, his British pal in *It Happened in Brooklyn*, is as happy as Frank over Harper and Brothers' book, called "The Voice." Based on E. J. Kahn's New Yorker articles, it's the longest work on Frank.



■ One morning last year I ran into Frank Sinatra in the Waldorf-Astoria. He was pale as a ghost, skinnier than usual, and drooping like the last rose of the summer before last.

I'd attended his opening in the Wedgwood Room the night before. It was Frankie's opening but he wasn't there. His friend, Danny Kaye, pinch-hit when he heard a flu bug had hit Frankie. One look at Sinatra and I knew he still shouldn't be walking around. When he said hello he was as hoarse as a bullfrog.

"Coming over to hear me tonight, Hedda?" Frankie croaked.

"You don't mean you're going to sing?"

He nodded, "Sure."

"Why," I exploded, "you haven't got enough energy to swat a mosquito the way you are. You sound like a crow. Go on back to bed!"

"I can't."

"Listen," I said, feeling like shaking that little guy. "Singers just don't act like that. You have to take (Continued on page 94)

HE WAS "THE VOICE"

THAT COULDN'T SAY "NO."

THEN SUDDENLY, HE

BANNED HIS BOBBY-SOXERS,

SPURNED HIS SPONSOR

AND WALKED OUT ON HIS WIFE.

WHY? THE ANSWER WILL

AMAZE YOU.

What's wrong with **FRANKIE?**



SOME PEOPLE LIKE TO
LIVE IN HOUSES. BUT FOR
STERLING HAYDEN,
THERE'S NO ROOF LIKE
THE WINDSWEEP SKY AND NO FLOOR
LIKE THE BOUNDING SEA.

By Hank Jeffries



captain courageous





Giving Sterling a hand with the chores is blonde, lovely Betty De Noon. A model-by profession, she's just as much at home on a boat as he is. A good reason why she may become Mrs. Hayden.



Back home after a brilliant war record, Sterling spends his time aboard his 63-foot schooner, the "Quest." On land, he lives above a garage, in an apartment he rented while working in *Blaze of Noon*.

■ The night was dark as the heart of a Hollywood villain. A snarling surf bounded shoreward from a violent sea. Precariously close to the beach, a sixty-foot fishing boat stood by, its crew expecting momentarily to find out how it feels to be drowned a long way from home.

A certain John Hamilton was among those present, and he was muttering to himself.

"Times," he grumbled, "are tough all over."

At that instant the moon, which had been winking its indecision through racing, dirty clouds, made up its mind. A baleful, pale light stared brutally down at more than fifty guerrilla fighters on the strand below.

A machine gun began to chatter from the cliff above. The matter of fact cursing of men who face death often rose above the snarl of the surf. In the water swimmers were straining clumsily toward the boat. Some of them made it, but ten or more drowned silently.

The firing was (Continued on page 99)

STUDIO AUDIENCES DON'T

FRIGHTEN HIM, BUT HEAVEN HELP

BOB HOPE IF HE FLUFFS

A LINE WITH THOSE SMART KIDS

OF HIS LISTENING IN!

By KIRTLEY BASKETTE



With Mrs. Hope, Bob reads aloud an account of his and Bing Crosby's ball teams. They're part owners of the Cleveland Indians and Pittsburgh Pirates. (Above, right: in uniform.)



Bob's a sucker for all kids, but especially for his own Linda and Tony. A sentimentalist, Bob's favorite song is, "It's Only A Paper Moon," which his wife was singing when he met her.

HOPALONG HOPE

■ Once, during the war, Bob Hope came home to Hollywood from a flying GI tour. His family—wife Dolores, brothers Jack and George, moppets Linda and Tony—all met him at the airport. “Hello!” everybody yelled.

“Goodbye, Daddy,” lisped Tony. That’s what he was used to saying whenever he saw his Pop!

Bob breezed into the nursery the other morning where his new infant darlings, Kelly and Nora, were wolfing their formulas. They both gave him that surprised “Who dat man?” look and burst into bawls.

“Hey,” protested Bob to the nurse, “what are they crying about?”

“They’re scared of you,” she explained. “After all, you’re a stranger.”

“Stranger?” yelped Bob. “Heck—I’m their dad!”

That snapped Bob into a state of surprised shock. Then he realized he’d been spending about six (Continued on page 89)



Now that *My Favorite Brunette* and *Road to Rio* are both filmed, Bob goes in for golfing and bicycling. A theater fan, Bob's idols are Charlie Chaplin, Bea Lillie.

Guy's still teasing Gail about the puppy she was going to give him. Gail (who's now in *Calcutta*) made the mistake of taking the dog home overnight. She couldn't part with the pup, so she bought Guy another!



The nose is right, but Gail isn't satisfied with the rest of her efforts at sculpting Guy. Once she's perfected the clay model, she'll make a bust of him. Gail's also interested in wood-carving, ceramics.

■ Her beau, Mr. Madison, that tall, handsome vision, almost split his floating rib, laughing. If men have floating ribs.

It made her so mad she wanted to split all his other ribs, too.

"Why didn't they tell me?" she kept wailing. "How was I supposed to know? Just because your boy friend is an archery expert doesn't mean you absorb it by osmosis!"

Mr. Madison, the archery expert, smiled at her pityingly. "Poor child. Any cluck should know enough not to hold the bow upside down!"

He ducked just in time. "Any cluck" had hurled a pillow at him.

The whole thing happened when a magazine decided to shoot some pictures of Gail practising archery. Gail, being a sweet, agreeable soul, said why not?

As she explained to Guy later, "I figured if a bone-head like *you* could manage—"

Anyhow, the pictures were taken, and the magazine came out, and the letters started pouring in. Miss Russell, the bow-and-arrow beauty, was holding the bow upside down.

It doesn't really matter. She's got other talents. She does clay modeling, and she finished a head of Guy that's pretty good. She claims it's not so hot.

"The nose is you," she says. "But that's all."

And he wants to know, "What are you going to do with it?"

And she says, "Well, if you behave, maybe we'll hollow a hole and grow ivy out of the top of your head."

He's so grateful.

She intends to put him up in the den, with ivy growing out of his head. The den used to be a patio, but the Russells roofed it over, and put a fireplace where a barbecue used to be, and it's practically a hunting lodge now. Deer's head over the mantel, animal skins on the wall, and Indian rugs thrown artfully here and there.

It's also got something a lot of dens don't have. Leaks. The leaks are artistically spaced, and the Russells stick potted plants under them. They don't like to be too obvious with dishpans, and this way the plants get (Continued on page 118)



for sentimental reasons...

OUTSIDE, SHE'S ALL **VOICE**
AND DARK SOPHISTICATION. BUT THE REAL GAIL
RUSSELL HOARDS OLD LOVE
LETTERS AND SOBS OVER SAD MOVIES.

By Kaaren Pieck

by george benjamin



Before a broadcast, Don Ameche and Linda Darnell swap baby talk—Don about his six kids, Linda about the two she and husband Pev plan to adopt after their vacation.

*Changing her mind
is a woman's oldest
prerogative. So nobody
was surprised when
Linda Darnell left
husband Pev. But when
she went back....!*



A woman's prerogative

■ When a young Hollywood actress decides to divorce her husband, that's not news—it's routine.

On the other hand, when a very special girl who is playing the outstanding role of the year decides to end her separation and go back to her husband, stop the presses, boys!

Linda Darnell was nice about the whole thing. I wanted to talk to her about her reconciliation with Pev Marley. We made a date to talk it over, and sat down to do just that in her second floor dressing room suite on the 20th Century lot.

This was Linda's third day off in four

solid months of strenuous work in her role of Amber for *Forever Amber*. She should have shut up shop and refused to see anyone. Instead, she faced the inquisition cheerfully.

I said: "I thought it would be a good idea, at first, to talk to Pev Marley about this, but I understand he is in Honolulu, enjoying your second honeymoon."

Linda smiled gently, and retorted: "I like you. You're practicing to be a cad, aren't you?"

She lit my cigarette.

"The only reason I am talking to you is that you once said (*Continued on page 133*)



Pev Marley, Linda, Ann Miller, Phil Raffin at Mocambo's in 1943. Ann was Linda's bridesmaid, is her best friend.

stop, look and whistle!

HER FAIRY GODMOTHER

MUST'VE HEARD THE SKINNY KID

PRAYING SHE'D TURN OUT

PRETTY—BECAUSE WHEN SHE GREW

UP THEY NICKNAMED MARIE

MCDONALD "THE BODY"

By Abigail Putnam

■ The prop man stopped short and stared. He watched the blonde girl, laden with luggage, struggling through the door of the elaborate bungalow that had belonged to Eleanor Powell. Hastening down the studio street, he caught up with a pal.

"Hey, Mike," he said. "Who's that blonde in Powell's bungalow?"

"Marie McDonald," came the answer.

"Who?"

"You know—The Body."

"Oh! I've heard of her. What's she doin' here? That's the first time they've given Powell's bungalow to anybody since Eleanor quit."

"Yeah. I heard she's Gene Kelly's new leading lady."

"Geez. Must be good, huh?"

Inside the bungalow, Marie McDonald dropped her luggage and stared. The furniture was sumptuous, including a fine piano, and the walls were lined with mirrors. She did a time step and smiled at herself in the



That fragile, blonde exterior is a fraud—Marie McDonald's a ju-jitsu expert! But she also has her domestic side; the star of *Living In A Big Way* once designed a parasol that sold commercially.

mirrors. Her multiple images smiled back at her.

"Gee," she said aloud. "They must think I'm good."

Two weeks later, producer Pandro Berman sat in the bungalow, watching Gene Kelly put Marie through the steps of his own choreography for *Living In A Big Way*. The producer of the old Astaire-Rogers films, Berman knows dancing talent when he sees it.

A month later a perspiring publicist put down his telephone.

"I don't get it," he said to his fellow worker. "That's the fourteenth request I've had this week for pictures of McDonald. She's been in Hollywood two years and made fifteen pictures, and now that she's over here and up to her neck in work, they're all screaming for her."

"Marie!" It was the assistant director, howling for the star. "Where's The Body?" he bawled.

The Body, thought Marie. The nickname given her by the GIs had done a great deal for her career. Fifteen pictures and nobody knew (Continued on page 92)



Peter Lawford had better guard his station wagon; nothing mechanical is safe around Marie, who's invented an electrical bed. The pride of the house, it pops up a desk, radio or coffee at the proper button!



■ The antique shop was spotted with dormer windows that looked out on the sunny New England street. It was one of those old Connecticut shops that seem to have snuggled in one spot since time began. Sue saw it first, and touched Alan's sleeve.

"Let's look inside," she said.

Then she saw the cradle. It was very old, made of solid cherry wood, and had an air about it of having made scores of babies extremely uncomfortable.

"Let's buy it," said Sue.

"What *for*?" Alan wanted to know.

"Because it's cute." That settled it, as it always does for females.

Back in Hollywood, it was installed in their bedroom. And within a few weeks, the Ladds found that their family was going to be increased by one.

"It's the cradle," said Alan. "It's New England witchcraft." He looked at Sue. "Well, (Continued on page 131)"



Alana Ladd, called "Lonnie" by everyone, suggested "Butch" for her new brother, David Alan—so "Butch" it is. Lonnie holds on to Butch's hand while he's fed, is fascinated by the whole process.



Susie was sicker than even Alan knew, after the birth of their son (5 weeks old, above). Even required several blood transfusions. "Now she can't brag she's never been ill," says Alan. He was a bit wilted, too, after a month of phoning home hourly for news of the stork.

EVERYBODY WAS
"EXPECTING"—THE MARE,
THE RABBITS AND
THE LADDS—WHICH WAS
KIND OF COZY, BUT
HARD ON ALAN, WHO HAD
TO WORRY FOR THREE.

By Jane Wilkie



Alana, just getting wise to the fact that her daddy's a film star, has been promised visits to the movies to see him in *Wild Harvest* and *Calcutta*.

Dr. Francis Griffin and his wife, Irene Dunne, celebrate their 17th wedding anniversary this spring—quite a record for a Hollywood marriage. Aside from their chosen professions, the Griffins are hotel owners.



madam queen

IRENE DUNNE HAS ALL
THE POISE AND STATELY SERENITY
YOU'D EXPECT FROM ROYALTY.
BUT THERE'S SOMETHING DOWN-
TO-EARTH ABOUT THAT
DEVASTATIN' DIXIE DRAWL!

by Jack Wade



Irene, who's Mother in *Life With Father*, made a rare radio appearance with Rex Harrison in *Anna and the King of Siam*. Daughter Mary, who's 12, is a piano-prodigy, already launched on a successful concert career.



■ Irene Dunne was sitting that day in Leo McCarey's office—it was a Tuesday—and they had completed an hour-long discussion of the picture just finished and the promotion campaign planned for it. Leo stretched back in his chair.

"That's that," he said. "Now to get back to work."

"I know what kind of work you mean," Irene told him. "I saw the paper on your desk when I came in—you were looking over the entries for the Kentucky Derby. Next Saturday, isn't it?"

"Yes. It is, and I was. Do you know," he added pathetically, "I've always wanted to see a Derby, and I never have. How about you, Irene?"

"Why, I've seen dozens of them, naturally. Don't you hear mah Suhten accent? I was *bohn* in Louisville."

"In Louisville, hey?" said Leo. He stared past her, his eyes glazing with thought, his fingers drumming meditatively on his desk.

"What are you cooking up now?"

"I can see it now," he said. "Local Louisville girl makes good. Mayor presents her with keys to the city. Speeches on the steps of the City Hall. School children assembled to cheer an alumnus who fulfilled her dream. Banquets in her honor . . ." He paused for breath.

"Me?" Irene shrieked. (Continued on page 120)



IF COFFEE TASTES JUST LIKE CHAMPAGNE AND
YOU PLAY YOUR MOST ROMANTIC SCENES OVER THE PHONE—THAT'S LOVE.

AND MRS. LARRY PARKS HAS IT BAD—FOR GOOD!

by **betty garrett parks**

"I'VE GOT IT BAD"

■ I was working at a place called the Clover Club, when I got the call from the Actors' Lab. Would I like to do a show, they wanted to know.

I said sure. The Lab is for people like me—fools who'll perform all day and all night, and then, for relaxation, go over to the Lab and perform some more.

I went, and there was this boy. Brown eyes, brown hair, serious-looking. He said, "Hello, I'm Larry Parks," and I said, "Hello," but I wasn't sure *who* I was. I think it started right then, with me. Like they say in the movies, it was bigger than I was.

He asked me if I wanted a cup of coffee. He could have held out for a short opium pipe, and I wouldn't have known the difference. When he smiled, I sort of got lost in it.

For a week, steady, we saw each other, until I had to leave for Chicago, where I was going to play a date at the Camellia House in the Drake Hotel.

I was in Chicago two days, and the phone rang. Phones play a big part in this story. There was a familiar voice on the other end. "Care to have a cup of coffee?" it said.

So he was there, and we had one more week. After that, he had to go back to California. For three months, I worked at the Camellia House, (Continued on page 108)



"He did it with his own little hands," Betty laughs proudly—referring to the cactus Larry raised. He's learned from painful experience to handle his "baby" with gloves.

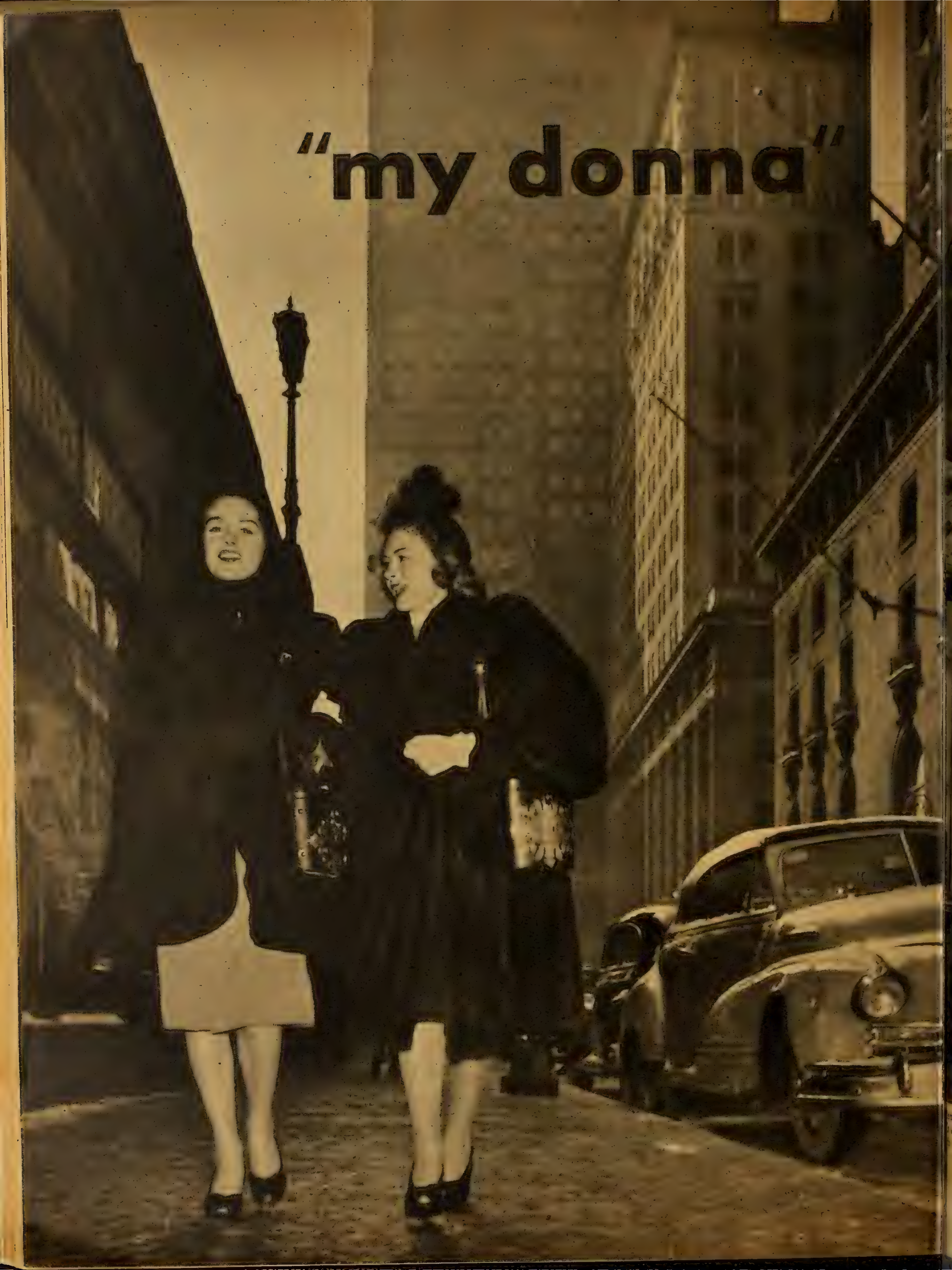


etty's in Hollywood for good now, with a brand new M-G-M contract and a big role in *Good News*. Larry's latest is *Down to Earth*, but the Parks' aren't taking that title seriously at all.



Pepper's a Blue Persian who makes you lure her out from under chairs and has seven toes on her south paw. Larry's scared of the "beast"; not even her impending motherhood can soften his heart.

"my donna"



Model agent Harry Conover, Donna and sister Heidi (a Conover gal herself) look over the new crop of hopefuls. Donna did some modeling between scenes of *Green Dolphin Street* for our Fashion Dept. (p. 73).



■ The radio was playing "Some Day I'll Find You." I could hear it from the side porch where I was sitting alone in the swing. I could look in the window, too, and see Donna and Jack dancing. I could, but I wouldn't. Dancing was silly, I told myself firmly. Having boy friends was silly, too, and even when I got to be seventeen, like Donna, I wouldn't waste my time with them.

Sure, that's what I kept telling myself, but I knew it wasn't true.

I sat there with the toe of my battered old saddle shoe tapping to the music. I looked up at the May evening sky and wished quickly on the first star I saw. "Star light, star bright . . ." But I didn't have time to finish because the door opened and there was Donna. (Continued on page 123)



SOMETIMES IT'S HARDER

TO SHOW GRATITUDE TO YOUR OWN
FAMILY THAN TO A STRANGER.

THAT'S WHY ALL DONNA REED'S SISTER
CAN SAY IS "THANKS, DONNA."

by "heidi"

Sister of
M-G-M Star, Donna Reed

Remember the gawky kid you were at 14?" Donna chides. Donna (of *a Wonderful Life*) and husband Tony Owen are so happy in their own little cover girl, Penny Jane, they'll adopt another.



the adventures of glenn langan

It all began when he was
15 and ran away from home—
because of a girl. After
that there were tent-shows, burlesque,
Broadway—and finally Lucille.

By HOWARD SHARPE

When Glenn and wife Lou bought their own home, they fulfilled an old ambition—to cram it with the over-sized furniture necessary for their respective 6'4" and 6'1" frames.



"I should have gone to fencing school, instead of dramatic school," sighs Glenn, whose role in *Forever Amber* requires lunging as well as love-making. His fan clubs now total 23.



Lillian, the Langans' cook, has to chase her boss out of the kitchen—he's a celery-snatcher. Glenn scares party guests by staging fake seances, playing the ghostly visions himself.



■ Glenn Langan has laughed and bullied his way through life for thirty years. When success finally came to him, it came as an anti-climax . . .

He had already brought a kind of fame to the respectable, immigrant Irish family of Langan by the time he was fourteen. He accomplished this by reaching the height of 6' 3" at that age and thus becoming The Tallest

Boy Scout in America. For some reason this was considered news of nationwide importance, and the press everywhere published photographs of him, standing thin and proud and towering in his uniform.

His father was a retired fireman, a pillar of the community of Berkeley Gardens (which is a small suburb near Denver), and a good (Continued on page 71)



by
Betty
Hutton

Poor Betty had to shed 20 pounds after the birth of Lindsay Diane, who's every bit as photogenic as her Ma. Radio's "Hit Parade" claims Betty's services soon for eight weeks.



It's fun now, but Mrs. Mabel Hutton remembers when dishwashing was a chore. Mabel bit her nails to the elbow over *Perils of Pauline*, but wait'll she sees Betty in *Dream Girl*!

Betty says, "Thanks,

Mom"—from the heart.

Because Mabel Hutton knew

the price of her

daughter's happiness, and

paid it gladly through

the lean years.

On Mothers' Day



■ I once heard somebody say that Mother's Day is sentimental. "That's for me," I said. "I'm a sucker for sentiment."

So when Al Delacorte asked me to tell the story of my mother for Mother's Day, he was doing me a favor. I've been wanting to tell that story for a long time. And for lots of reasons, all sentimental.

I always knew my mother was a swell person. Even as a kid, I knew what she went through for my sister Marion and me. But now that I have a baby of my own, it's different.

Our baby has everything Ted and I can give her, but I still worry. One day the baby had a little upset and I fell completely apart. In the midst of the circus, in walks my mother, and looks at me with a kind of funny expression. All of a sudden, my mind flew back to the old days—Momma working at the factory for just about enough to keep a roof over our heads and food in our (Continued on page 111)



■ I've known Jane Powell since we were kids in Portland. I was older, but she was brighter, so it sort of evened up.

Her name was Suzanne Burce, those days. We went to a school called Beaumont, and we had nothing much on our minds most of the time. We didn't even have much minds, most of the time. Certainly, Suzanne didn't sit around plotting to be a great singer. She had a good, healthy life with her mother, who's tiny, and curly-haired and simply darling, and her father, who has the gayest brown eyes you ever saw.

Our big passion was ice cream sodas, but we still had our baby curves and we used to look unhappily at the way our clothes fit. Or fat. Every day, we'd go to this soda fountain and stare the man straight in the eye and order one soda and two glasses of water, please. We got to be known as the "two-on-a-straw" kids.

And then, one afternoon when she was thirteen, and we were batting around on a handball court, she an-

nounced casually that this friend of her family's was on a War Bond Committee. "They're looking for a girl who can sing," she said. "He thinks I might do."

She did, all right. The next thing we knew, Suzanne—or maybe I'd better call her Janie from now on—was the Oregon Victory Girl. And all of her friends went around looking smug, as if we'd had something to do with it.

Janie snowballed into a national figure awfully fast. She had two radio shows in Portland, and she went on a tour of Oregon to sell bonds.

I got a letter full of enthusiasm from her. It seemed she was riding through towns in fire trucks, with the siren going full blast, and you know how satisfactory a thing like *that* can be. When she wasn't singing, or riding in a fire-truck, she was eating four-inch steaks. That letter was insufferable. Four-inch steaks, and Portland hadn't seen a cow since the war began. Obviously, patriotism was paying off. (Continued on page 128)

two on a straw

Jane is a very good cook, claims author-friend Christopher Kane. But she'd rather sing on Sinatra's radio show or make wishes about Cornel Wilde—like wishing he'd have a picture taken without his wife!

Jane has a whole drawerful of bathing suits, loaned a blue one to Chris and wore a pink two piece job. Now in *The Birds And The Bees*, Janie prefers pedal pushers and plaid shirts to slacks.



Chris helped Jane's mother, Mrs. Burce, wind up balls of wool for her daughter's hobby: knitting. Janie's just finished a pair of baby blue socks for herself. Her feet are so small, socks look like a child's.

WHEN THEY WERE KIDS

IN PORTLAND, JANE POWELL AND

CHRISSIE SHARED SODAS

TOGETHER. FOUR YEARS LATER,

THEY MET IN HOLLYWOOD—AND

SPLIT A MALTED TO CELEBRATE!

By Christopher Kane



■ I put my feet up in one corner of Joan Crawford's dressing room, all set to pop that \$64 question: When was she going to re-marry? And whom? The question never got out, drowned by the violent barking of an outraged dog just outside the door. I thought somebody's Great Dane had broken loose on the studio lot and was assailing a passing profile. But no. As the roar of airplane motors receded in the distance, a Cocker Spaniel puppy rushed in and tried to wiggle its way into Joan's lap.

"Honey Boy, you mad fool," Joan exclaimed, "don't you know you'll never win?"

Honey Boy has an idea that he will some day get his teeth into the tail of a four-motored (Continued on page 64)



On the set, Joan and producer Jerry Wald discuss the suit brought against her by a former mental patient. The woman has alleged that Joan invaded her privacy to observe psychiatric treatment for her role in *Possessed*.



Joan's newest romance is British Peter Shaw, former escort of Lana Turner. They had tongues wagging at Look Award party. So perhaps Greg Bautzer has bowed out of Joan's life.

Graciousness comes from the heart, not from any stuffy books on etiquette. And Joan Crawford's got a king-size heart . . .

By CARL SCHROEDER

just
because
she's
joan



IN JOHN'S SCHOOL,
A KID WHO WAS YOUNGER
THAN THE OTHERS,
READ BOOKS, AND KNEW THE
RIGHT ANSWERS, WAS A
SISSY. SO JOHN HAD TO BE TWICE
AS TOUGH! (PART ONE)

By Ida Zeitlin

john lund life story

■ It's your own fault that you won't be seeing John Lund in *Blaze of Noon*. When he hit the MODERN SCREEN poll, Paramount yanked him. Why waste this new bonfire on a picture loaded down with guys? Betty Hutton got him instead as the principal peril in *Perils of Pauline*.

For the benefit of those unfortunates who missed *To Each His Own*, John Lund played Olivia De Havilland's sweetheart and son. The footage was relatively brief, the impact was socko. As Captain Bart Cosgrove, he gave you a sense of masculine ease and authority more potent than dimples. When, as Greg, the son, he spoke that simple, scalp-tingling last line, "This is my dance, Mother," you'd have loved to change places with Mother, agonies and all. That moment paid for the years, with some change left over.

You MODERN SCREENERS weren't the only smart ones. There was, for instance, the phenomenon of the secretaries . . .

Studio secretaries are immune to actors; they've been vaccinated. Naturally, you get an exception here and there, but the over-all attitude is healthy, skeptical and matter-of-fact. They like the good eggs, they dislike (Continued on page 66)



Wife Marie taught him about realism for Theater Guild's *Time Of Your Life* radio show. For the scene where he had to talk and chew 14 sticks of gum at same time, she suggested John (in *Perils of Pauline*) hold a wad ready.



■ Stars look forward to personal appearance tours about the way the kids look forward to mid-year exams—with teeth on edge and hearts of stone.

"Darling," everyone told Diana Lynn as she packed her bags for her Chicago junket, "it will be strictly awful. You will emerge a blithering wreck. You will absolutely *die*." And now it's all over, and Diana's almost ashamed to admit it, but she actually gained a little weight; she never felt better in her life; she *loved* it! Eileen Horn, her secretary and good friend, has an explanation for it. "It's Chicago," she told Diana. "You couldn't possibly blither in Chicago. It's too magnificent."

Their visit got off to a good start. It was snowing the day they arrived, and the wind piled the snow into great drifts and flung handfuls of it into their sun-kissed faces. Waiting for a cab, Eileen hopped from one foot to the other to keep warm, but Diana sort of leaned into the wind, letting her hair blow.

"You look positively pleased," Eileen accused her.

"Why, I am," Diana said, a little surprised, herself. "I really am."

The Chicago Theater where Diana appeared is perfectly enormous, and when she first saw it she very nearly swooned. "Look," she told Nate Platt, the theater manager, "there's been a mistake. I'm not a real pianist or anything. I just play a few little pieces, and I don't play very loud. If there was a smaller place—an auditorium or something—"

"We have a fairly modern public address system, Miss Lynn," she was informed. "Frank Sinatra sang here, and they heard him way up in the last balcony."

The day she opened, the place looked even bigger, and just before she went on, she stood in the wings with Eileen and shook. Eileen put a clammy (Continued on page 114)

Voted Queen of Chicago's B. & K. Theaters, at their annual employees' party, Miss Marianne Russell gets crowned by Diana Lynn. Chicago showed off for her, Diana insists, giving her a display of all kinds of weather, from springtime to snowtime.



"Hi-Shoppers"—that's the name of a newspaper feature devoted to Chicago's teenagers. Editors held a contest, the subject of which was "Why, I'd Like To Meet Diana Lynn." Here winners and editors swoop down on Diana in her dressing room.

"CHICAGO,

I love you"



That straw bonnet didn't stay on Diana's head long. Chicagoans Mrs. Utley and Mrs. Grubb persuaded Diana (in *Variety Girl*) to donate her hat to a charity auction.



Trombone artist Bill Harris gives Diana Lynn a sample of what won him the Esquire Jazz Award. The trophy Diana's holding was given to Bill at a jazz concert held in Kimball Hall. Diana still prefers the piano—you don't have to carry it around!

"You'll hate it," everyone assured

**Diana Lynn. "Personal appearances
are awful." But Diana fell in love—with Chicago**

By JEAN KINKEAD

crack-up



Before their separation, Greer Garson and Richard Ney attended many Hollywood parties. Richard's completing his role in *Ivy*, and plans a long European tour afterwards. He's still upset over Greer's near-drowning at Monterey while making *A Woman Of My Own*.

**Laughing on
the outside, crying on the
inside—that's
the way Richard Ney feels.
Because deep down
he still thinks
Greer Garson's
the only one . . .**

By VALERIE SLOAN

Special Reporter for Modern Screen

■ When I first heard the news of the crack-up of Greer Garson's marriage, I was reminded of the evening Hollywood threw the big dinner in honor of the first showing of *It's a Wonderful Life*. Greer was so beautiful that night, and happy.

And I think I've never seen a young man so completely in love as Richard. He could speak freely and from the heart because he so little suspected that the

dashing of his hopes lay just around the corner.

"Valerie, I can't visualize a future for myself without Greer," he said earnestly. "She's the only woman in the world for me!"

What has happened to this, the latest "perfect Hollywood marriage," to wreck itself in shoal waters?

I wish I could have got Dick or Greer to answer this question for the readers

of MODERN SCREEN. But as soon as Greer reached her decision to separate from Richard she tore herself out of Hollywood and went into the strictest seclusion at her home in Pebble Beach. And Richard sealed his lips like the gentleman he is.

This much is clear. Richard had left home ten days before the outside world or even his closest friends suspected it. He went to the (Continued on page 136)

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JUST BECAUSE SHE'S JOAN—By Carl Schroeder

(Continued from page 57)

Constellation as it gains altitude over the studio. Honey Boy doesn't bother about the two-motor jobs, but his back hair curls when he hears Connie warming up over at Lockheed.

"Personally," Joan said, "I'll always be a Dachshund woman, and Honey Boy was not my choice of a name for this hysterical little sweetheart—Christina insisted on the name and the breed, too. I'll confess, though, that I can see now why she wanted one so badly."

I've seen a good deal of Joan when she is around her children. As a male parent, I thought she was a little overboard on the subject of perfect manners. But I must admit she makes a good case for her side.

"Personally," she said, "I think nothing is more important than discipline of the right kind. We have an understanding around our house that when anyone is talking on the telephone, people in the same room are quiet. I had an important call one morning and in the midst of it my two angels dropped their haloes and began to yell at each other. When I hung up, I gave them whatfor. Then I took Christopher, who is just four, on my lap for a session of hugging, because I don't think any child should be disciplined without being left with the idea that you love him very much."

Discipline or no discipline, Joan, in my book, is a sucker for other people. She is an habitu   of a restaurant on the Sunset Strip known as The Cock 'n' Bull, an English type pub, frequented largely by journalists who are both in and out of work. She appears there so frequently that she is accepted as a regular by the customers who consider themselves a part of the management. One day, while on the way to her table, she said hello to a feminine writer who was sipping a cocktail and mulling over a personal problem. The writer looked up, mumbled "Lo," and went back to her mulling. About six weeks later, she bumped into Joan at a party.

Joan said, "Tell me, have I done anything to offend you?"

The writer was astonished. "Of course not, why?" she asked.

"Now I feel better," Joan said. "When I passed you a few weeks ago at the C & B, I thought you were a little abrupt, and it's been worrying me."

One night, not long ago, I had occasion to put Joan's association with people under a microscope. I had been on a howler with Mr. and Mrs. Bob Preston, a howler being my word invention for a lot of evening. I was convinced, as we left Mocambo some time after midnight, that I had to go swimming. After the Prestons tossed me at a towel and poured a black cup of coffee, we fell to talking about their house on North Bristol. I asked whether the next door neighbor was likely to complain about odd-hour athletes who made so much noise in the middle of the night.

Kay Preston said, "Oh, no—Joan Crawford is our ideal neighbor!"

Then Bob Preston, who never throws a punch or a remark unless he means it, said, "You know why I like Joan? The night of the Academy Awards, Kay and I listened over the radio. When we heard that Joan had won, Kay scribbled a little note and I took it out and put same in Joan's mail box. Next afternoon when I picked up our mail, I found a note in return. It said: 'Thanks, neighbors, for completing my happiness!'"

Some volunteer is always "completing" Joan's happiness. Cameraman Joe Valentine and his crew were assigned to do *Possessed*, Joan's current picture. For the first few days, the simple chalk marks which were scrawled on the sound stage floor, indicating that Joan was to put her feet there in order to be in proper focus, were as efficiently drawn as ever.

Abruptly, the chalk marks disappeared. One morning Joan found a drawing of a boy and girl holding hands. Thereafter there was an original idea every day, the last of which was a pair of hearts and the words, "We love you!"

Joan can count the day bleak when she fails to receive or send a couple of notes.

One day while we were lunching in the Green Room at Warners, Joan looked up from her plate of fried chicken to exclaim, "That girl over there—who is she?"

I glanced around. Four tables away sat an almost chubby blonde girl, wearing glasses and the look of a seventeen-year-old. "Somebody's movie fan, I guess."

"No," Joan replied, "I've seen her somewhere before—and not around Hollywood." In another moment she had the answer. The girl was Bambi Lynn, a stand-out performer in *Carousel*. Joan remembered that on her last trip to New York she had seen the musical and was so impressed with Bambi that she wrote her a fan letter. Now Bambi had arrived in Hollywood and at Warners to test for an important picture. When I saw her later she told me that Joan's note had given her the confidence she needed.

for the love of mike . . .

Speaking of confidence, I asked Joan why she didn't appear more often on the radio. She by-passed the question, but a prominent radio producer supplied the answer. "Some of our finest actors," he said, "have difficulty in achieving a relaxed approach. Fear of not doing a good job over the microphone is not an uncommon malady. Joan is rapidly surmounting her phobia, but she likes to have a chair handy so that she can grip the back of it between lines."

Actually, though, Joan can rise to any occasion. I discussed Joan's superior ability to concentrate on the business at hand with Herschel Daugherty, an actor-director from the famed Community Playhouse in Pasadena. Hersch is just beginning his screen career and confessed that he had never seen anything like Joan in *Possessed*.

"There is a scene in the picture," Hersch told me, "in which Joan goes mad and loses control in an animalistic sort of way. Obviously, it was extremely difficult to do without over- or under-playing and losing the complete meaning. It couldn't be done, except by someone who is really great—a star who could combine technique with heart and soul and belief."

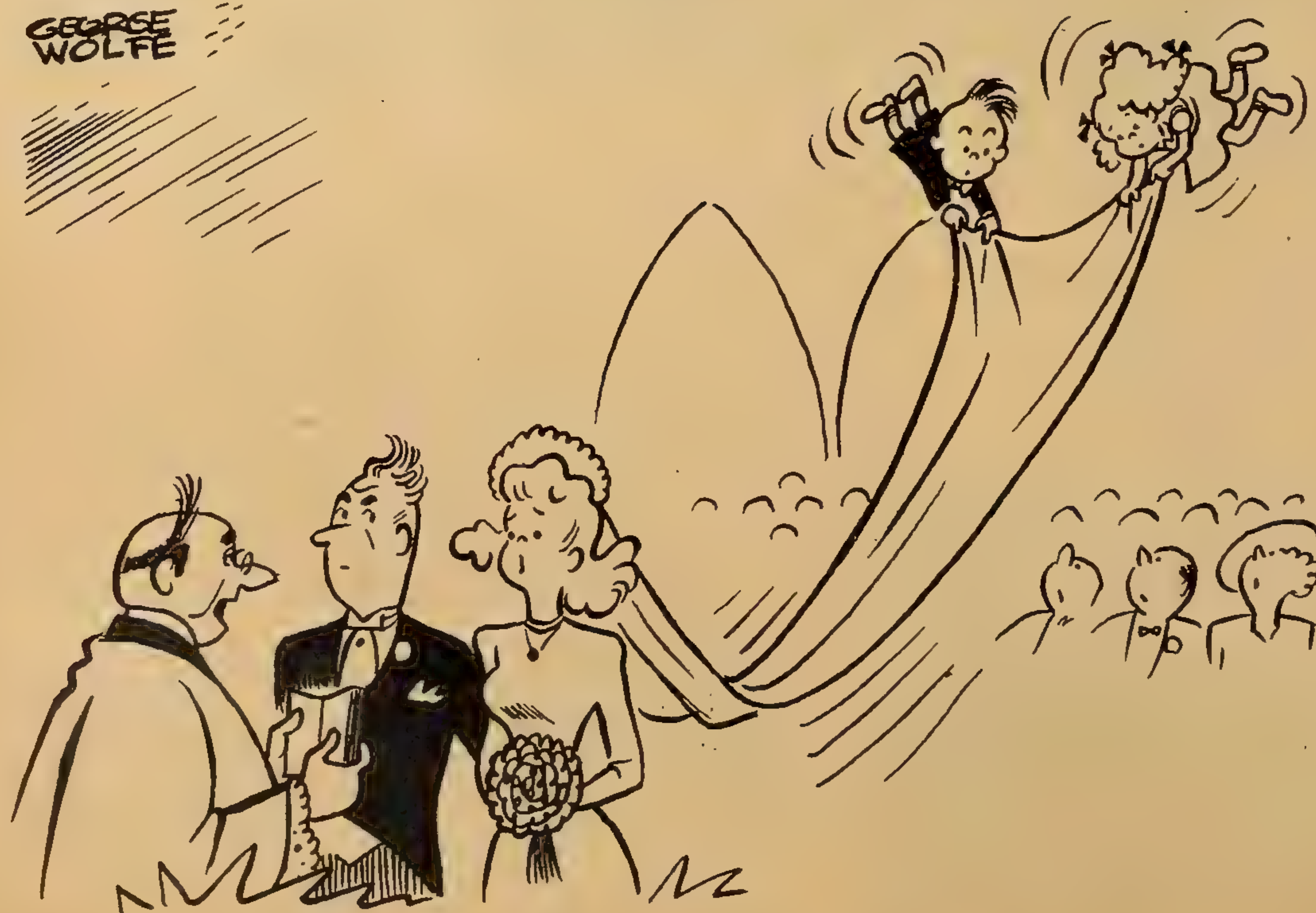
"We started work early in the morning. Everyone knew that Joan had been worrying about this scene for a week. There was no rehearsal. We simply roughed in the scene. Joan was in a hospital bed, and the camera moved in above her on a crane. When she took her place, it was as quiet as grass growing on the set. A tear trickled from the corner of one eye. She nodded her head, and director Bernhardt called, 'Roll 'em!'"

"Joan began to babble incoherently, then ad libbing, she screamed, 'David—David—I killed him!' The camera crane came in close as two actor-doctors bent over to administer a prop hypodermic, and the scene concluded. There was a crop of goosepimples blossoming under my collar, and I saw several girls on the set crying openly. Joan's hysteria seemed almost to be out of control. She was helped from the bed and to her dressing room."

"Then minutes later she reappeared, subdued but smiling a little ruefully. Director Bernhardt said, 'All right, let's do it again, Joan, with just a little less emphasis.' She didn't bat an eyelash, but climbed back into bed and repeated the same scene with just a slight undertone of restraint. The telling of it can't possibly be as dramatic as the actual occurrence—to employ an overused word, she was terrific." That's a good word for Joan—terrific.

MODERN SCREEN

GEORGE WOLFE



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Lady Esther
4-PURPOSE FACE CREAM

Needs No Help From Any Other Cream

JOHN LUND LIFE STORY

(Continued from page 58)

the stinkers and they swoon for nobody. But all of a sudden at Paramount, secretaries started hanging out of windows. "What is this?" yelled the bosses, and it was always John Lund crossing the courtyard. "What's he got?" they demanded. One crisp keypuncher hit nearest the bull's eye. "That's not an actor," she declared firmly. "That's a man!"

Unlike many discoveries, John was acting when they found him. Playing Yank in *The Hasty Heart*. "Paramount," says John, "plucked me from the dark obscurity of a leading role in a Broadway hit."

His humor is ironic, but for the most part, genial. At the *Ice Follies*, a child asked for his autograph. Ten minutes later she came back with a furrowed brow. "Please would you tell me what this name is? It looks like 'John Lund'."

"It is 'John Lund', my pet, and you're stuck with it."

Paramount has no reason to feel stuck with John. He photographs well enough to have rolled up—on the strength of a single release—a round, a firm, a fully-packed 2000-fan-letters-per-week. His sea-blue eyes he must have got through his father, a Norwegian-born glassblower who died when John was three. The way he tosses language around sounds more like a gift from the maternal, or Irish side.

His mother was small, but not meek. If something went wrong with the garbage disposal, she'd call the mayor. Once they got a gas bill to the tune of thirty-five bucks. Obviously, a clerical error. But Mother stormed into the president's office and harangued him to such purpose on the subject of rascally public utilities, that it was months before the company dared send another bill.

quiz kid . . .

John was the youngest of seven, with a gap of many years between him and Louise, next older and his natural champion. Their home was in Rochester, New York. They didn't have much money, but managed to live on the more respectable side of the tracks. For the first decade of his life, John was a law-abiding quiz kid who shot through six grades in three years and entered junior high at the age of ten. That year marked the climax of his good citizenship phase. For a statewide hospital campaign, he wrote an essay winding up as follows: "A hospital is a sacred thing. Life begins, life ends. I challenge you one and all to do your duty toward life."

This won him the privilege of appearing at a money-raising luncheon. Only he forgot about it till somebody plucked him out of a ball game, and said: "It's time to go." He didn't look too formal. There was a tooth missing, but that wasn't his fault. There was also a hole in his stocking, mud on his shoes, a rip in his pants and an all-over sense of grime. He knew his mother'd raise Cain. She raised Cain if you wore your underwear twice in a row. "Suppose you got run over and they saw your dirty linen in a hospital!"

He decided to solve the problem by keeping his coat on. This garment—sheepskin-lined and fur-collared, had been a gift from his brother Ole, and in it he felt like the Czar of all the Russias. Attempts to get him to remove it were in vain till they led him to the speaker's table to introduce him. There, someone too firm in authority to be resisted, said, "Sonny, take your coat off."

Cornered, John hurled it to the floor in a grand gesture. His head was just visible

over the table-top. "Fellow citizens," he began, and the cameras popped.

The early editions were out before he got home. "Mrs. Lund, Mrs. Lund," shrieked the little girl next door. "There's a picture of John in the paper with a dirty old sweater on and his mouth open."

This plunge from glory into shame may have had some bearing on John's sudden revolt against organized authority. A more potent influence was society—the society, that is, of his peers. He was 10 in a class where the others were 12 and 13. Being 10 was sissy. Reading books was sissy. Knowing the right answer was sissy. John wanted in. The shining goal was to be a toughie.

The heaviest cross he had to bear was his age. He'd have died before admitting to less than 13. In class, he'd give wrong answers deliberately, go out of his way to prove how dumb he was.

All this paid off in 9A, when he was not merely left back, but demoted. John Lund was now definitely recognized as one of the elect—an honor which bore him serenely through the storm at home. By the time he was 14, he'd been thrown out of three grammar schools and as many high schools. To study was against the code. To pass an examination, you copied.

It all ended inevitably one day when he announced defiantly to the family:

"I'm quittin' school."

They couldn't budge him. This was still the Red Grange era. Thanks to the Galloping Ghost and his ice-wagon, manual labor lay bathed in radiance. Anyway, working was more hard-boiled than school. What's more, teachers were dopes.

"You're a dope," said Ole. "I wanted to go to school and couldn't."

jack of all trades . . .

His mother drew dark pictures of doom. Even Louise was against him, but he went his way. For two years he worked at odd jobs, learned to shoot an indifferent game of billiards, and got hep to the joys of staying up late. Being a clean-cut young fellow, he didn't have much trouble finding work.

He lasted longest as a pattern-chaser in a clothing factory. The boss was inclined to bully him at first, but one day John turned on him. "Go to blazes, will you?" he remarked conversationally.

"What's that?"

"Go to blazes, will you? At your convenience, of course."

From then on he was left to his chores in peace till the truant board caught up with him. On quitting school, he'd neglected one small formality—to register for continuation classes. Faced now with the choice of making up his time at night, or finishing it out at regular school till his seventeenth birthday, he picked the latter and speedier course, and took revenge by making a nuisance of himself. If the question was, "How old is Charlie?" a voice from the rear would boom, "Old enough to know better." With such pleasantries he managed to pass the time, and everyone was relieved to see the last of him.

After that, he jerked sodas, worked on farms, dug ditches, collected bills and left adolescence behind for his early twenties. Al Sweeting, a friend, who'd been working with stock companies in and around Rochester, joined a newly formed dramatic club to direct a production of *Waiting for Lefty*. He needed more actors. He new John had a loud voice.

"Come on in with us. You can play Keller. Leader of the strike block. Good part."

"And you can go fly a kite."

"Nothing to it, John. Like a school play. You must've acted in school plays."

"Not so much as The-Spirit-of-Clean-



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Teeth in a pageant."

"Well then, do it to help me out."

This went on for four weeks, with John saying yes on Monday and no on Tuesday. In the end he gave in. On opening night he climbed into his oldest and most disreputable clothes, slipped a flaskful of martinis into his pocket and prepared to slink from the house.

"Where you going in that get-up?" asked his mother.

"Gonna be in a play."

"Not in those filthy clothes you're not. Go put on your new suit."

"I'm a cabdriver on strike, Mom. The guy hasn't smelled a new suit in thirteen years."

There was quite an argument. He left her moaning, "In front of all those people! What'll they think of us!"

Without the martinis, it would have been impossible. With them, it was a nightmare. But once he'd come through it and out at the other end, he decided it hadn't been so bad.

"That's good," said Al. "We've been asked to do a repeat in Buffalo."

They did it in several surrounding towns. Result: a bid from a bunch of college kids who'd started a stock company and craved Mr. Lund as their leading man. It was the kind of outfit whose 19-year-old press agent popped a cigar in his mouth, stuck a hat on the back of his head and—to retrieve the balance—talked British.

Paid \$12 a week, John earned every penny. They opened with Ibsen's *Doll's House* and closed soon after. John profited to the extent of a call from the Community Playhouse and allied himself with that organization. It was a pleasant social endeavor and coddled your vanity, but didn't pay your bills. John continued to thrust feelers into industry—more with the brain now and less with the brawn, though he could still dig ditches when he had to. "Here a sewer, there a sewer," he recalls. Did he want to be an actor? It was like asking, did he want to be a pearlfisher? Both pipedreams that had nothing to do with the workaday Lunds of a workaday world.

He moved to New York to go into the circular ad business—a minor branch of advertising that he'd tried with some success in Rochester. But by the time he'd scraped a few dollars together and landed in Manhattan, the guy he was supposed to go in with had another job. John looked the place over and decided to stay anyway. He stuck some ads in the trade papers, got a few answers, and wrote enough copy to keep body and soul together.

i've been workin' on the railroad . . .

Meantime he'd run into Joe Bassett, another Rochester alumnus, with whom he was presently sharing an apartment. From the Flushing dumps, the World's Fair was about to blossom. Joe nailed a job as stage manager for the Railroad Pageant, and what was simpler than to ring in his housemate as one of the actors. With John, it was *Waiting for Lefty* all over again. On the one hand, circular ads were opening up. On the other, he'd be sure of a small but regular income. Still, he'd settled on some form of writing as a trade. Shoemaker, stick to your last.

At next to the last minute, a change of heart sent him hiking over to Grand Central where the show was rehearsing.

That first season with the Railroad Pageant cooked his goose. Meeting show people, learning their jargon, getting the feel of the theater from its outermost fringes where he dangled, he was caught up once and for all in the magic of show business.

One day he and his new crowd were

hanging 'round Walgreen's, when word came by the grapevine that Shumlin had a call out. John let the tide carry him. The line was so long, it made you feel anonymous, and staying was more conspicuous than leaving. They moved fast—up the stairs, along the hall, through the door and into the room where Shumlin leaned against a desk and said—wearily, but courteously—“No, thank you.” John felt a sense of achievement. A Broadway producer had said, “No, thank you,” to him. (Shortly after the opening of *Hasty Heart*, Shumlin called John's agent. “I want a Lund type,” he said. Such are the satisfactions of success.)

The second encounter was even more accidental. John bumped into Joe on the street; Joe had an appointment at the Theatre Guild; John went along to kill an hour. He was sitting there, minding his own business, when the executive-in-charge appeared from the inner fastnesses, sort of looked around, sort of nodded to people she recognized, and brought her eyes to rest on John in a kind of glazed stare. He stirred uneasily.

“What's your name?” she asked.

He couldn't say, “I'm waiting for Joey;” it sounded foolish. For a second it looked as if he couldn't say anything. Then he pushed it out. “John Lund.”

“Oh yes, I've heard of you. What have you done again?”

“Uh—nothing much—”

“Oh, yes.” If she'd had a beard, here's where she would have stroked it. “Will you stand up, please?” The target of fifteen pairs of eyes, he stood up. “Mmm. Will you turn around, please?”

“And as God is my judge,” he groaned, telling the story to Joe, “I turned around.”

“Then what?”

come back thursday . . .

“Then she said to come back and see her next Thursday.”

On Thursday the lady said “Oh, yes” again, but more vaguely. “Would you come back next Thursday?”

He went back four Thursdays running, by which time the lady'd forgotten who he was. “Oh, yes,” she said. “That part is cast.”

Thus encouraged, he registered at Feagin's Dramatic School. One day a fellow asked him how he felt about Shakespeare. “He sends me.”

“That's what I thought. I just got a job stage managing *As You Like It*. Alfred Drake and Helen Craig. Come on over and read.”

They hired him to understudy Drake. While Drake remained in good health, John was to wear tights, say “Ho, who comes?” and carry a stool after the wrestling match. On learning that they didn't rehearse understudies till the run had started, his delight ebbed. Drake could drop dead on opening night and it wouldn't do him any good, they'd just ring down the curtain.

Came summer and the World's Fair again. And a party. And a girl . . .

A guy named Arthur invited them to the party. It was a party with a purpose. Bunch of kids in the theater wanted to form a little dramatic group to keep their hands in. Bassett and Lund were through with little dramatic groups, but sure, they'd come to the party.

It was Arthur again who introduced them to the girl. Marie Charton. Tall, dark and slender, with creamy skin and a child's hazel eyes in the lovely oval of her face. The general effect was best described by a friend who said: “When Marie walks into a room, people fall down.”

Marie had a phone call to make in the course of the evening—rather a personal

“Kiss-Me!” Skin



Delicious to kiss . . . skin that's satin-smooth with Jergens Face Cream. Enriched with Vitone! Unsurpassed as a dry-skin smoother, Vitone is exclusive with Jergens Cream. Tests by doctors show: with Jergens, 8 out of 10 complexions improved . . . “Skins softer, fresher, smoother.”

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Works like four creams. Jergens Vitone-enriched Face Cream is your “beauty-all” in one jar. It softens . . . cleanses . . . helps smooth tiny lines of dry-skin . . . acts as clinging powder-base. Contains Vitone, yet costs no more than other fine creams. 10c to \$1.25. (Plus tax)



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Please send me generous trial-size, free, of Jergens Vitone-enriched Face Cream.

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Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

(Paste on penny postcard, if you wish. Sorry, sample offer good in U.S.A. only.)



Which Twin has the Toni?

(and which had her permanent at the beauty shop?)



Miss Ella Wigren, the lovely Toni twin, says, "No one at the party could tell our permanents apart — can you?" (See answer below.) "My Toni Home Permanent looked soft and lovely from the start! No wonder Lila says after this we'll be Toni twins."

Yes, you can give yourself a lovely TONI Home Permanent for your date tonight

It's easy as rolling your hair up on curlers. No trick at all to give yourself a Toni Home Permanent. And you'll be delighted with results. Deep,

wonderful waves — heavenly soft and natural-looking. Easy to manage, too, because your Toni Home Permanent is frizz-free from the start.

Toni works like a charm on any kind of hair — even gray, dyed, bleached or baby-fine hair. And the permanent is guaranteed to last just as long as a \$15 permanent—or your money back. Try Toni today. See why every hour of the day another 1000 women use Toni. Just ask for the Toni Home Permanent Kit at your drug, notion or cosmetic counter.

Ella, the twin with the Toni Home Permanent, is the one at the left above.

DeLuxe Kit with re-usable plastic curlers
\$2.00

Regular Kit with fiber curlers
\$1.25

Refill Kit complete except for curlers
\$1.00

All prices plus tax

Toni

HOME PERMANENT

THE CREME COLD WAVE



call. As she talked, the feeling came over her that someone was listening. Turning, she found Mr. Lund smiling down at her. Hm, pretty fresh. Another girl might have told him off. But Marie is of Russian parentage, with manners a shade more formal than those of the average girl. She cut the conversation short, and stood up.

"Pretty dress you're wearing."

"Thank you very much."

"Are you an actress?"

"I had a small part in the road show of *Golden Boy*. But mostly I work as a Conover model."

They rejoined the others. Plans were being made for a follow-up meeting next week.

"Will you be here?" asked John.

"Oh, I wouldn't miss it for anything."

"Then I'll come too."

Arthur took her home. "Joe Bassett's a nice guy," he volunteered, "but that John! Works in the Railroad Show and has about eight girls."

So it didn't surprise her when *that* John failed to show up.

A couple of weeks later they ran into each other at Sardi's. Marie felt self-conscious. Despite her profession, she was no sophisticate. An only child, her life had been sheltered by both parents till her mother's death some five years earlier. This had drawn her still closer to her father, a wise person who left her free to do the work she liked. She'd met plenty of men, but a guy with a fast line still made her self-conscious. John's line was terrific. To confuse her still further, she found him and his mocking blue eyes very attractive. So, in spite of the line, she was glad when he asked, "May I have your phone number?"

He scribbled it down on a matchfolder, but he never called.

smoke got in his eyes . . .

John pulled out the last match, ignited the folder and watched it burn.

He'd meant not to ask for her number, but his tongue had betrayed him. Now he had it, okay, what was he going to do with it? Where could he take her on thirty-five a week—to the zoo?

So he burned it, and that was that. Finished. Forgotten. For the next several months he forgot her frequently, though in order to do so, he had to remember her first. Moreover, he saw the wisdom of his course justified. As the World's Fair followed world peace into oblivion, he landed a much more stylish job as actor and announcer with CBS television. Those were the days when you got into television on the ground floor. "Only," says John, "they didn't tell you you had to mop it." Along with opportunity, they gave you impressive-looking cards and twenty-five a week. At that figure, even the zoo became a luxury.

Having forgotten Marie, he couldn't account for the way his ears pricked up at mention of her name. "I hear Marie Charton's on the road with a show." He couldn't account for the sense of loss that crept over him. But when he suddenly glimpsed her at Walgreen's one day—a Vision with Hatbox—he didn't stop to account for anything, he just walked over.

"I thought you'd gone out of town."

"I thought you took my number."

He smiled. "I lost the matchfolder."

She knew there was more behind it, but she didn't care.

"Are you free now?" he asked.

"Yes. I've just come off a job."

So they walked up Fifth Avenue, talking about astrology, which neither believed in. They bought peanuts from the vendor in Central Park, and fed them to the squirrels. Then they went to the zoo.

(See Part II, June Issue)

THE ADVENTURES OF GLENN LANGAN

(Continued from page 50)

churchgoer. He knew what a son ought to be: diligent, ambitious, a good Boy Scout and a good churchgoer. He felt that Glenn had fulfilled these expectations to the letter and that, by way of reward, he should be allowed certain liberties.

It was with good will, then, that Mr. Langan surrendered the keys to the family Maxwell sedan to his son, Saturday night after Saturday night, during the following year. Until, one midnight, Glenn found his father waiting up for him.

"Son, I'd like a word with you."

There was something wrong. A girl named Irma Wilkins. A nice girl, too, but Glenn's father just didn't like her family.

"I don't want you to see her again," said Father Langan. "You might stay serious about her. You might want to marry her in a couple-three years."

"What if I do?"

"There'll be no one from that family brought into my home."

A few minutes later Glenn left by the front door and started walking.

It was 1932. He sat on a bench in a Denver park, reading meager want ads in the Post by early morning light. "Wanted," one of them said, "asst. stage manager for tent show. Denver to Albuquerque, and return. Apply—"

He found Ted Grant, entrepreneur, thespian, showman, in a walkup room. Ted Grant had a lot of hair at the nape of his neck, an open Barrymore collar, and the brightest Ascot Glenn had ever seen. "What can you do?" Ted asked, speaking around his cigar.

"Anything."

"In that event, you're hired. As a matter of fact, you'll be my partner if you've any money. Have you?"

"No."

"You're my partner anyway. Half the profits."

"I'd rather have a salary till I find out what the profits are."

"Oh ye of little faith," said Ted, registering agony. "All right, a salary. Can you leave tomorrow?"

"I can leave this minute."

"I see," Ted said, registering affectionate joy, "that we shall get on together—partner."

prestige, but no pay . . .

As a matter of record, he did pay Glenn a salary. For one week. For the next fifty weeks he handed Glenn an occasional half dollar, when pressed. Glenn drove the truck, set up the tent, handled the heavy work, and played half the roles in a skit designed for small town audiences. Ted played six other roles, including the lead.

And it was 1933, and he was now sixteen, and he walked into the parlor of the little house in Berkeley Gardens, saying, "I've come home."

"We're glad," his mother said, simply.

"But only out of desperation." He straightened himself, banging his head against the white chandelier. "I'm an actor," he declared. "It's my life."

Glenn hung around home for awhile, getting a bit of dramatic coaching, holding down odd jobs.

Then he met Dolores Miller. Dolores dropped by his dramatic school one day, to say hello to the gang, and remained to look at—and get to know—Glenn Langan. She was thirty-eight, and her hair would never see its natural color again, but she had the figure of a sylph, the facial bone

—that Always-Fresh look



says **BARBARA BRITTON** co-starring
with Randolph Scott in "Gunfighters"
a Producers'-Actors' Production

*"My
beauty-glow
cleansing"*

"In Hollywood, a girl's skin *has* to be on-the-glow! I'm always *cleansing fresh* with Woodbury Cold Cream! It's different—so quick 'n' clean-cleansing—make-up whisks away—and skin's fresh-lovely!" Know why, Barbara? Four rich oils in Woodbury—deep cleansing oils float out dirt, powder, rouge. Try it, girls, for that "Always-Fresh Look!"



Dream-lovely Barbara—dining with husband Dr. Eugene Czukor. "After the studio—my Woodbury cream cleansing! So smo-o-thing...my skin blooms afresh!" Reason? Woodbury's rich softening oils! Try Woodbury Cold Cream for cleansing fresh, for softening all-night. Keep skin Woodbury-Wonderful!

*—with
Woodbury
Cold Cream*

WOODBURY CREAMS FOR PROBLEM SKINS

DRY SKIN. First, cleanse with WOODBURY COLD CREAM. Soften with WOODBURY Special DRY SKIN CREAM—rich in lanolin's beautifying benefits. Skin looks fresher, younger!

OILY SKIN. Cleanse with WOODBURY Liquefying CLEANSING CREAM. It melts—takes off surface oils, grime, for clearer skin!

structure of a fallen angel; and Max Factor had the rest under control.

"Come with me," Dolores said one day. "I can get us booking, even if it is 1936. With my figure, and what you've got—you can play straight man to my strip tease, and we'll do the sticks."

When he and Dolores finally parted company, he owned a train ticket to New York, \$168 in folding money, a small wardrobe and incredible brass. The \$168 he lost in a hectic half hour at craps with the depot porters, while awaiting his train; the ticket he exchanged for a Greyhound bus passage, with \$15 left over.

Three dollars and forty-eight cents of this still remained in his pocket when he arrived in New York.

Several months later, Glenn stood in his shorts before the miniature stationary tub in his third-floor-back 47th Street tenement apartment, scrubbed earnestly at his two white shirts, and reflected upon his first months in New York.

In the beginning there had been the job at the Automat, washing dishes for three squares a day. He had lived in Sloan House, on 34th Street then. He had also met Lucien Self, stage manager for *Swing Your Lady* at the Booth Theater, and Lucien had said, "I'll give you a walk-on. One buck a performance. That's \$8 a week. Want it?"

share-the-wealth . . .

On this munificence, Glenn had moved to this flat, which he shared with a well-to-do family of cockroaches.

Swing Your Lady had closed, unlamented; Glenn had had about \$10. It had not been enough. There had been the day when Glenn stepped off a penny scale that registered 155 pounds for his long, big-boned body, and had walked three blocks to the Astor and passed completely out in front of it.

Someday, God willing, he would learn the name of the old gentleman who had come along, fended off the police with his walking stick, remarked, "He isn't drunk. He's hungry," and had sent him in a cab to the Polyclinic Hospital.

They'd fed him up there, for a week, all expenses paid by the little old guy; then, on the way home in the subway, he'd struck up a conversation with another chap who, by virtue of also being 6' 4" tall, was the only face on a level with his.

John Collier, Roxy Doorman. The Roxy hired you if you were taller than anybody else in New York, and had manner, and could wear your uniform like a Colonel in the White Russian Army. "Hell," Collier had said. "Maybe there'll be another opening. I'll speak to the big boys."

But there hadn't been . . .

Someone, Glenn realized suddenly, was knocking. He stripped the suds from his hands, and went to the door. Collier stood there, grinning. He had a girl with him.

"Ouch!" Glenn said. He made an undignified retreat to the bedroom, emerging after a moment in a sweater and a pair of pants. This time he looked at the girl. Really looked at her.

"Lucille Weston," Collier said. "Show girl. Dancer. Lately of Long Island. A girl in a million. The point is, lay off, you bum."

Glenn didn't answer. He was too busy taking stock of the only girl he had ever met whom he would like to marry. His eyes, although he did not intend them to, said this to her; and her eyes, in recognition, were ready with his answer . . .

The next day one of the Roxy doormen quit, and, on Collier's recommendation, Glenn got the job. Eighteen bucks a week. "This is the deal," Collier told him, gleefully. "You move in with me in that place I told you about. Thirty-eight a month,

uptown, and a kitchen. Okay?"

"You're talking now, boy," Glenn said. But his mind was saying, "She makes \$60 a week. You get \$18, you big dope."

"You want to move this week?" Collier asked. "We could be settled by Saturday and throw a party."

"All right. You'll bring Lou?"

"Of course."

They were not really finished with the apartment before eleven Saturday night, and no one could come around until the theaters closed anyway. The party was a post-midnight supper, with seemingly limitless quantities of beer, and over-seasoned Welsh rarebit. Neither Glenn nor Lou paid proper attention to their food. They did not look at each other during the party, and when of necessity they spoke, it was in monosyllables, brisk and self-conscious half-sentences.

At three-thirty the beer ran out.

Glenn departed, returning half an hour later with a heavy load. Lou opened the door. They stood facing each other, smiling a little.

Suddenly he put the bottles down on the hall table. He reached out and touched her shoulder, very lightly, with the tips of his fingers.

She stepped forward, deliberately, not smiling any more.

Collier found them there, a minute later. He said, "Hey!"

He had to say it twice . . .

They told him then. There was no alternative. "These things happen," Glenn said helplessly, hating the cliché which was the only thing to say; and, "We tried. It wasn't any use . . ."

"Sure," Collier said. White-faced, he walked past them to the door, closing it very softly after him.

"I'll wait for you, of course," Lou said. He had been offered the juvenile lead in a Denver production of *Ah Wilderness*, and it had looked like something to do, and he had gone to Denver, and played the juvenile lead, and an agent—fresh from Hollywood—had visited him backstage, saying, "If you'll come to Hollywood I'll do this, and thus, and whatever . . ."

" . . . so you see it's the only answer," Glenn had explained to Lucille. "If I'm ever going to amount to anything, be able to support you, I'll have to hit the movies."

"I'll wait," Lou said.

brush-off . . .

He went to Hollywood. He languished two months before the agent's secretary at last said that he was in; then the great man said, "Who? I beg your pardon—who? Well, yes. Denver. Yes. Uh . . . Do you remember when this was? Oh, yes. Uh—if you'll give me a ring one of these days . . ."

So Glenn went to Henry Duffy, then conducting a school of the drama, and talked himself into a scholarship which paid \$1 a day plus tuition. There was a bed on the roof. After the first week, Duffy, who was a thrifty man, fired his janitor. With Glenn on the premises, the janitor was no longer needed.

"I'm doing very well," Glenn wrote Lou. "I'm working with the Henry Duffy Players—you must have heard of them—and I've a penthouse atop a theater, and a salary that makes sense. It won't be long now."

"It isn't going to be long at all," she wrote back. "If you're doing that well we needn't wait any longer. Meet the Chief on Tuesday."

She had already left New York by the time his frantic wire was delivered to her address.

"So all right," she said, when she discovered to what extent his pride had

misled her. "We can't get married but I'm staying here. Something will turn up."

But nothing did turn up. Lou said one day, "Why don't we get married anyway?"

"On ten bucks?"

"On ten cents," she said. "Haven't you heard preachers are notoriously not very bright about money?"

They had four dollars left when they walked out of the minister's house, husband and wife.

With a little luck, they finally made enough money to take them back to New York. They were living at the Van Cortlandt when Glenn first felt the sharp, knife-like pain in his chest. They called the hotel doctor, who said, "Worst heart I've heard in twenty years. Call his parents. It may not, of course, be fatal."

"Well, this licks me," Glenn said. "I'm in my twenties, and I've got a heart like that. Why try?"

Lou called her father, in Long Island. He sent over a specialist, routed out of a poker game. He listened to Glenn's chest.

"Damn!" said the specialist. "Pleurisy. Best heart in the world. Tape him up Good as new in a week. Damn!"

But there wasn't any luck left, after that. Nor any money. One day the Van Cortlandt's manager said, "You can go but only with what you've got on your backs. I keep the rest."

"After all," Glenn told Lou next day, "Horatio Alger didn't write us. We don't have to play by the rules all the time. I think we need a boost. Shall we just relax, and call your father, and ask him to send us a check?"

"Okay," she said, laughing suddenly. "I'll take you up on that." And a few minutes later she said, into the phone, "Dad? Look, we're in a spot. Want to help?"

Sometimes, when at last you break the pattern and do something that isn't cricket, you startle your personal Fates into fixing you up. Maybe they are grateful for a good laugh. Anyway . . .

A man with the improbable name of Harry Wagstaff Gribble signed Glenn almost immediately thereafter to do a play called *Johnny Belinda*, which ran for ten months; he played with Luise Rainer in *A Kiss for Cinderella*. He was brought to Hollywood by Mitch Leisen, wasted a year at Paramount, went to Twentieth, and played small parts, until something titled *Margie* eventually happened to him.

And you found him there. You said, all of you, "Well what do you know? Where've they been keeping him?"

Wherefore this story has been written. You wanted to find out what made with Langan. Now you know . . .

Donna Reed . . .

who zoomed to stardom with her wonderful performance in *It's a Wonderful Life*—and who will soon be seen in M-G-M's *Green Dolphin Street*. Donna poses for Modern Screen in one of the summer's prettiest dresses—a mint-fresh green and white striped cotton.

It's two-piece, the top is long-torso, the skirt is pleated—and that adds up to just about every high-fashion point of the season. The fabric is Hope Skillman's smooth satin-striped chambray—and it comes also in red or royal blue stripes. Sizes 9 to 15.

By Junior House \$14.95.

Necklace and bracelet by Jordan. To find out where to buy these fashions, please turn to page 90.

modern screen
fashions





**Donna Reed watches
sister Heidi pose for
fashion photos**

Donna's pretty sister is a Conover model. Recently Donna dropped in to watch Heidi model summer cottons; tried on a couple herself. Left, she wears Tommie Austin's money pocket dress, in Bates cotton.

• Heidi models a city-slicker peplum suit that can go anywhere—with cool assurance. Cotton plaid top is red and navy; aqua and brown; or yellow and black. Skirt is navy, brown, or black butcher rayon. 10-18. By Jerry Gilden \$10.95.



**WHERE
TO BUY**

See page 90

• Between takes, Donna tells Heidi what fun she and Jimmy Stewart had making *It's A Wonderful Life*. Donna looks dreamy in a silvery grey suit that makes you feel ten degrees cooler just to see. It has a saucy little peplum, nicely cut revers and cuffed sleeves, and elegant covered buttons. The fabric is a fine combed cotton, and comes also in aqua, lilac, maize or brown. Sizes are 10-18. By Jerry Gilden \$12.95.

• Heidi is all set for the half-dozen poses a model must strike—and hold—in each fashion she wears under the lights. The question is—should this plaid tunic dress be shot front or back? It's two-piece, with that oomphy long torso look, and the buttoned-up back is something. Oh, well, let the photographer figure it out. Red and navy; aqua and brown; or black and yellow cotton. 10-18. By Jerry Gilden \$10.95

suddenly it's spring

and Arleen Whelan, starring in Paramount's gay comedy of the same name, tries to choose between two very cute spring numbers. *Left:* gold smoothie with high neck and lizard-like belt—worn with Betmar's big gingham hat and bag. *Right:* navy blue darling with a green doodad on the pocket and bright green belt. With it, she wears Madcap's white pique helmet. Both dresses in linen-like butcher rayon, in navy, black, grey, luggage, pastels, 10-16; 9-15. R. & K. Originals Each, about \$15.

**WHERE
TO BUY**

See page 90

DRESS FOR THE
MEN IN YOUR LIFE

Carole King
DRESSES FOR JUNIORS

"SUMMER MAGIC" . . . cap sleeves and peplum crisped with white eyelet embroidery. Your Carole King Original of MALLINSON'S Miami spun rayon. Junior sizes 9 to 15. About \$11.00.

Exclusively at one fine store in your city.

NOW PLAYING

WHERE
TO BUY
See page 90

Suddenly
it's Spring

Paramount

● Arleen Whelan wears an all-round pleated seersucker—for all day cool crispness. Green, blue, brown or red striped rayon and cotton. Also in checks. 10-18. A Tommie Austin Casual—\$10.95.

● And what would we do without the shirtdress? Right, Arleen wears chambray with full cuffed sleeves, carries a little straw basket. Red, blue, brown striped cotton. 10-18. A Surrey Classic About \$11.



available at

FAMOUS-BARR, St. Louis, Mo.
 MEYER & FRANK, Portland, Ore.
 MAY CO., Baltimore, Md.
 ABRAHAM & STRAUS, INC., Brooklyn, N. Y.
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 WM. H. BLOCK CO., Indianapolis, Ind.
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BEACH BELLE!

You'll feel like a Lauren or a Lana in this smooth twosome designed to keep you curvaceous and oh-so-comfy in the water and out . . . trim boxer shorts with matching bra; small, medium and large. Handsome, roomy beach coat hugs you snugly after that refreshing dip, sizes 12 to 18. In blue or red stripes on white, solid colors and large print. Shorts and bra about \$3.00. Beach coat about \$6.00.

for the store nearest you, write

Boreva SPORTSWEAR COMPANY • 318 West Adams • Chicago 6

suddenly it's spring

... and Paramount's Arleen Whelan decides to take her skye terrier, Pic, along on her tea date. Must be something special, from the looks of her pretty peplum suit with the square neck and festive bows. It's a heavenly slate grey chambray with raspberry satin stripes, and the buttons are smoky grey pearl. Also brown with aqua stripes, or blue with lemon, in Dumari's cotton. 12-20. By McKettrick Classics.

About \$13.



WHERE
TO BUY
See page 90

LETTER FROM THE FASHION EDITOR

Dear You:

We're feeling like strawberries and cream and big shady hats, and the cool, awninged feeling you get in soda fountains, and the creak of a porch swing, and the small pleasurable thrill of hearing people say: "It's going to be a scorcher."

In short, we feel like summer. We always *do*, the minute we take off our Easter bonnet—even if we haven't so much as spied a robin.

Because we've observed that once spring comes, warm weather is just a matter of waking up suddenly one morning and thinking—"wish I had something *cool* to wear!"

So, naturally, we're preparing you ahead of time for the hot spell, with the most spellbinding fashions we can find. (We hope that you don't need to be reminded that the prices have our usual tender regard for your budget!)

Isn't cotton wonderful? What makes you feel so pretty and so feminine? What's crisper? What's cooler? What can you dunk so blithely in suds—and press so quickly back to fragrant freshness? Can't help it—love that cotton!

Love the cottons we've selected for you in this issue, too. We drooled over the terrific striped number Donna Reed wears on the color picture—and so did everyone else who saw it, including the photographer—and he's hard to impress. Then those slick little suits Donna and her sister Heidi wear on pages 74 and 75! They're our idea of what *you'd* like to wear when the thermometer zooms.

And that's only the beginning! Starting on page 76, Arleen Whelan models for you a terrific little navy linen-like number—plus a wonderful checked hat and bag, plus—well, see for yourself.

And oh, yes, we want to thank you again for your letters—we love 'em. But here's a little thing: we'd appreciate it if you wouldn't enclose actual cash (might get lost)—and if you wouldn't order our fashions C.O.D. That C.O.D. stuff is too complicated for us to handle. But if you write us for the name of a store in or near your city—either we or the designer will write you pronto and tell you where you can actually try on the fashion. Or you can order by mail, enclosing check or money order, from one of the stores listed as featuring the fashion. OK? And thanks for remembering.

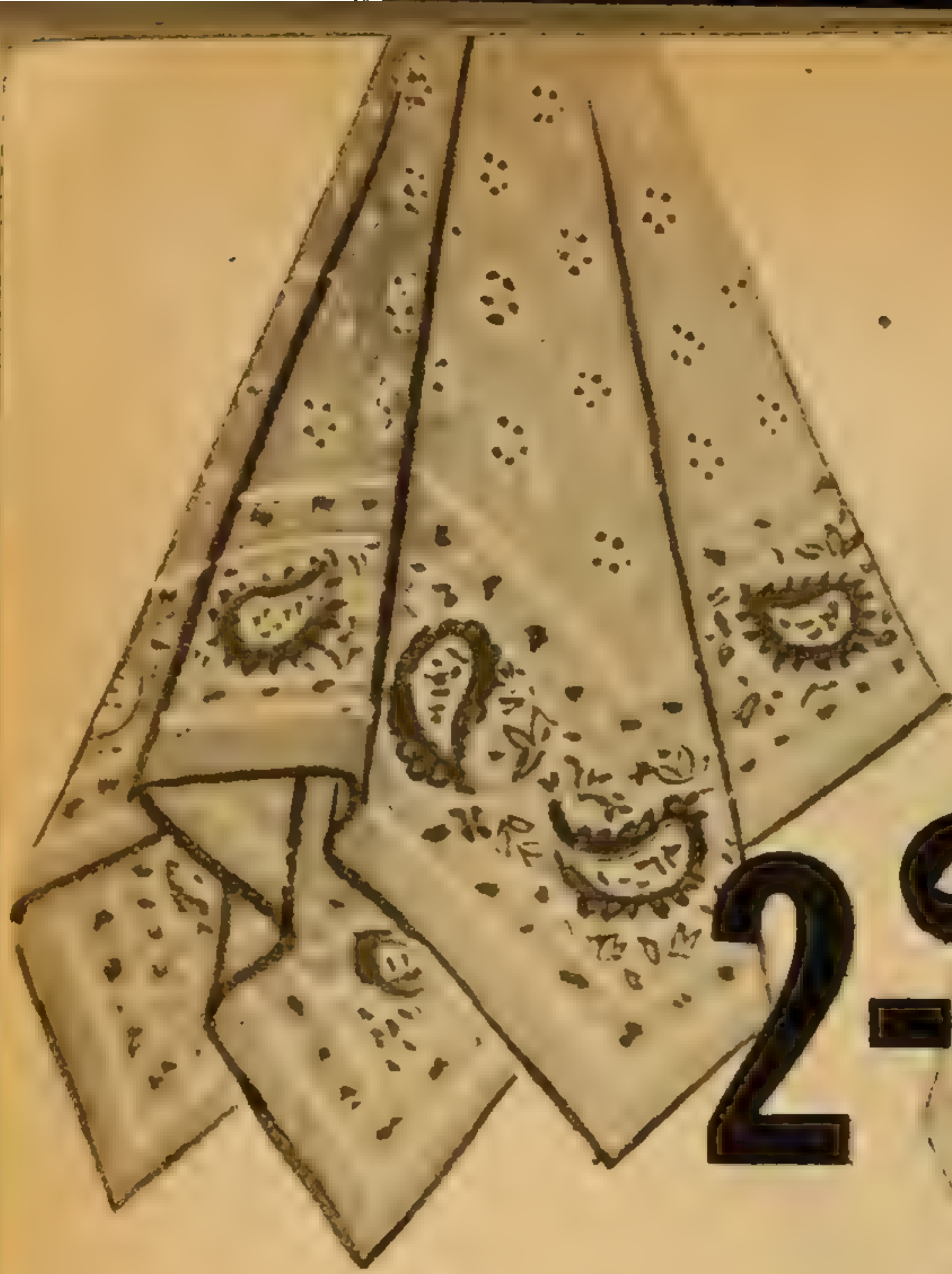
Yours for a well dressed summer,
Connie Bartel,

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... or SCARVES can make a long skirt an evening dress—if draped as a bodice, pinned with jewels. Glentex rayon crepe 36" scarf comes in all colors, \$2.



BELTS can turn your favorite basic black dress into a vogue-y looking day costume, if decked with a pair of gold-finished safety pins by Coro, \$1 each.



... or BELTS can be romantic on dates, pierced with a pretty posy, real or fake. Criterion's plastic calf belt comes in navy, red and many other colors, \$3.50.



GLOVES can be an immaculate accent on dark day or office up and festive if pinned at the clothes, if snowy white and edge with a jewel. Coro's gold-sparkling fresh Arisette's shell-finished sun-burst with fake stitched cotton gloves, \$1.75. amethyst, rhinestones, ruby \$2.

WHERE

TO BUY

see page 90

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FIRESTONE

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Pert and perky twin gold or silver-finished lapel pins set with multi-color stones. Designed by Alpha Craft. You can get the pair for \$2, plus tax. At Saks-34th, N.Y.C.



The look men like—a soft shoulder peeking from a simple Vicki Lynn cotton blouse. Red, blue, green, black dots, sizes 9-15. At Bamberger's Basement, Newark, N. J. \$3.



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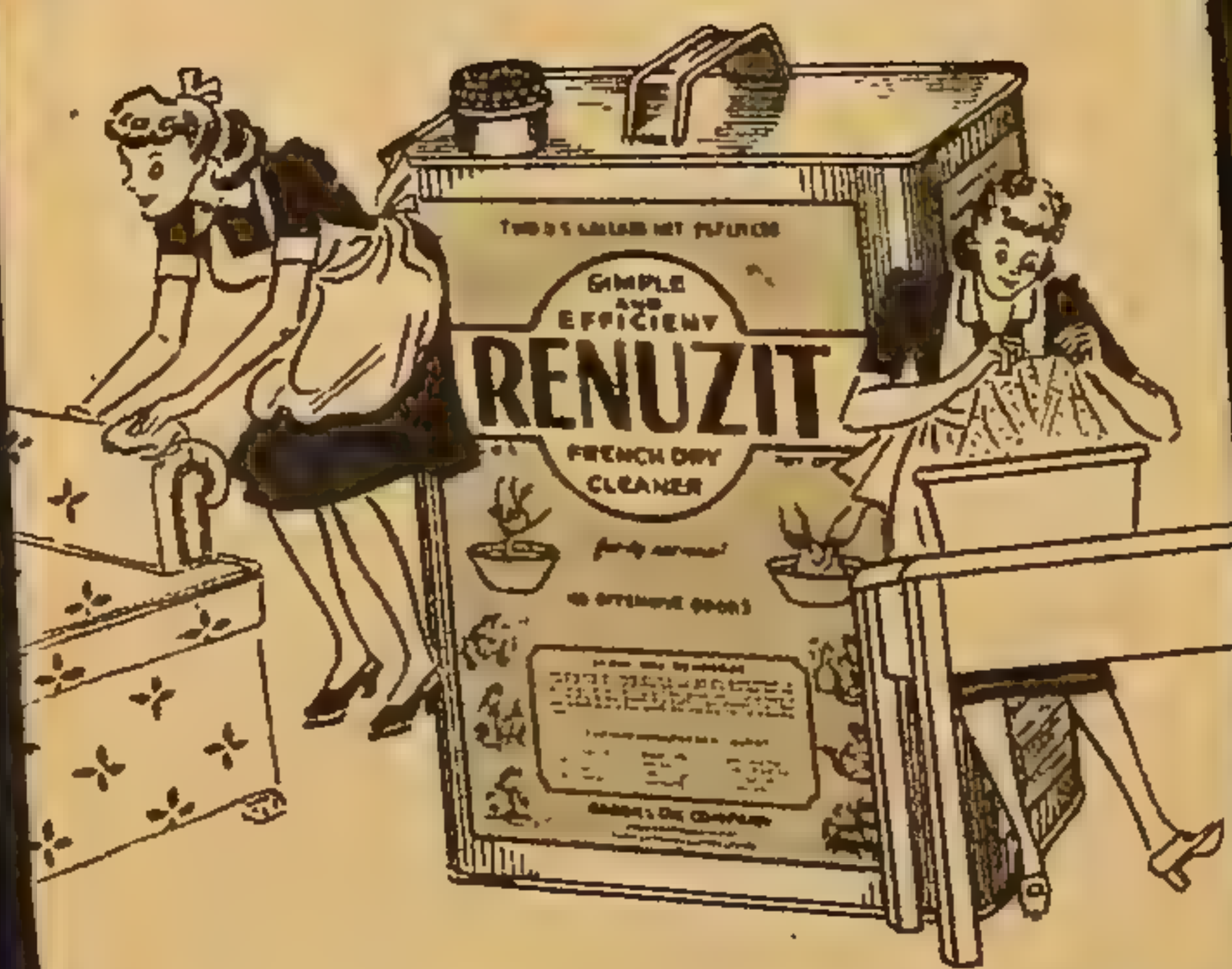
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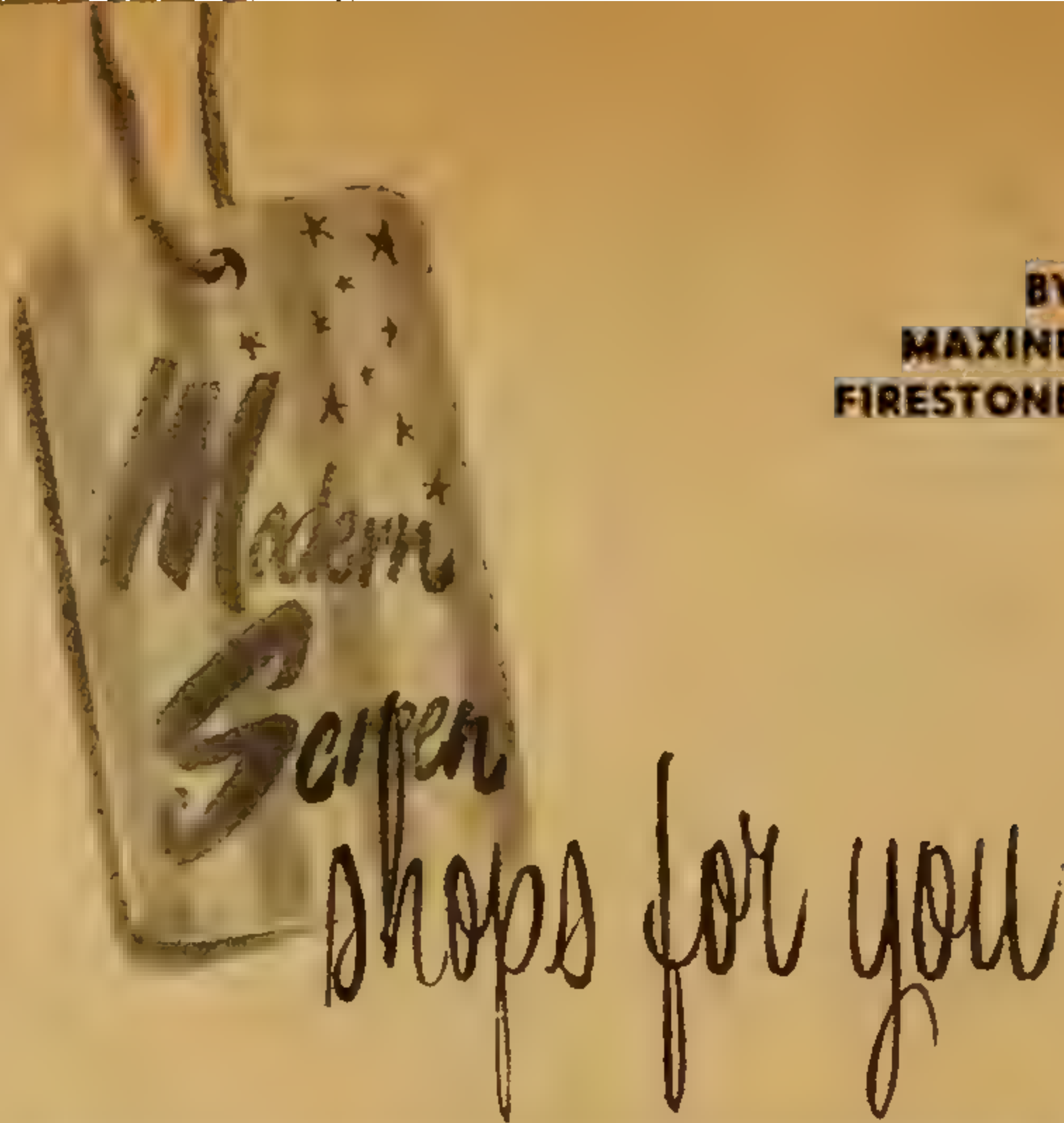
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THE CHURCH VS. SELZNICK

(Continued from page 27)

a publication of the Catholic archdiocese of Los Angeles. Not long after that, Archbishop Cantwell of Los Angeles agreed that no Catholic could see *Duel* with a clear conscience until it had been given a rating by the Legion of Decency.

Selznick was stunned. He had worked closely with the Production Code Administration and the Motion Picture Association of America throughout the filming, and his picture had received the purity seal from Joseph Breen—a devout Catholic and former secretary to the president of Fordham University—without question. Now, suddenly, it was in ill-repute. Catholic societies and sodalities were campaigning against it. There developed overnight a completely false impression that the film had actually been banned.

Is the Church then to blame for this terrific furore? Emphatically no. She is the guardian of the morals of her people. Then is David Selznick to blame? Again an emphatic no. His job is to provide entertainment for the world, under the supposedly adequate supervision of the Production Code Administration. Both the Church and Selznick have done their jobs well. The trouble is that there are too many censors, and the right hand apparently does not know what the left is doing.

A way must be found to reconcile the Legion of Decency and all other large censorship groups with the Production Code Administration, so that they are able to work together rather than against each other. If this were accomplished, a producer—having once achieved a purity seal—could consider his work finished and well-done. He could put his heart and soul into the next job at hand. If such a merger is not accomplished, producers will grow increasingly fearful of investing large sums of money and months of labor in their films, having no guarantee that some powerful group outside the industry won't condemn the production. Film fare will become ever more watered, more childish in scope. The movies as a real medium for artistic expression will no longer exist. And the people in the movie industry won't be the only ones to suffer. You and I will suffer. The Church—whose cause has been furthered by such beautiful films as *The Bells of St. Mary's*, *The Song of Bernadette*, and many others—will suffer.

We, who have faith in the future of motion pictures, plead for a closer understanding between the Church and the industry, both of which exist only to serve the people. We are raising our voices in praise of a centralization of authority among movie censorship boards. We would like to see this accomplished soon—so that *Duel in the Sun* may be the last duel between the movies and the Church.

JUNE ISSUE

J is for June is for June. That's a riddle, son—but we're not going to make you wait a whole month for the happy solution. We're passing the good word along right now that the June issue of *MODERN SCREEN* will be the one with the prettiest cover, the one with pretty June Haver on it. On your newsstand May 13th.



smart and practical...



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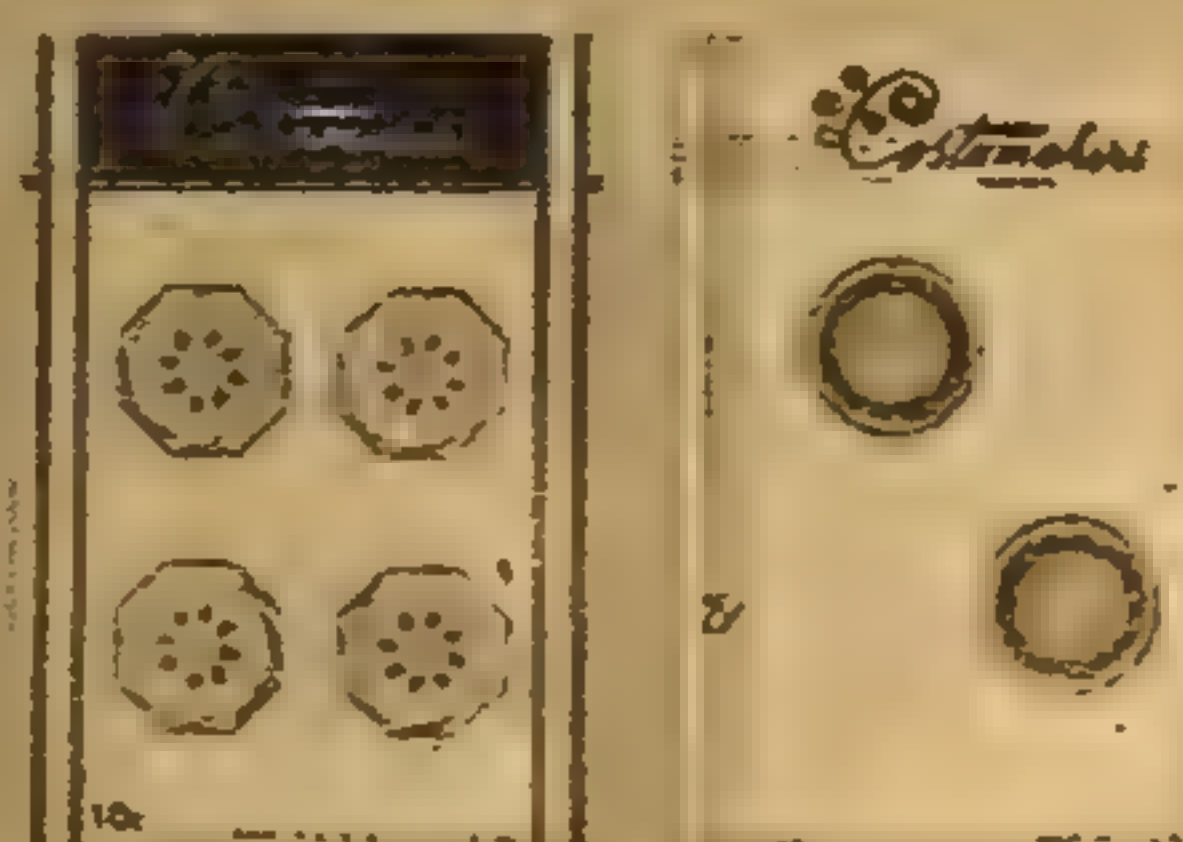
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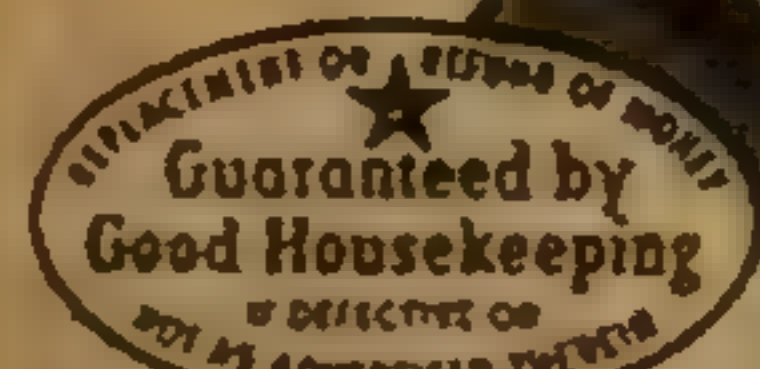
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HOW DOES SHE DO IT?

How does she do it—that terrific looking girl down the street, or at the desk next to yours at the office, or in your home-room at school?

How does she manage to look always wonderfully dressed—morning, noon and night—at work or at play—on the dance floor, the skating pond, or just doing the marketing for her mother?

Even when you unexpectedly ring her bell, on, say, a Saturday morning—does she turn up in a nobody'll-see get-up that looks as though it were thrown at her? Not a chance. She comes to the door in the slickest of slacks—or a cute housecoat—or maybe a darling sweater and skirt.

Yet you absolutely *know* that her salary or allowance isn't one penny more than yours—if as much. What's her secret?

Well, it's an open secret, thank goodness. Anybody can learn it.

Our best dressed girl friend simply knows that anyone can look terrific on even a handful of cash—by being a smart shopper. And that means *really* smart—and careful. After all, looking like whistle-bait brings so much fun in the way of dates and friends and a generally wonderful life—that you can't expect to have it by merely *wishing* for it. You've got to earn it.

But earning it is a cinch and it has absolutely nothing to do with how much money you have to spend.

First of all, the thing to do is be very cagey about every purchase you make—right down to the merest accessory. In buying clothes, you're striving for a record of *all* hits, and no errors. But before a dress, or a suit, or a hat, qualifies to be a real hit, it has to meet a lot of tests.

First, does it do something for *you*? Does it show up your best features, and tone down your not-so-goods? Suppose dropped shoulders *are* all the rage. If they make you look droopy, what good are they to you? Suppose full skirts *are*

the latest gasp? If they make you look hefty—the heck with them! In other words, never buy a single thing that doesn't more or less hint that someone ought to photograph you immediately.

Next, once you're sure the dress, or whatever, is more than becoming—consider how it fits into the rest of your wardrobe. All right, it's emerald green—and you look like a dream in it. But your coat is blue plaid, and besides, you've just bought that red bag and belt. What are you going to wear emerald green *with*?

Point is—no dress, or suit, or hat is worth a red cent, regardless of how it looks on you—if you can't wear it with at least two things you already have in your closet. Buying anything that doesn't meet these requirements adds up to a big error—the kind of error that will make you complain that you have a closet full of clothes, and not a thing to wear!

Where were we? Ah, yes, *fit*. Now suppose that you've latched on to something that meets our first two tests—becomingness, and happy marriage with the clothes you already have. Next question is, does it fit? And we mean *really* fit. How are the shoulders? Are the seams where they should be—right at the edge of your own shoulders? What about the collar? Is it too loose? Or does it lie flat to the back of your neck—where it belongs. Take a look at the back view. How's the distance from collar to waist line? Does it bulge out or does it lie smooth, and still give you room to move your arms? Does the waistline coincide with *your* waistline?

Unless the fit fits all these musts—pass it up. The best looking dress is flop if it's too big, too tight, and buying it is another fatal error—

And those three tests are the answer to "how does she do it"—when a girl on a budget always looks like a magazine cover.

—Connie Bar

At Last... **Greggies** TRADE-MARK *Trouble-Free Casuals* only \$3*

You can walk, jitterbug, cycle, even play tennis in **Greggies** and be sure they won't come apart, fray, sag or wobble. The reason? **Greggies** are built like real shoes! The gay, brilliant fabric tops are not just glued but stitch-welded to the famous, cool, light, airy **Rub-R-Rope** soles. The result? **Greggies** hug the feet, float you through the hottest days, and no plop-plop from heels that flop-flop! **Greggies** come in dozens of glamorous styles and colors to match every costume—and the price is so low—only \$3—so you can buy two pairs for the average price of one.

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also in blue, red, yellow, natural, green and multi—About \$3

INFORMATION DESK

by Beverly Linet

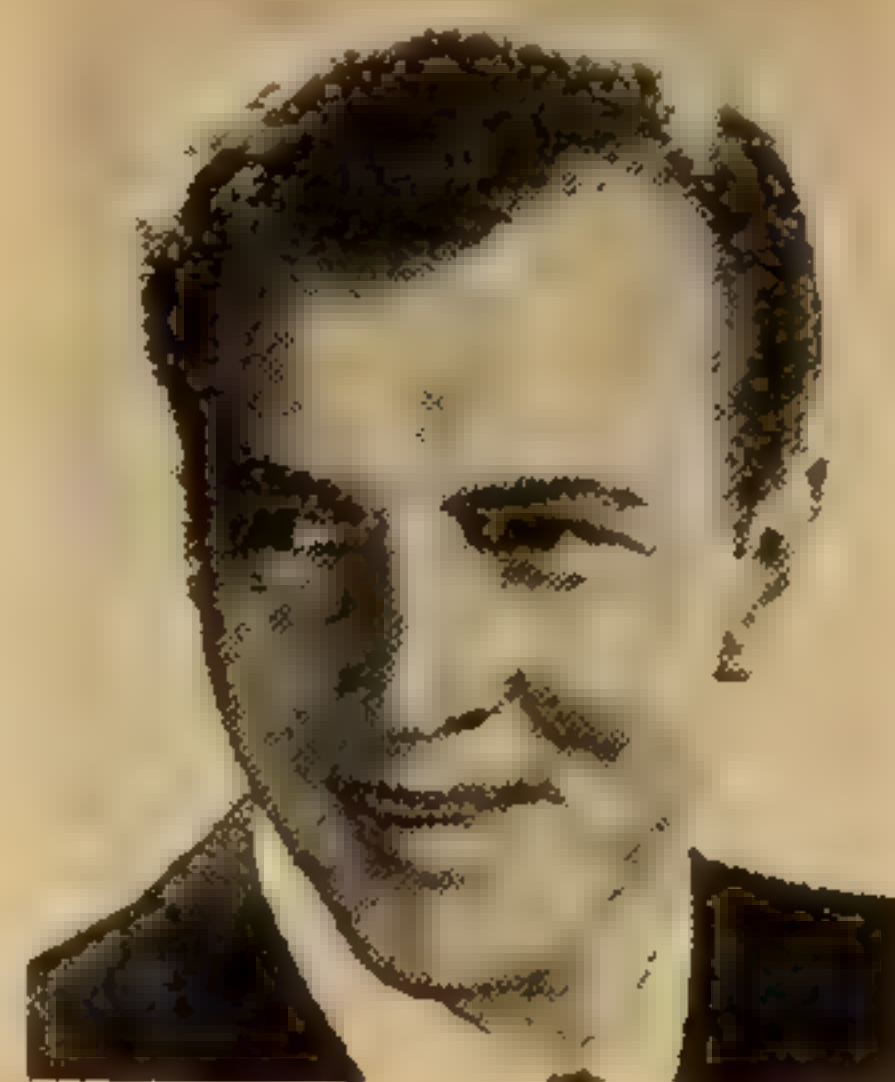
Everyone's interested in the real **AL JOLSON** since the release of *The Jolson Story*, so here's some data about him. He was born Asa Yoelson in St. Petersburg, Russia, on May 26, 1886. Stage career began in a bit role in a N.Y. show. Then went into vaudeville and minstrel shows before crashing the Broadway big-time. Early shows included *Honeymoon Express*, *Bombo*, *Sinbad*, and *Big Boy*. Made screen debut in 1927 in *The Jazz Singer*. Other pics include *The Singing Fool*, *Mammy*, *Hallelujah*, *I'm a Bum*, *Wonder Bar*, *Rose of Washington Square*. He married Ruby Keeler (Julie Benson in *The Jolson Story*) in 1928. They were divorced eight years ago. He's married to Erle Galbraith now. Ruby remarried John Lowe and retired. Al's busy making records, has no movie plans. Yes, he has recorded the beautiful "Anniversary Song," from the pic. He did the singing for Larry Parks, of course, and you can write to him at Columbia Pictures.



JAYNE MEADOWS, who attracted your attention as Sylvia Burton in *Undercurrent*, was born in China on Sept. 27, 1922, of American parentage. She is 5'6", weighs 130 lbs., and has black eyes and titian hair. Was a model before being discovered for films. Write to her at M-G-M. She has no fan club, and is currently being seen as a psychopathic girl in *Lady in the Lake*. Next pic: *Song of the Thin Man*.



BRUCE BENNETT was formerly known by his real name of Herman Brix when he appeared in several Tarzan pics. He was born in Columbia, Wis., on May 17. Is 6'2" tall, and weighs 192 lbs. Is married to Jeanne Cannon, but has no children. Write to him at Warners, Burbank. He has no fan club. You'll be seeing him soon in *Nora Prentiss* and *Dark Passage*.



Leonard Joseph, N.Y.: It's The Same Old Dream, I Believe, Brooklyn Bridge, Whose Baby Are You, Bach Invention, The Song Got to Come from The Heart, Time After Time, Bell Song from Lakme, Selections from Don Giovanni are the songs from *It Happened In Brooklyn*. (Clip for future reference.) Billy Roy was Leo, Bobby Long played Johnny in the picture.

Jackie O., Queens: J'Aime Ta Ponné was the name of that French song in the cafe scene of *The Razor's Edge*. It was revised by Edmund Goulding, had American words added by Mack Gordon, and is being published under the title of Mam'selle, by Leo Feist, Inc. Recordings in English should be out soon, but the French words are unavailable.

Cynthia Dodd, Boston: If you wish the music from *Humoresque*, send me a self-addressed, stamped envelope, and I'll send the score. Too lengthy to print. Same thing goes for the entire list of Academy Award Winners from 1928. Anyone else interested in either, do the same.

F. J., Omaha: Your favorite, Gertrude Niessen, has no pic plans, but has been busy wowing them at B'way's newest night-spot, Vanity Fair, together with Jan Murray and Boyd Raeburn.

Val Valentino has changed his name to Paul Valentine, and will soon be seen in *Out of the Past*. This picture is also the next for Kirk Douglas and Richard Webb. All can be reached at RKO.

Joe Walker, Pa.: Lorraine Rossi, 47 W. 87 Street, N. Y., now has the Larry Parks Club. There are two for Burt Lancaster: Jo Ann Julian, 1233 E. 21 Avenue, Columbus, Ohio, and Dwayne Armsted, Madelia, Minn., are in charge. Muriel Scott, Star Rt. Box 98, Detroit Lakes, Minn., has a club for Joseph Cotten, and Beverly Montabano, 2691 Sacramento Street, San Francisco, Calif., heads one for James Mason.

The above is just a wee sample of the info I have stored away for you. So keep sending those questions with a self-addressed, stamped envelope to Beverly Linet, Information Desk, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. Okeh?

SPECIAL OFFER

SUPER-STAR INFORMATION CHART — 1946-'47 (10c)—A new better-than-ever edition of the chart that's a 32-page pocket encyclopedia of exclusive, fascinating data on the private lives, wives, hobbies, used-to-be jobs, latest pics of all your favorite stars. 100 additional names never before listed! Please send 10c in coin to **Service Dept.**, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

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HOPALONG HOPE—By Kirtley Baskette

(Continued from page 34)

hours out of every twenty-four at home, and most of that in the hay, restoring his battered tissues. The reason—Bob Hope is Hollywood's Public Personage Number One, the busiest star in the business. Between movies, radio, records, his column, and bundles of benefits, he spins like a top. The guy has practically no home life at all.

That old Bible scholar, Bing Crosby, handed Bob a framed Good Book quotation the other day that he'd dug out of the Chapter of Matthew: "For where two or three are gathered together in My name there am I in the midst of them."

"That's you, Bob," said Bing. Bob hung it in his dressing room. "Well, at least," he sighed, "the Bible says I'm on the beam."

spell it backwards . . .

So are Bob's family—right along with Bob. They couldn't help it, so mixed up is Hope's public life with his home life. Both Tony, 7, and Linda, 6, are hep to-the-minute on their old man's career. He breezes down for breakfast in the morning.

"Hi Trebor!" Trebor is Robert spelled backwards. "Dad" is still "dad"—so is "Bob"—so they're no go.

"Hi Adnil! Hi Ynot!" Usually, Bob's had about five hours sleep. Something's kept him up until midnight—a benefit rehearsal, a movie conference, writing a script, editing jokes. If it's the morning after his regular program, Adnil and Ynot take Trebor apart. If a joke died they remind him; if he fluffed, they lecture him severely. If Miriam is out of Irium they're appalled. They like his "conscience" routine especially. You know, where Bob says something like, "I love my sponsor," and then, through a filter-mike, his "conscience" voice echoes:

"Yeah—then why do you steal his money?" The kids love that.

"Do the conscience next week again, Trebor."

"Okay," promises Dad Hope. Because that's an order. Bob Hope has two bosses on his program—his sponsor and his kids.

He whizzed off once to do a broadcast in San Diego. Linda yelled down from the nursery window, "Can I go?"

"No," said Bob. "But if you and Tony are nice, you can listen in and maybe I'll say 'Good-night, Tony and Good-night, Linda' at the end of the show."

That sounded swell to Linda; but she wasn't taking any chances. "Put it in the script," she said.

Another time Bob and Dolores had the kids up at Pebble Beach for a few days of golf. Bob was in the dining room of the Lodge one morning having breakfast with his foursome. Linda bounced in soon with her nursemaid, spied Bob.

"Hi, Bob Hope!" she caroled. Bob's golf partners roared along with the other diners.

That kidding stuff was okay at home, he reminded Linda later, but when he was with other grown-ups, in a public place, there should be some respect, some family dignity. It should be "Hello, Daddy," not "Hi, Bob Hope."

Linda pouted. "Aw," she sighed, "you just want to get all the laughs!"

Actually, Bob's loaded with sentiment. Most funny guys are. Underneath Hope's breezy, funny front, he's got a heart soft as a ripe strawberry.

An incident that hit Bob hardest of all his war tour experiences happened in a hospital on Espiritu Santo in the New

Hebrides. In one ward a young kid, badly wounded, was getting a blood transfusion as he passed. Bob stopped, grinned down at the weak, wan face.

"Giving you the old raspberry, hey?" he cracked.

"Yeah," whispered the soldier, "and it feels mighty good." Then he smiled straight up into Bob's eyes. Bob couldn't forget that smile. He still can't. An hour later, he was having chow at the officers' table. A medic came in and sat down silently, didn't touch his plate. He'd escorted Bob through the hospital. Bob asked what was the matter.

"Remember that kid you chatted with, the one getting the transfusion?" Bob nodded. He felt a catch at his throat.

"He just died." Bob has never forgotten that crack of his and the kid's smile. He knows sometimes it's not so funny being a funny man.

Around this last Christmas time, Bob emceed the annual all-star Elgin radio show in Hollywood. It ran two hours and Bob had to keep up laugh chatter all the time. He drew on all his old sure-fire gags, among them the alcoholic jokes on his friend, W. C. Fields, that Bill himself

IT SHOULDN'T HAPPEN TO A DOG!

We'd look awfully silly throwing \$5 checks to the dogs. (What piggy bank would cash 'em?) But we've got a bright, shiny, new check for everyone who sends us an "I Saw It Happen" anecdote that we can use. Take a peek at the "Happen" boxes printed in this issue, so you'll get the style down pat. Then, write out as plainly as you can your true experience in meeting up with a movie star. It can be amusing or dramatic—but it must be short! Send your story to the "I Saw It Happen" Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. And if you win that \$5—you can really put on the dog!

had always chuckled over. Bob's first Hollywood job was with Bill in *The Big Broadcast* of 1938. Every time he'd used a Fields likker gag on his show Bill had always sent him a funny message the next day. So this time he brought in a couple of jokes ribbing the same subject: "I passed W. C. Fields on the Boulevard coming down here today. I waved at him."

"What did Bill do?"

"He weaved back."

After the broadcast Bob Hope learned a shocking bit of news. A few hours before, W. C. Fields had made his last exit. Bob felt awful. Never in the world would he have made a joke on Bill at that point if he'd known. Although up above, he knew, Bill's spirit was probably chuckling at that. A few days later Bob received a record album from W. C. Fields' secretary. A note explained: "Before he died, Bill picked out the close friends he wanted to have this. I found your name on the list." It was a recording of Bill's famous and very funny Lecture on Temperance!

Bob's not a fake, calculating comic; he's really a funny guy, all the time. That's why he gets a kick out of real life jokes on himself. He knows, as all great comics do, that fun is only a hair's breadth away from tragedy. That nothing's really fun-

nier than a celebrity getting a kick in the pants. And something funny's always happening to Hope, levelling his dignity.

One of his favorite stories on himself is a crack his daughter, Linda, made. Driving with Bob, Linda heard her dad bawl out motorists who blocked his path. "Just look at that jerk! Why doesn't he learn how to drive? Now look at the idiot!" Bob mumbled constantly.

One day, Linda was riding with Dolores. They rolled along quietly and without any fuss. Pretty soon Linda asked, "Mommy, where are all the idiots today?"

"You only see them when your daddy's driving," explained Mrs. Hope.

Bob's convinced he's got a funny looking puss and isn't touchy about it. One time in a Chicago night club, *Chez Paree*, Bob was sitting at a table when a middle-aged woman came over, grabbed him by the chin, swivelled his profile around and yelled to her girl friend across the room, "See, Julie—this is it. Ain't it funny?"

Actually, Hope's a good looking guy—a six footer with all his hair, teeth, even his figure. But he takes care of himself. Golf is Bob's conditioner and favorite sport.

Johnny Weissmuller, Jimmy McLarnin and Vic Hunter—a favorite foursome of Bob's—were touring the Lakeside course with him one day when they spied a couple of little men in aprons chasing them from hole to hole. They caught up at the thirteenth green. Bob was putting. "Mister Hope," panted one, "please—the measurements." One man whipped out a tape measure, the other a pencil and pad.

"Pardon me, fellows," apologized Bob, resting his putter while the Paramount wardrobe tailors measured him for a costume. Then he knocked in a 30-foot putt, and went on with the game.

Bob likes to gamble at golf. He's not much at horse-racing, but he's superstitious and can't resist hunches. The other day, Bob spotted a horse running at Santa Anita named "Lakeside Hope." Lakeside is his golf club; Hope's his name. "That's for me!" yelled Bob. He placed a bet, across the board, 5-5-and-5. His horse-wise friends on the set of *Road to Rio* including Bing Crosby, told him he was out of his mind. "Even my dogs can beat him running backwards," scoffed Bing. But Bob wouldn't be touted off. Lakeside Hope came in the winner and paid \$84 on a \$2 ticket!

the family comes first . . .

Bob isn't a particularly self-indulgent guy. But nothing's too good for his family. The Hopes don't live in royal style, but they live well. Bob and Dolores and all the little Hopes, with their cook, maid, nurse and Great Dane, "Red Son," live in Toluca Lake.

Bob has an office over the garage where he huddles with Brother Jack, his personal business man, his radio writers, and all sorts of slaveys connected with Hope Enterprises, even when he thinks he's having some home life. That's where, half the time, his famous "check, mark and circle" triple-tested jokes are determined, where Bob edits what his six gag men think is funny and puts his radio show together.

Inside the house, his dream room is a circular chamber—right off the bedroom where he's got the walls covered with autographed pictures—from Eisenhower, FDR, Churchill, MacArthur, Ernie Pyle—every hero he rubbed up against in his wonderful war tours. He's got closets

(Continued on page 91)



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Next time, say "McKay Lingerie"



WHERE YOU CAN BUY MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS

Green and white striped long torso dress with pleated skirt worn by Donna Reed (Page 73)

Baltimore, Md.—Stewart's
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus
Los Angeles, Calif.—The May Co.
New York, N. Y.—Bloomingdale's

Jewelry worn by Donna Reed (Page 73)

Jordan necklace and bracelet, \$1 per set

Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus
Chicago, Ill.—The Fair
New York, N. Y.—Bloomingdale's

"DONNA REED WATCHES SISTER HEIDI POSE FOR FASHION PHOTOS"

Plaid and dark suit worn by Heidi (Page 74)

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus
Chicago, Ill.—Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.
Los Angeles, Calif.—The May Co.
Washington, D. C.—Brooks, Inc.

Silver grey peplum suit worn by Donna Reed (Page 75)

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus
Buffalo, N. Y.—The Wm. Hengerer Co.
Chicago, Ill.—Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.
Los Angeles, Calif.—The May Co.
San Antonio, Texas—The Vogue, Inc.
Washington, D. C.—Brooks, Inc.

Plaid tunic dress worn by Heidi (Page 75)

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus
Chicago, Ill.—Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.
Houston, Texas—Sakowitz Bros.
Los Angeles, Calif.—The May Co.
San Antonio, Texas—The Vogue, Inc.
Washington, D. C.—Brooks, Inc.

"SUDDENLY IT'S SPRING"

Both dresses, navy blue with green belt and gold with lizard-like belt worn by Arleen Whelan (Page 76)

Atlanta, Ga.—Davison, Paxon Co.
Boston, Mass.—Chandler & Co.
Cleveland, Ohio—The Halle Bros. Co.
Los Angeles, Calif.—The May Co.
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Joseph Horne & Co.
St. Louis, Mo.—Famous Barr & Co.
Washington, D. C.—Woodward & Lothrop

White pique helmet worn with navy blue dress (Page 76)

Madcaps helmet, \$4

Boston, Mass.—R. H. White's
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus
New York, N. Y.—Bloomingdale's

Pleated seersucker dress worn by Arleen Whelan (Page 78)

Dallas, Texas—Sanger Bros.
New York, N. Y.—Arnold Constable

Chambray shirtwaist dress worn by Arleen Whelan (Page 78)

Chicago, Ill.—Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.
Minneapolis, Minn.—Harold's
New York, N. Y.—John Wanamaker

Little straw basket carried by Arleen Whelan (Page 78)

Basket shoulder-bag by Beltmodes, \$3

New York, N. Y.—Gimbels

Striped peplum suit worn by Arleen Whelan (Page 80)

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus
Los Angeles, Calif.—Bullock's
Philadelphia, Pa.—Strawbridge & Clothier
New York, N. Y.—Bloomingdale's

"2-TIMING ACCESSORIES" (Page 82)

White gloves, both scarves, belt, safety pin and sunburst pin all at these stores:

Boston, Mass.—R. H. White's
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus
Cleveland, Ohio—The Higbee Co.
Detroit, Mich.—Crowley Milner Co.
Nashville, Tenn.—Harvey's
New York, N. Y.—Saks-34th
Philadelphia, Pa.—Lit Brothers
Washington, D. C.—The Hecht Co.

*If no store in your city is listed write:
Fashion Editor, Modern Screen, 149
Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.*

(Continued from page 89)

there, too, stuffed to the bursting point with souvenirs from all over—mostly things grateful GIs shoved into his hands around the world's battle stations. He has a wonderful collection of Nazi trophies: Hitler's personal stationery, a Nazi flag, gold draperies from Adolf's Chancellery hideout, a Gestapo ring of Himmler's—all trophies of his on-the-spot visit to beaten Berlin. That's just one collection. It's matched by others from every other battle area.

Bob's always planning on getting everything arranged, building a trophy room to display them all properly, but he probably never will. He's a creature of habit. Bob still has the same dressing room he started with at Paramount. They pester Bob all the time to give him a fancy, glamorous new salon like Bing has, but he shakes his head. "I'm at home here," he says.

To Bob, the main room in his house will always be the nursery. The most important meal is breakfast with Tony and Linda. He nodded yes to all the work requests around last Christmas week, but Christmas Day he took off. "I've got to see the 'takes' on the kids' faces," he explained. It's that way with most holidays for Hope. He's a sucker for 'em—and they have to be at home. Thanksgiving, Christmas and such, Bob himself carves the turkey for all the Hope relations from nearby El Segundo.

Bob doesn't get to see his sidekick, Bing Crosby, much away from the studio, except on the golf course. But since he and Bing turned producer tycoons they see each other often during business hours.

For *The Road To Rio*, which Bing and Bob have just finished, Hope Enterprises & Crosby, Inc., merged. Strictly for laughs, both Bing and Bob have seized on this new partnership to razz each other silly. They keep time clocks on each other and have executive conferences constantly.

it's only money . . .

Bing, for instance, wanted to go up to Pebble Beach while *Road to Rio* was shooting, for a golf tournament. Bob called a corporation meeting. He had it all figured out that it cost Hope Enterprises and Crosby, Inc., \$10,000 a day to shoot the picture. Bing asked for three days off.

"That's thirty thousand dollars," cried Bob. "I vote 'No!'"

"What's money," argued Bing, "compared to my artistic happiness? I vote 'Yes!'"

They were deadlocked until the Paramount representative made the big kids compromise. Bing got a day-and-a-half off for his golf. That was \$15,000. Bob decided to come along, too. So it added up to \$30,000 after all! But, after all, what is money?

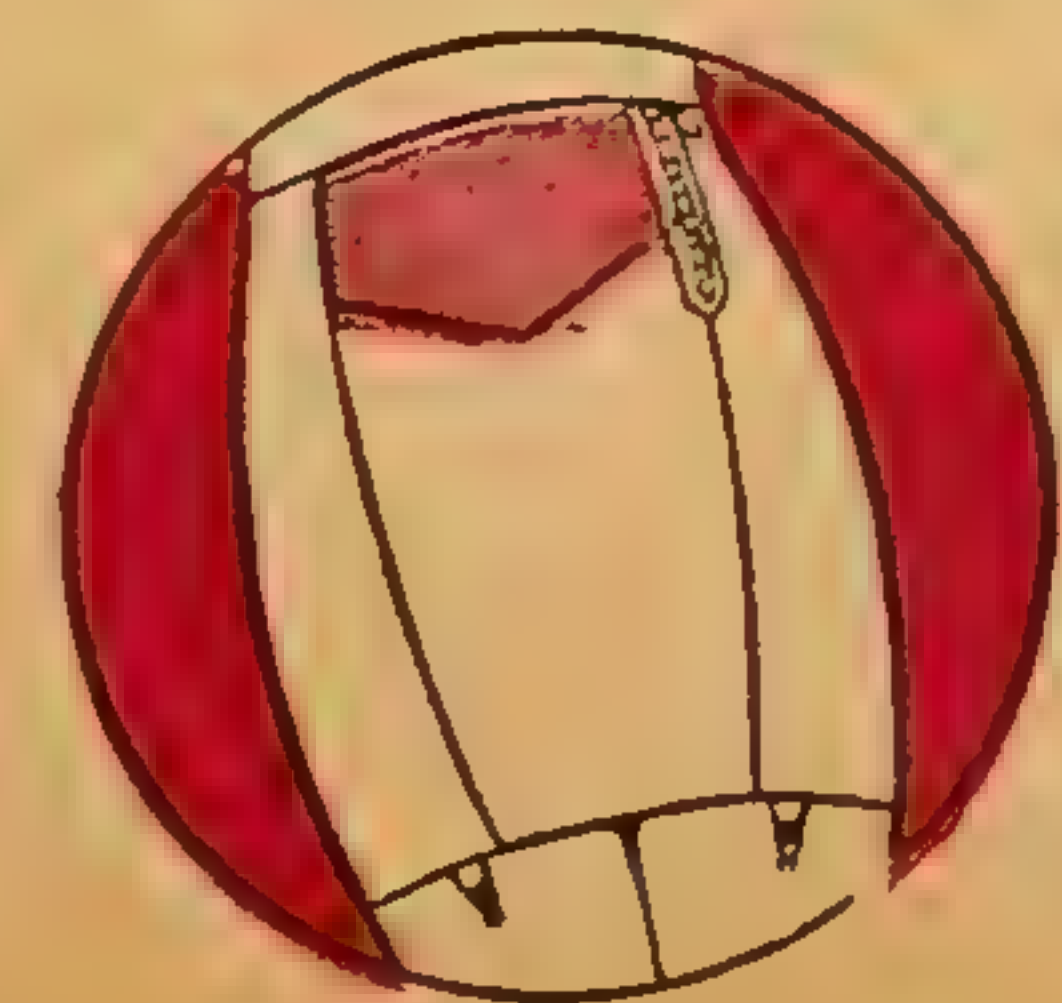
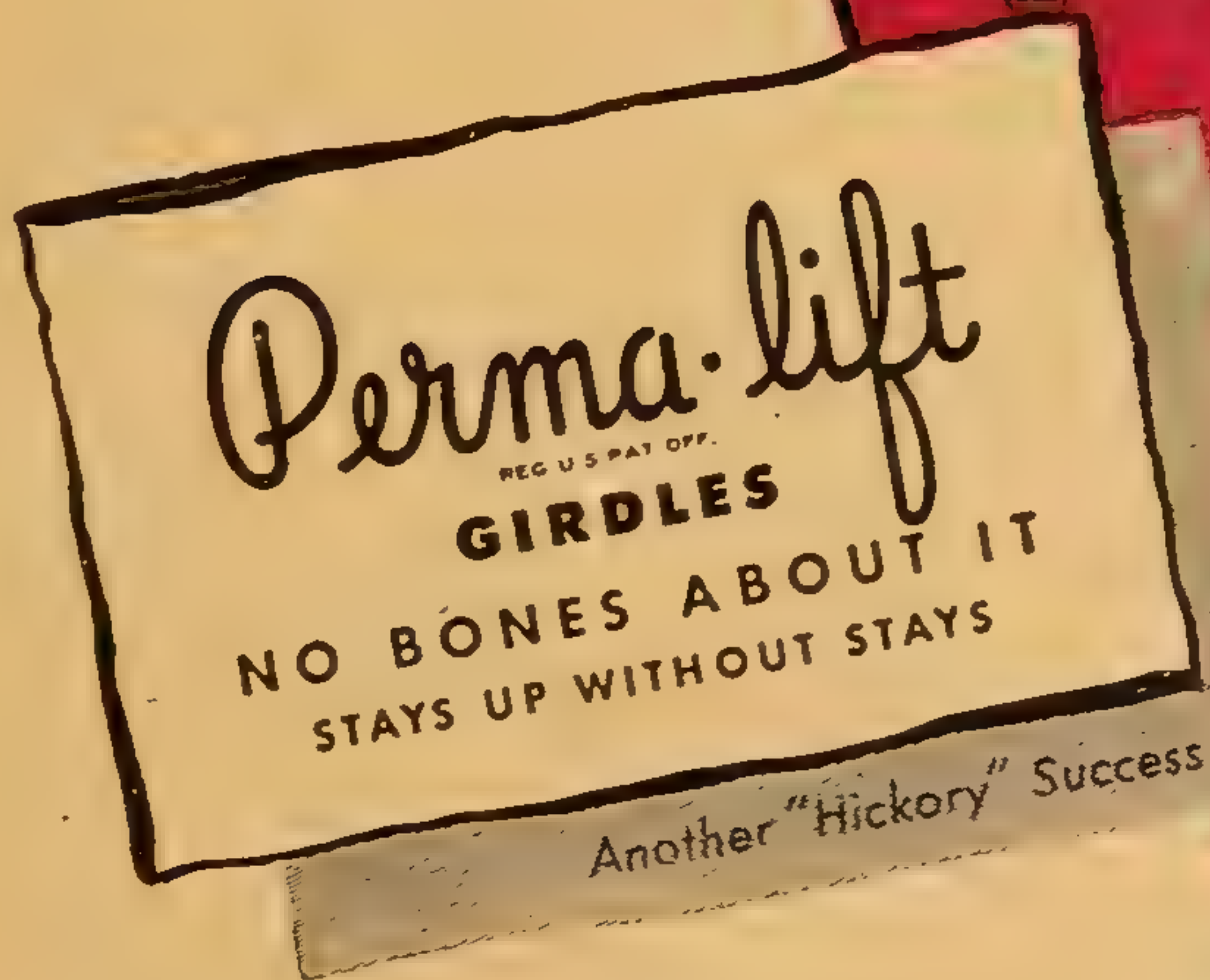
Now that *Road to Rio* is in the can, Hopalong Hope is going to take himself a two-months rest with the kids at his hideaway Palm Springs retreat where there's no telephone. After that, he sails on a boat to Rio and then to the South of France. It's all arranged. "I am going to do an *el foldo* in a deck chair," Bob assured me with his hand on a Bible, "and spend all my days hissing shuffle-board players!"

I'll bet a cookie that Bob's back at work inside a month instead of the six he says he's going to spend in a lazy daze. Maybe not, but at least Robert the Hope realizes one of his own limitations. He's taking French lessons, he and Dolores and the kids and everybody. Maybe he can get along in a prone position. But to exist for months without opening his trap!

"With all those foreigners popping off?" gasps Bob.

That's why he's boning his *parlez-vous* every second he can snatch. "So I can talk back," says Bob.

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Scoldy Lox
BOB and HAIR PINS
NEVER LET YOUR HAIR DOWN

STOP, LOOK AND WHISTLE—By Abigail Putnam

(Continued from page 40)

Marie McDonald—but they knew who The Body was.

She thought of the days when she had despaired of her figure. She had been a bright kid in school, and consequently was two or three years younger than her classmates. Her legs were too skinny and her hair was straight, and she wanted terribly to be pretty—and grownup.

"Mom," she'd say, "please could I have a four-gore skirt like the other girls?"

"You haven't the hips to hold up a skirt like that. You're thirteen and they're sixteen."

And Marie would clump into the classroom, day after day, in laced health shoes, high socks, no makeup—and no four-gored skirt. The humiliation seared her young soul.

"Dear Lord," she prayed, "please give me a pretty figure when I grow up."

Confined to earth, her thoughts wandered to show business but were promptly discouraged by her mother, who had been in the Ziegfeld Follies. Wiping her hands on her apron, she looked dolefully at her daughter and said, "Forget it, Marie. Forget it. It would break your heart."

Marie, of course, had no intention of forgetting it. One night, at a meeting of her sorority chapter, one of the girls swayed languidly into the room.

"I am now," she announced, "a Powers model."

That did it. The next day Marie went to see John Powers.

His reception room was jammed with smartly dressed girls when a wide-eyed Marie stole through the door. She found a seat by the window, protected from the stares of the other girls, and sat down until Powers came into the room.

"Line up," said his secretary. The girls scrambled into a long line, and Powers walked slowly past them.

"You in the blue hat, go into my office. The red purse. The bolero suit. The alligator shoes." He paused a moment. "That's all."

one more chance . . .

He had passed Marie as though she weren't there. Crestfallen, she slipped out and started down the hall. A few steps away, she noticed the girl in the blue hat come out of a door without lettering. Marie stopped short. When the girl with the red purse came out, Marie desperately shoved her foot against the door before it closed, thrust her shoulder against it, and fell flat on her face. She looked up to see John Powers glaring at her from behind his desk.

"Well?" he said.

She scrambled to her feet and let loose a stream of breathless dialogue.

"Oh Mr. Powers—I want to be a model. One of my sorority sisters works for you and if she can I guess I can. And if I want to be a model I figure I ought to work for the best, and you're the best, Mr. Powers, so I ought to work for you." She paused to note the effect. . . .

He was looking her up and down, and he was smiling.

"If you have enough nerve to come popping in here like this, I suppose you can be a model."

Marie was sent out on her first job that day. She was to pose for a stocking ad, and her heart swelled at the news that her legs weren't too skinny, after all. Arrived at the photographer's studio, she found she was to pose in a slip.

"I won't do it," she said.

"But—" said the photographer.

"No." She wanted to cry, but she turned and walked out.

Mr. Powers was a patient man, wise in the ways of youth's modesty, and instead of reprimanding Marie, proceeded to send her on assignments modeling for teenage clothes.

The summer Marie graduated from high school, her mother admitted defeat in the matter of her daughter's ambitions. The annual State beauty contest was raging and Marie had badgered her mother to the edge of complete surrender.

"What'll you do about the space between your front teeth?" her mother asked finally.

"Oh, that'll be easy. I just won't smile, that's all." Marie knew she had won.

"Well—"

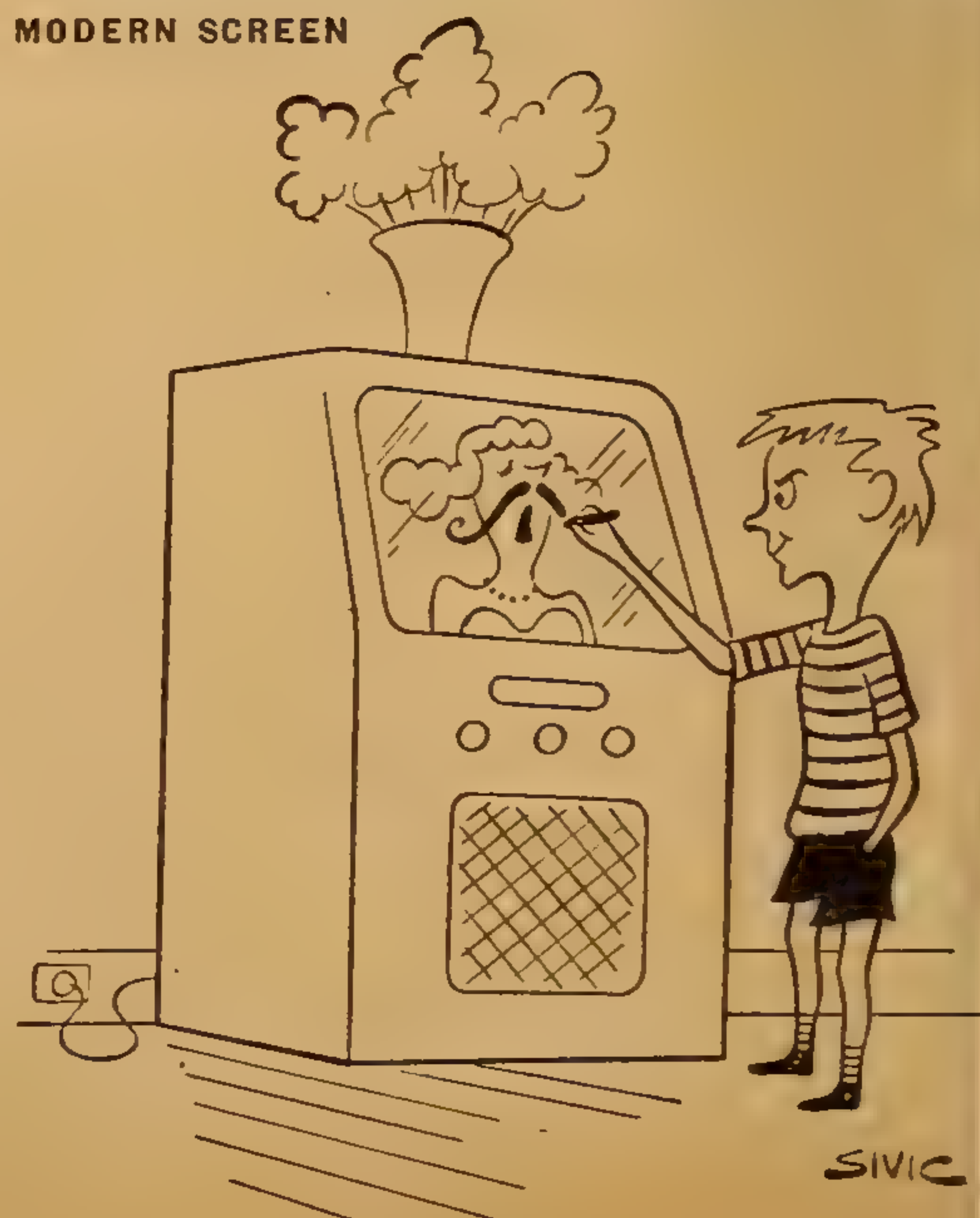
"Oh, let her go." This was Marie's stepfather, a man who married her mother when Marie was still in school. A great bond of mutual admiration had grown between the man and girl, and now they winked at each other like fellow conspirators.

The day of the judging found Marie nervous but confident. She knew her legs were good enough to have been displayed in scores of advertisements, and she had stood before a mirror for hours, practicing smiles that did not show her teeth. Tight-lipped, she walked past the judging stand, and won.

As Miss New York State, she was flooded with offers, among them the chance to join the George White Scandals as a show-girl.

Show business led to many things. She went on the road with the show after playing Broadway, and quit in California to break into pictures. Studios had numberless blue-eyed blondes under contract and were unimpressed. She was signed by Tommy Dorsey and sang with his band, along with Frank Sinatra, Connie Haines, Jo Stafford and the Pied Pipers. She sang in New York night clubs. Then came word, finally, from Hollywood. Universal offered her a contract, and Marie had the space filled in between her teeth, packed her luggage and steamed to movietown. Cast in picture after picture as a Tahitian maiden with little to wear and less to say, she began a trek from studio to studio, faring little better. Until she made *Lucky Jordan* at Paramount, Marie hadn't been particularly interested in acting, but with

MODERN SCREEN



that role she fell in love with the profession and set out to acquire some solid theatrical training. Marie worked hard with her dramatic coach, and in the interim went on making movies.

Also, in the interim, she married Vic Orsatti. Vic was her agent, and impressed with Marie's talent, hammered at the importance of her career. Marie balked. She had concentrated for years upon her career and nothing much had come from it. She desperately wanted a home and kids, but the conflict in their interests broke up the marriage after three years. Still her agent as well as her friend, it was Vic who finally made M-G-M see the light and sign Marie.

On a personal appearance tour last year, Marie scraped through on a thin budget, putting all her excess cash into a fund for a home. On her return to Hollywood, she bought a two-acre farm in the valley and installed in it her mother and stepfather.

She acquired two cats and two dogs and looked around for a horse. Her passion for riding worried her family and friends.

"I've been riding since I was a kid," she told them, "and I've yet to be thrown. Intelligent people don't get thrown. Besides," she added, "I happen to have a sixth sense about horses."

She purchased a coal black mare and had it delivered to the farm.

"She's a beauty, isn't she?" said Marie. "I think I'll ride her right now."

marie bites the dust . . .

She climbed on a bench, leaped onto the mare's back and was immediately dashed to the ground. Marie sat in the dust and ruefully rubbed her shoulder.

"Now what do you suppose is eating her?"

After much experiment, it was determined that the mare was actually allergic to blondes. Marie was thrown time after time, and after weeks of ribbing from her friends about her sixth horse sense, was forced to sell the animal.

There were five hundred man hours of work to be done on the ranch. Marie and her stepfather together cultivated the vineyard, planning to make wine. Then they tackled painting the roof. In blue jeans and splashed with paint, Marie was carefully sloshing with her brush one Sunday, when she started to slip. Seeing her peril, her stepfather jumped to catch her, slipped himself and fell to the ground. He suffered several broken ribs and a crushed chest. In the middle of *Living In A Big Way*, Marie was forced to work each day, distraught with worry. For three nights in a row she sat up with him from darkness until dawn and then dragged herself to the studio. Not until he was completely out of danger did Marie consent to a full night's rest.

Marie is unpredictable on the romance score, wearing her heart well on the inside of her sleeve. Harvey Karl, a shoe manufacturer, has been her almost constant escort for some time. Hollywood was set to predict an engagement when Marie showed up at *The Yearling* premiere without Karl. In fact, with three other men, including Rory Calhoun. She swept into the theater with a man on each arm and one behind her, and a slight ripple of comment sailed over the audience.

"Now what?" they said.

They would have been more surprised had they known that after the film Marie quietly shed two men and disappeared with Rory for the remainder of the evening.

No one knows what she'll do next. With her varied talents, she might end up most anywhere. Our bet is that it will be a home, husband and kids of her own, for The Body has that kind of a heart.

THE



GIRL-OF-THE-MONTH



Miss Jean Welch wears Lovable's sensational new

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...pure white on one side, shining black on the other. (Also French blue with black or nude.)



REVERSE IT to wear under light or dark clothes

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What does a man like about a girl's hair?

Do you know the secret, girls? Do you know how to catch a man's eye and bring it straight to you? It's easy—JUST GIVE YOUR HAIR

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Men love hair that gleams with rich, warm color. Yes, whatever the color of your hair, Nestle Colorinse will enhance its beauty.



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GET NESTLE COLORINSE TODAY!

In 9 colors to glorify every shade of hair.
10c and 25c at beauty counters everywhere.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH FRANKIE?—By Hedda Hopper

(Continued from page 30)

care of yourself."

"Smile when you call me that," grinned Frankie, weakly. "But honest, Hedda, you don't understand. I'm committed here," he explained.

I felt like saying, "Committed! That's your trouble. You're committed for a crack-up, Sonny, if you don't watch out!" But I didn't. I wish I had. Because, since then Frank Sinatra has had his crack-up.

Thank goodness it wasn't a big quake that hit Frankie. He didn't lose his voice, or his health, or have a real, walloping nervous breakdown. But he did lose some of his good sense under the strain of trying to measure up to his fame, trying to make everybody happy, be a singer, an actor, a sport, a politician and Heaven knows what-all—and still be a loving husband and an attentive father. It's a wonder he lasted as long as he did without blowing his top, even mildly.

who's to blame? . . .

Yep, Frankie ran a swell race before his fame caught up with him. But he was bound to stumble some time, and who tripped him? You and me.

Last summer, Frankie almost lost his wife, Nancy, whom he dearly loves, and his family, who mean everything to him. He almost lost a lot of friends who love Nancy as much as they do Frankie. He's patched that up and I hope it's for a good, long time.

But since then Sinatra's clipped some other hurdles pretty close. What's the matter with Frank? Is he changing?

He's banned the bobby soxers, who made him what he is today, from his radio show. He's sent pugilistic challenges to columnists whose digs he used to laugh at. He's taken out a permit to carry a gun. He walked off his Old Gold radio show on a sudden vacation. Rumblings come out of M-G-M that Sinatra's high-handed on the set, a hard-to-handle headache of a movie star; they say he's scrapping with Louis B. Mayer. And he's been taking vacations again—alone.

Well—what's it all about? We ought to know—you and me. We did it. That's what I said. Yes, we've drained the talent of that good-natured guy, like leeches, until he doesn't know what's what. We've rubbed his nerves raw, done our best to scuttle his health, literally eaten him alive. What do we expect?

You see, what Frankie's been after is popularity. That may sound funny—a guy like him who needs applause like a hole in his curly head—but Frank from the start sized up his fame as significant and himself as a symbol. He was an Italian-American boy from across the tracks made into an American hero. He had to live up to it, had to prove it was a Great Idea that it could happen here.

The toughest word for a popular celebrity to say is "No." If you say it too soon the word comes back. "Uh-huh—high hat, temperamental, stuck up." If you say it too late, or not at all, you're hunting an early grave. Frankie took the second road. He practically wiped "no" from his vocabulary. I don't mean in business matters—but in the things that really counted with Sinatra, his personal standing with the millions.

Frank gave of himself as no sensation has ever given before. And he took a terrific beating, physically, mentally, nervously. The "swoon" maniacs started it. They mobbed, mauled, pawed and harried him. He took it all with a good natured

grin, but it wore him out.

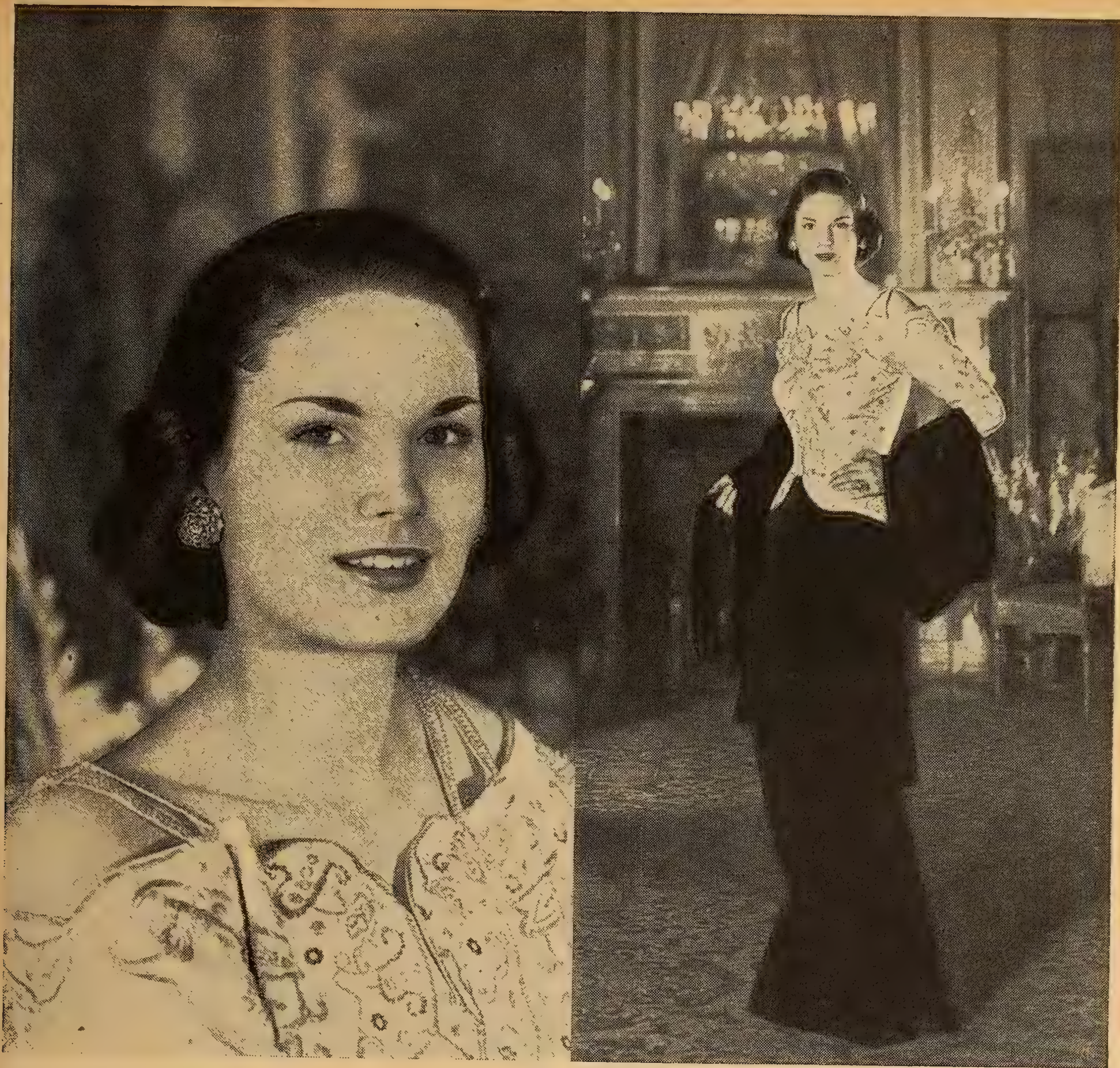
He came to fame too, at the start of a war—and the pressure for benefit performances on Hollywood and the radio world was terrific. Frank welcomed every chance to sing for a cause. He was the Benefit Boy. He was on a double spot because his body wasn't good enough for a uniform and GIs leaving sweeties at home after those fatal "Greetings," were not amused at a bow-tied, curly-haired, anemic, romantic singer. Frankie felt himself on the defensive. So he slugged himself twice as hard, singing night and day (no wonder it's his theme song!) to win over those GI characters. He did all right. His war front tour was one of the best. So were the Command Performance shows he ground out steadily. He ended up at V-Day a service favorite. But it took just that much more out of Sinatra. Then, of course, Frank snatched up the torch against Intolerance. That's a full career field for anyone. But because he believes in it so fervently, he lent himself to any and every meeting—singing, talking, preaching, fighting battles, traveling here and there like a crusader. Frankie succeeded in securing what he wanted—the good will, the respect, the love of everyone. But he paid the price, too.

Then there's the business about Frankie, the Actor. Hard to handle, they say. When I hear M-G-M studio rumblings about Frank getting temperamental, they shoot out my other ear so fast I need earmuffs from the breeze. That's too often the old Hollywood maneuver of cracking down on a star. Frank Sinatra's never given M-G-M half the trouble dozens more I could name have—Garbo, for instance, Garson or Hepburn. It really boils down to the old tug-of-war between movies and radio. Every big air star who comes to Hollywood lands smack in the middle of that exhausting tussle. Bing Crosby and Bob Hope know what it means at Paramount. They've been stretched in the middle for years. So has Frankie since he came to Hollywood. It's inevitable.

Radio shows take time for rehearsals, for scripts to be rewritten, spots to be polished—and the stop-watch waits for no man. I know—I have one. But when a radio star makes a movie, studios figure each production hour in thousands of dollars. So they're natural enemies. Bob and Bing and Frankie and all the rest are pursued every spare minute by a time-harried wolf pack from NBC and CBS when they're shooting. So the studio tries to cut that radio star down to movie size. It's only good business policy. I didn't hear any hard-to-handle rumors about Frank Sinatra after the money started rolling in from *Anchors Aweigh*, did you? It's as simple as that. Let's face it.

fair warning . . .

Frank Sinatra isn't temperamental. Considering what he's faced, he's been a sport made in Heaven. Before he said "no audiences" on his Old Gold radio program a while back, Frankie stepped to the footlights and pleaded with his noisy fans to lay off. He explained why patiently—and for three straight shows: His sponsors were mad. You couldn't hear him sing. Audiences were disgusted—squealing was no longer funny, or "cute" or interesting. It spoiled the show. They promised to stop. The next time it was the same old story. So Frankie laid down the law—"No more audiences." When they realized he meant it, they behaved. Now they're back. (Continued on page 9)



Dines at The Waldorf-Astoria — Antonia Drexel Earle

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Smooth on a cool, lavish mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Leave one minute.

"Keratolytic" action dissolves off stubborn dirt and dead skin particles! Tissue off!

Right away, your skin looks brighter and clearer! Feels smoother. Have a 1-Minute Mask every time you want to look your very best!



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Vanishing Cream. "In only one minute, the Mask makes my complexion look clearer and more alive," she says. "Gives a smooth finish that takes powder *perfectly*. I always have a Mask before an important evening!"

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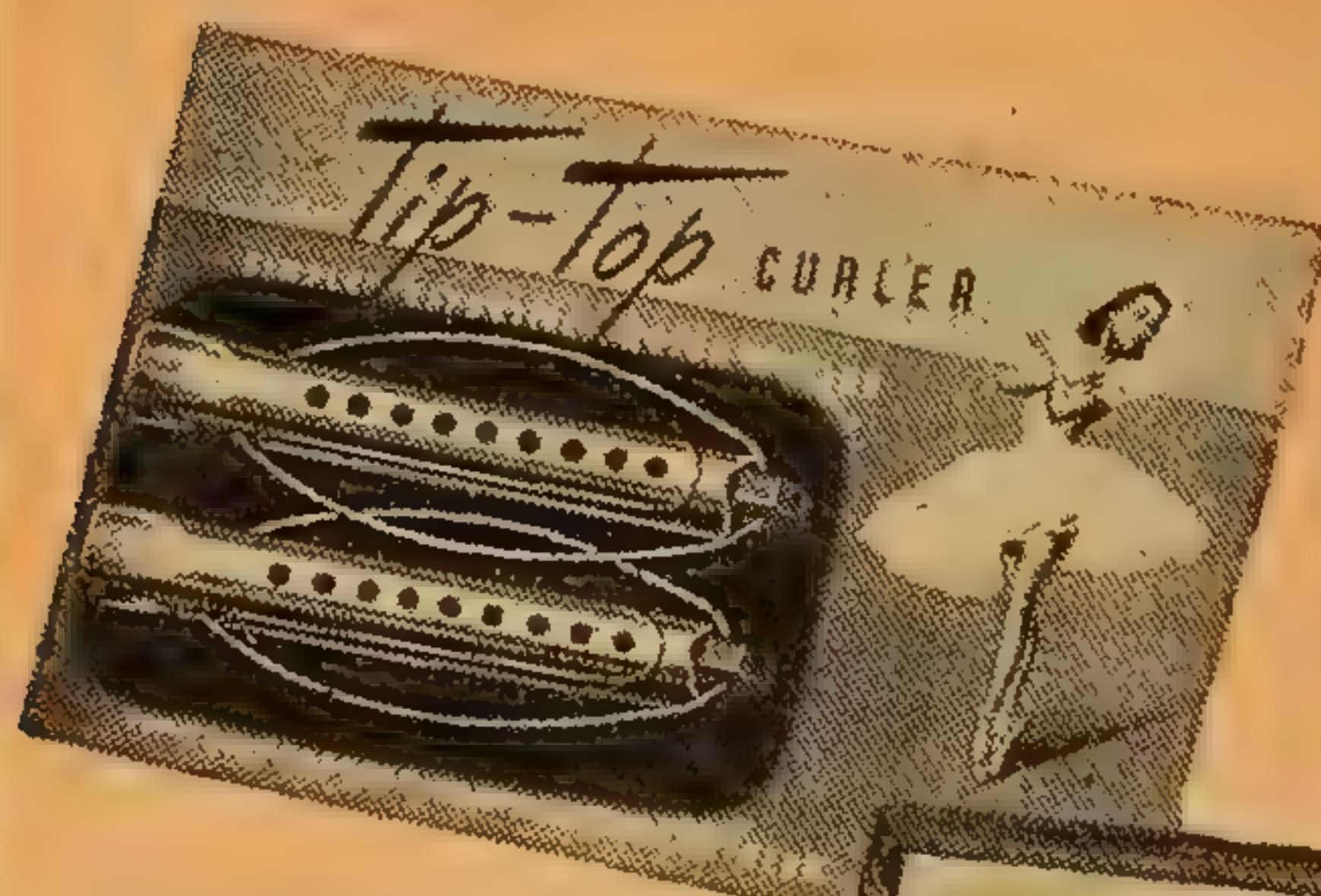
Then...

Merely Recomb Your Curls

for date-time charm. Your hair is radiantly lovely when you're out "on the town".



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Now let's get down to the top question: Nancy. Frank and Nancy were married when both were kids. She was his childhood sweetheart, as everyone knows. That was long before fame grabbed the struggling, catch-job crooner. Most men have a fling at a few wild oats before they're married, while they're still fairly wet behind the ears. Bing Crosby painted the country red from one end to the other before he settled into a solid citizen and pillar of the church. Frankie couldn't; he was too poor. Then he was married. Psychologists tell us that, girl or boy, there's always a lingering yearning to kick up your heels later on.

I think Frank's case of accumulated nerves and too much success to handle turned his head maybe a wee bit, at long last, when he strayed from Nancy. If you keep telling anyone, day in and day out, he's gorgeous, wonderful, simply divine, sooner or later he's bound to think, somewhere back in his brain, "Maybe I am."

And here's another thing—mind, I'm not defending Frankie—but I've lived a few years and I've seen a lot. When a married man is pressed in his profession until he's about wild—you know where he takes out his irritation, don't you? That's right. At home. It has to come out somewhere and that's a wife's cross to bear. Nancy Sinatra understood that. She never stopped loving Frankie for an instant, or forgot to understand him. She was thinking of Frank all the time he wandered away.

I called Nancy and asked her to sit at my table in Ciro's the night MODERN SCREEN gave its big award party in Hollywood and presented Frank with his sculptured bust by Jo Davidson. Nancy rated an invitation; I knew she wanted to be there, too. Who wouldn't—to see the man she loved at a triumph like that?

But Nancy declined. "Thank you, Hedda," she said, "that might embarrass Frankie." That's the way that girl thinks.

Indiscreet Frankie . . .

I saw Frankie that night, too. He was just back from Palm Springs where he'd fled from himself, and I can't say he'd been thinking of Nancy's best interests, as she had his. In fact, Frank was naively thoughtless, being the Hollywood celebrity that he knows he is. He'd been seen in public with girls and rumors went flying. Frankie should have known better, for instance, than to sit with Lana Turner at Sonja Henie's party, when Nancy wasn't there. I don't care how many other girls he dated when he was mixed up emotionally. That's not my affair, but it was very definitely Frankie's—and Nancy's. The point is: He's in a goldfish bowl. Every public indiscretion of Frank's hurts Nancy, his family—and himself.

So that night at our MODERN SCREEN party, I stuck out my neck—a very old habit. I practically grabbed Frankie by his generous ears. "Come here," I said, "I want to talk to you." Frankie's eyes rounded like saucers and his bow-tie bobbed. He was surprised. He didn't say anything. I did all the talking, straight from my heart.

"Look, Frank," I told him. "It's none of my business—but I think you're making the mistake of your life! I've never been a red-hot booster of yours but I admire you and how you've handled your career, up till now. But I'm an older woman and I want to tell you something for what it's worth to you." I let him have it.

I asked Frankie if he'd ever thought about his responsibility to Nancy and his children. I knew he had, of course, plenty. "You know you brought them into the world just as much as she did," I reminded him. "And children need a father as well as a mother. I know. I raised a son without a father." I sat down and

talked to him like a Dutch aunt. I told him what a wonderful career he'd had, what a wonderful one lay ahead. But I warned him that he was public property now and that part of that public property was Nancy and his children. And it is.

When I was through, Frankie said, "Hedda, no one ever talked like that to me before."

I'm sure no one had. He'd heard nothing but "yesses," and raves for four years. He'd turned tone-deaf to criticism. He was hungry for frank, honest opinion. "Look," suggested Frank, "I want to talk some more. Can you have lunch with me next week?" I said I certainly could. Well, we didn't have that lunch because Frank and Nancy were back together again before then. But what struck me about the whole thing was Frank's reaction to a good bawling out. He could have snapped, "Mind your own business!" and I'd have been put right in my place.

Frank appreciated it. What's more, he didn't sulk or nurse a grudge. On the contrary, when Frank and Nancy and all their friends staged their wonderful New Year's Eve party—for my money the greatest private show ever put on in Hollywood—I was the only newspaper reporter in town invited. And I appreciated that. But before then, of course, the Sinatras had patched things up and Frankie had come to. By the way he did that, incidentally, Frank proved he knows what to do when the moment arrives. He showed his heart was always with Nancy.

It was a gang of Frank's friends—all men—who got together and decided to do something about the separation which they knew was all wrong for everyone.

They learned one night that Frankie was helping Phil Silvers open his new show at Slapsie Maxie's night club. They called up Nancy without saying a thing about that. "Get all gussied up in your best dress," they told her. "We're stepping out." Nancy did. She had no idea where or what was up. But she had eight devoted, adoring escorts and when Frankie

I SAW IT HAPPEN



One windy March day my girl friend and I were strolling down Main Street, when we noticed everyone turning to look across the street. We looked, too, and saw the strongest, toughest looking woman anyone

had ever laid eyes on. She was wearing a fuchsia dress, thick stockings, low-heeled shoes, and a hat covered with flowers. We continued on our way, thinking no more about the incident until we heard a newsboy shouting, "Bob Hope Arrives In Town For a Tour." Of course, everybody became excited and anxious to see the famous celebrity, but forgot about Hope when this same strange-looking woman appeared again. She was walking along awkwardly and stopped to hold her hat when a strong breeze blew. But it was no use because her hat whisked clean off her head and rolled into the gutter. Then the mystery was solved! This sturdy female turned out to be Bob Hope, himself! I shall always remember this story because it was one time when Bob Hope failed to put over a joke!

Maxine Clark
Tallahassee, Fla.

saw her with them at the ringside table he came over right after he'd finished his number. "Come on, Nancy," he said, "let's go home." And that was that.

I've heard people in Hollywood say that episode was all framed—that Frankie and Nancy had arranged it secretly. That's not true. I know a few of those Mister Fixits pretty well. It was all a deep-dyed plot on their part. And it worked. It worked because Frankie had sense enough to realize the moment had arrived and made the most of it. He's no fool, either.

By the time 1948 rolls around, I've a hunch Frank Sinatra will have caught up with himself, ironed out the kinks in his psyche and be very much back in the groove. There are a lot of reasons why I'll play prophet—and, brother, that's risky business in Hollywood! For one, Nancy's realized that a high pressure entertainer like Frankie has to blow off steam and have some time by himself now and then. For another, Frank's begun to tell himself, "What difference will it all make a hundred years from now?" He's put one foot at least off the merry-go-round. He says "nuts" to his own ambitions a lot oftener than he used to. If he doesn't like anything—a radio show or a picture, he turns it down; he's not a Hollywood handyman any more.

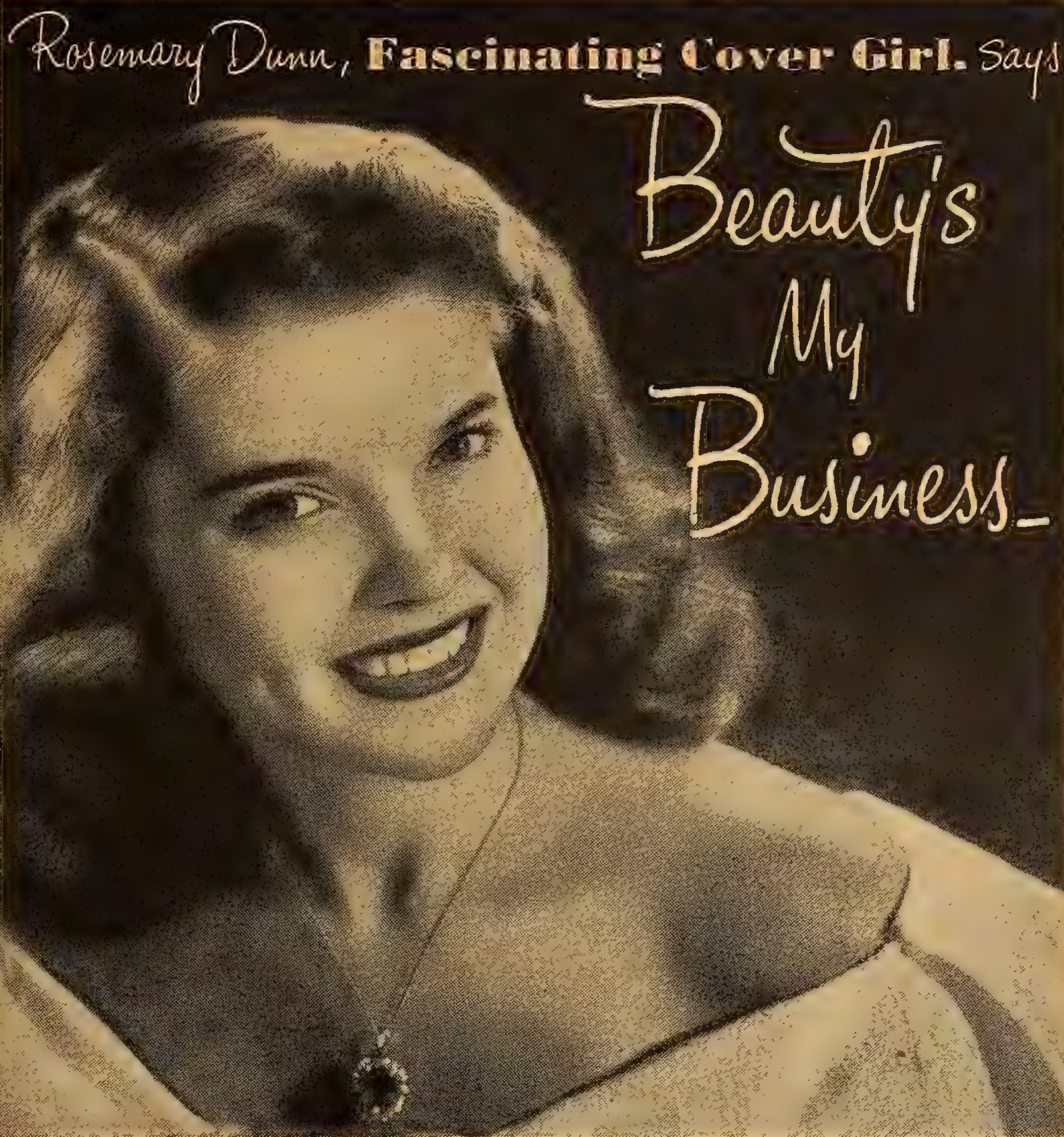
new year's nightmare . . .

Even the short rest he's had has brought back the old Voice that sometimes went flat and husky when Frank overdid things. After being up all night New Year's, Frankie went on his air show New Year's Day and I shivered when I heard him. He realizes now those things don't pay.

Frank will be back on the air by the time you read this. He wants to do another picture with Gene Kelly next—a baseball story Gene wrote and sold to M-G-M. He'll probably sing again next year at the Waldorf, where he's always broken all records. And there's a new ready-made career crying out loud for Frankie in England, too, where his BBC Command Performance shows and *Anchors Aweigh* won him millions of British fans. The biggest Sinatra fan group in the world is in London right now. It's the British Frank Sinatra Club and one member is James Mason, who wrote Frankie a fan letter after hearing him the first time. Every note I get from Jimmy raves about Frank. All in all, Sinatra couldn't have a rosier path ahead at this peak in his career—if he can only slip into the easy-does-it groove of his colleague rival and ancient ideal—Bing Crosby. If he can only learn to relax. I'm hoping by next New Year, that's in the cards for Frankie. I know he's planning a trip soon to Europe with Nancy and the kids for that very purpose of mixing business with pleasure.

I'm afraid it's too much to expect Frank Sinatra to turn tactful and smooth overnight. He'll still have his touch-temper; he'll do some wrong things that'll reap bad publicity for him. Even now, he's suing the Scripps-Howard newspaper chain for half a million dollars because one of their columnists printed alleged reports that Frank had been pal-ing with the notorious gangster, Lucky Luciano, on his recent vacation to Havana. He'll struggle, too, until the end of his days for what he thinks is right. He's no phony—he's all man.

But meanwhile, what about us—you and me, who made Frank what he is today? Well, here are a couple of thoughts: Frank's tired. Let's don't be so greedy. Let's give him a rest now and then. And let's don't hoist him on a pedestal with one hand and reach for a tomato to heave the minute he wobbles. He's Frank Sinatra—but he's only human, too.



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"Know the part soft hands can play in love," Cathy O'Donnell says. "And keep your hands completely feminine; appealingly soft with Jergens Lotion."



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See for yourself why
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Address _____
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DOROTHY KILGALLEN SELECTS "BEGINNING OR THE END"

(Continued from page 14)

bomb is the most significant thing that has happened to the human race since the birth of Christendom, and inasmuch as *The Beginning Or The End* is about nothing but the atom bomb, it must be the most significant motion picture ever made.

When Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer decided to cut this terrifying slice of current history, it chose a story about which there is no argument. Critics may disagree with the casting here, the direction there, the dialogue somewhere else, but when the reservations of the perfectionists are wrapped up and tossed away, what remains is the most exciting drama ever shown on the screen: the drama of man's discovery of a way to change his world, or destroy it.

Much toil and sweat and heartache, and many new miracles, went into the making of the first atomic bomb; men in darkened rooms in the White House and under tents on the dry earth of Los Alamos spent sleepless nights over its making and over the first use of it. Their struggles of conscience and their decision constitute the greatest moral issue civilized men have ever had to face.

Aside from the supreme urgency of its theme, *The Beginning Or The End* is an exciting picture. How could it be otherwise? It tells you and me and the rest of the non-scientific members of the human race about the long and painful birth of a monster, spawned by gentle and peace-loving men, that may make the world easy and beautiful for our children or may pulverize us into unknowing dust.

Director Norman Taurog and others who worked behind the cameras have reproduced the technical scenes with heart-stopping realism. Some of the scenes were shot in the actual locales, but many were brilliant process shots created by a genius named A. Arnold Gillespie who "made," for benefit of the M-G-M lenses, an atom bomb that astounded the Army.

It is perfectly possible to buy a ticket to *The Beginning Or The End* as you would buy a ticket to a great adventure story; you will get your money's worth of adventure. But you will leave the theater with thoughts in your head that were not there when you passed the ticket taker—thoughts about your neighbor, and your children, and the future of the world.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Glenn Ford and I were in many plays together when we attended Santa Monica High School. He was such a fine actor, we expected him to become a professional. Now we've "seen it happen."

We've seen him become a fine leading man in pictures and we're glad because he was always so modest and unassuming. So modest, in fact, I have to smile whenever I look at the school year book. He autographed it for me, back there in school, as follows: "Good luck to a great actress—from a poor ham. Glenn Ford."

Alyce Walker
Burbank, Calif.

CAPTAIN COURAGEOUS

(Continued from page 32)

heavier now. Seventeen patriots were aboard, but it was obvious that those left on the beach were doomed.

John Hamilton made his decision.

"Shove off!" he yelled. Then, with his shipmates, he turned his eyes toward the open sea.

He was a rough, tough boy, this John Hamilton, engaged in a rough, tough business, which ruled out thinking with your heart. One of John Hamilton's crew told this story. Hamilton himself doesn't talk much. If this were his habit, people in Hollywood would not have asked casually at intervals, "I wonder whatever became of Sterling Hayden?"

For Sterling Hayden, the actor, and John Hamilton, Capt., U.S.M.C., were and are the same man.

Usually, young men coming to Hollywood change their names. Sterling Hayden reversed the process when he left the place in 1941, on urgent business. He picked up the name John Hamilton in a court in Bridgeport, Conn., and put Sterling Hayden in moth balls for the duration.

The scene shifts now to the calm harbor at Santa Barbara, California, a hundred miles north of Hollywood. Inside the breakwater lies a trim schooner, called "Quest." She is 63 feet in length at the waterline, carries an 80-foot main mast, and is as fast as anything her size.

Master of the "Quest" is Sterling Hayden, who has evened the score with Captain John Hamilton by putting *that* worthy individual in moth balls, now that the shooting is over.

you made me love you . . .

Sterling, who was once known as the champion of all Hollywood-haters among the acting profession, now has a fondness for the place, even though it took him seven months to locate an apartment in which he now stays only when working in a picture. Promptly, as the last scene for *Blaze of Noon* was finished, Sterling took off for Santa Barbara.

"Some people," he told me one day when I dropped down for a visit, "like to live in houses. They get satisfaction out of gathering possessions around them, growing gardens, talking with neighbors over the back fence. That's good. Maybe I'll get around to that, too."

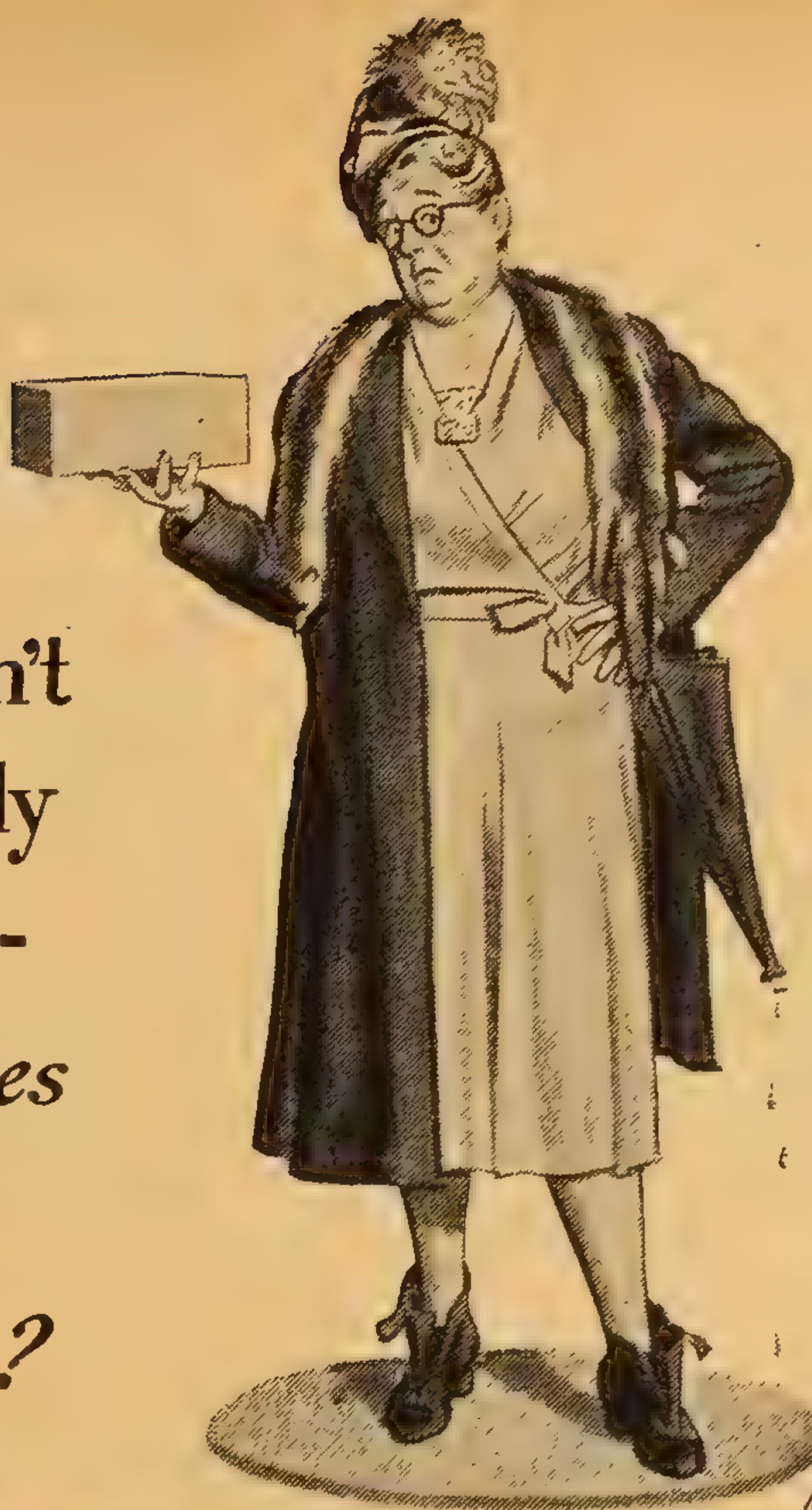
Sterling Hayden may not hate Hollywood as he once did, but he certainly spends little enough time there. Whereas those of the movie colony who own boats keep them moored at nearby Santa Monica or Newport, some thirty miles south of Hollywood, the "Quest" is the only movie-star-owned craft in the Santa Barbara harbor.

The reason for this seclusion is that harbors near Hollywood usually attract the festive crowd—the people who just stop by to say hello and wind up staying half a day. Friends Sterling Hayden has, but Hollywood's erratic social life leaves him cold.

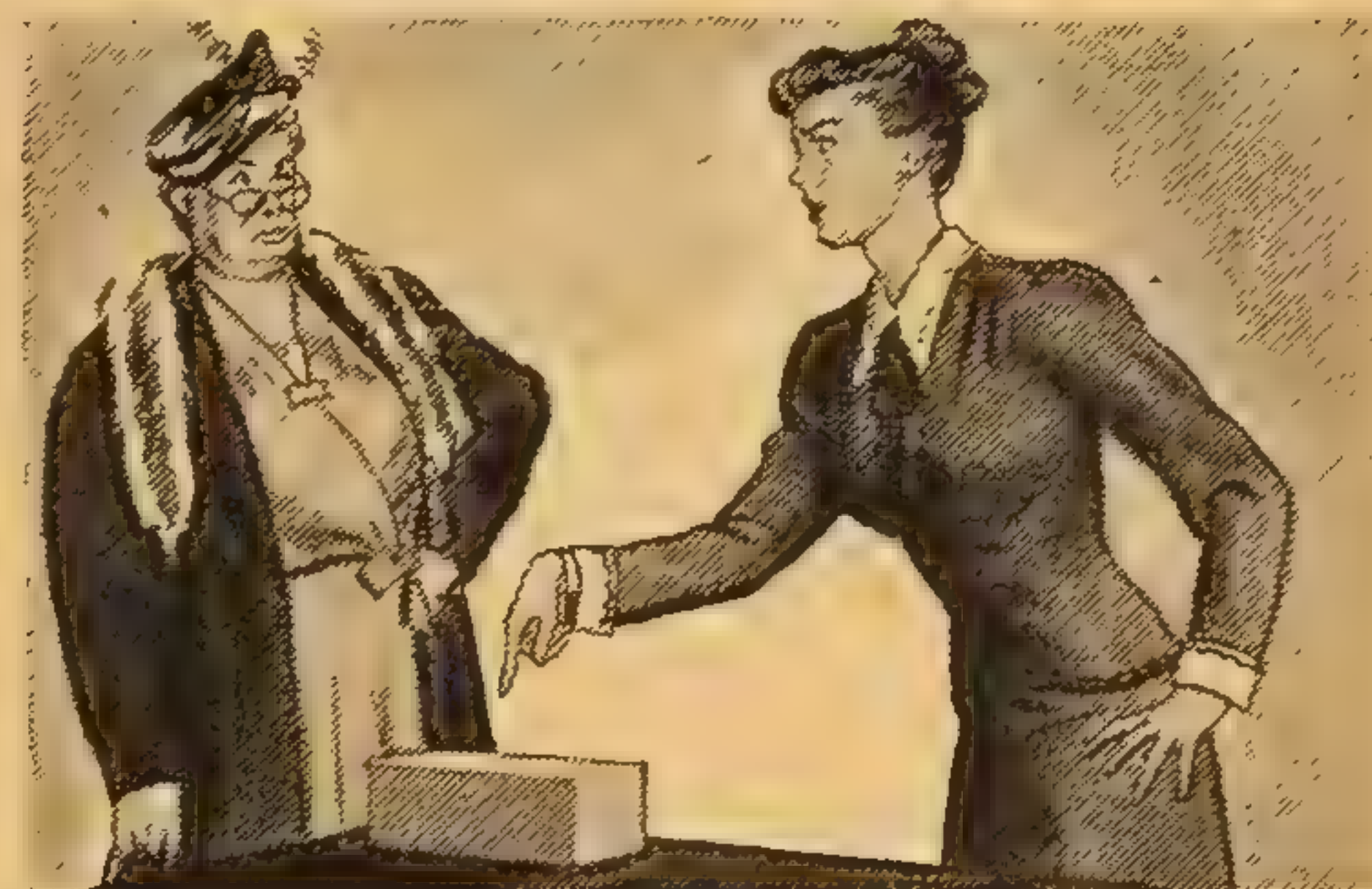
This is nothing new. Since the time when Sterling's family suffered severe financial reverses, along with a good many thousands of others, he has been unimpressed with money and the theory that those who have it should club together for mutual contentment.

"Don't make me politically significant," Sterling said as he wielded a paint brush. "Since I've come back I've seen a number of things going on in the country that I don't think are right, any more than any other veteran does. I belong to the American Veterans' Committee, and I think it's

Why didn't
somebody
tell me -
All tissues
aren't
Kleenex ?



Not on your life they aren't! bellowed Uncle Mayhew. Fine thing!—I'm sneezing my head off and my sister brings me plain *tissues*. If you think *all* tissues are Kleenex, I wish you had this snuffle-sore nose! It says there's *only one* Kleenex!



Bess, you alarm me—snapped Cousin Cynthia. Surely you know better than to confuse Kleenex with other tissues. Very unfunny—when I *depend* on Kleenex so. Listen. My *skin* knows there's not a tissue on earth just like angel-soft Kleenex!



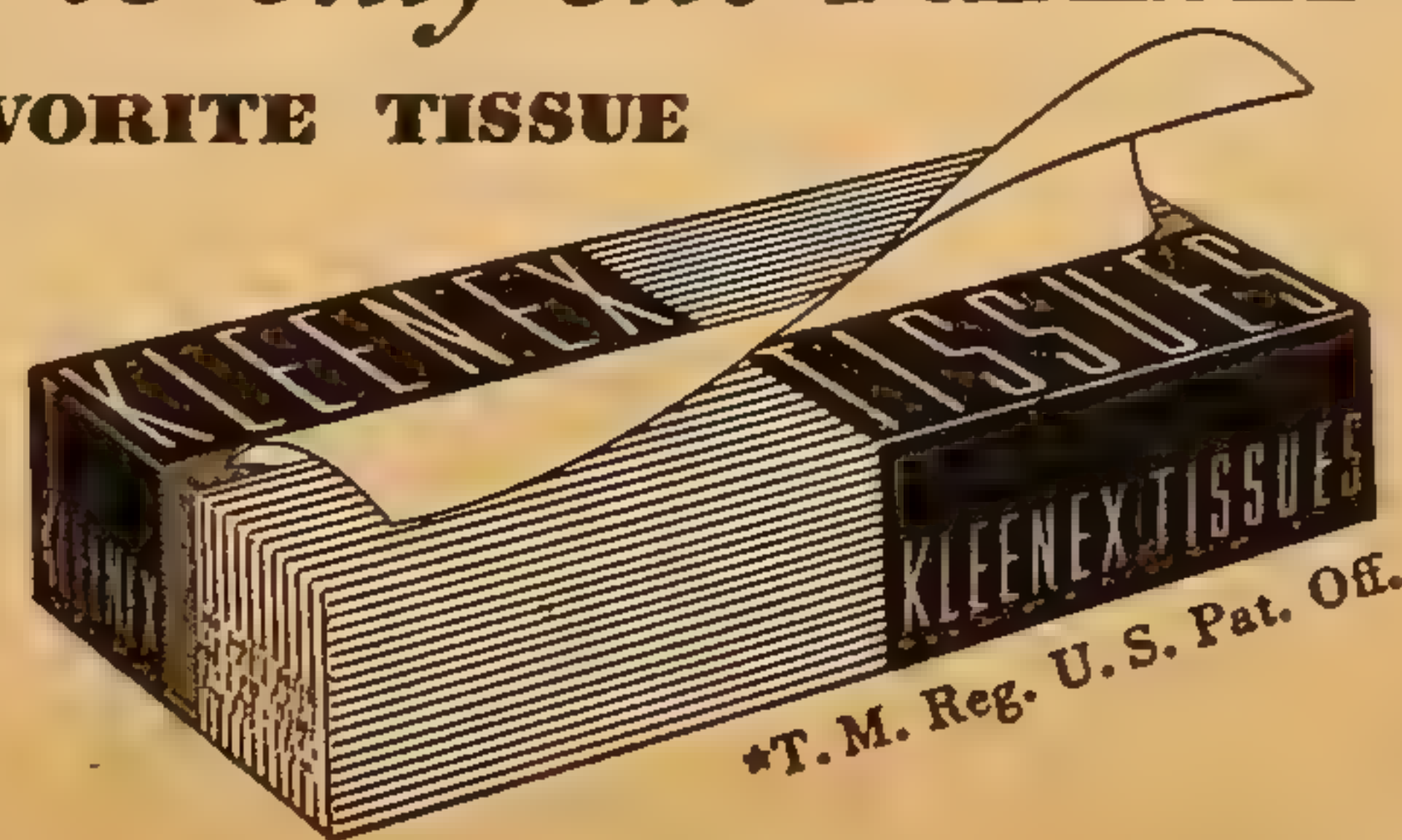
Buck up, Auntie! said Teena. Bend an eye at the real McCoy—the one and only Kleenex! See that box, how different it is? How it gives with the tissues—one at a time? Neat feat! Only Kleenex can do it! What's more . . .



Hold a Kleenex Tissue up to a light. See any lumps or weak spots? 'Course not! You see Kleenex *quality* smilin' through—always the same—so you just know Kleenex has super *softness*. And are those tissues *rugged*!

Now I know... There is only one KLEENEX*

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Stops pressure on nerves, muscles, blood vessels caused by sewed-on tongue, still used on some shoes selling at top prices.



FREE: Pamphlet, "Look At Your Baby's Feet." Valuable information on foot care, and scale to measure size needed. Moran Shoe Co., Dept. M, Carlyle, Ill.

WEE WALKER
Shoes

FOR Wee

WALKERS

important. Observe what's going on and try to better conditions. That can't be done by taking a running jump at every situation that comes along, wrestling one problem after another.

"There are not a great many veterans who have run for office. I think most of them have acquired a sound judgment during the time they were removed from civilian life. The real impact of the things veterans think and do will come a couple of years from now."

A slow grin traveled easily across his rugged face.

"Don't make that sound like a speech, please."

From the harbor dock, a block or so away, a small sailing dinghy beat up alongside the "Quest." A trim young blonde girl climbed aboard.

"Hi, Sterling," she said.

"Hi, Betty."

The visitor was Betty De Noon, an attractive young model whom Sterling met last May in Laguna Beach. Their friendship doubtless will have columnists in a considerable dither, which will put a stop to frequently recurring items concerning the Ida Lupino "romance" which was apparently over before it began.

Betty, arms full of packages, disappeared below.

Her appearance brought to mind another lovely blonde lady, one Madeleine Carroll. There has been much conjecture concerning details about and reasons for Sterling's divorce from Madeleine. Most Hollywood writers come equipped with built-in theories concerning the reasons for the collapse of this marriage, which was one of the most interesting and delightful of the many romantic sagas which spring up out of whole cloth and celluloid.

Sterling and Madeleine are said to have parted because of a discrepancy in ages.

new life, new interests . . .

Vague rumor reports that one or both, during the long separation caused by war, found new interests in a couple of someone elses.

Because it is better to knock on the front door than try to climb in a side window, in the business of reporting. Sterling was faced with the *why* question.

He put away the bucket of paint, tied a loose shoestring and faced the issue with an uninjured air.

"At this point it wouldn't be right to be quoted about my former wife," Sterling said. "I hold Madeleine in the highest esteem. She is married again and that's that."

Even if the man were less than six feet, four inches tall, and the water was too cold for swimming to shore, this simple statement defied any thought of further discussion.

A voice came from the galley.

"Soup's on."

And Betty De Noon meant soup. Soup and salad. Apple turnover and coffee. If for no other reason, the quality of Betty's cooking is enough to start romantic speculation.

Afterward, Sterling explained how a man comes to own a boat like the "Quest."

"I collect them as a hobby," he said. "One at a time, of course. This is the first sailing craft I've owned, though, that hasn't been used commercially. It began to get under my skin when I was thirteen. I shipped aboard a yacht, through the Panama canal to California. My job was to do anything nobody else would do, and I was paid 25 cents a month. After we hit the West Coast, I fooled around with a few odd jobs, then grabbed a freight East. I had \$125 saved—from the odd jobs, not the 25 cents a month—and I found myself a sloop. Went into business for myself,

carrying tourists around the harbor.

"After that I worked on a number of ships, still suffering from the fever a man has to go to sea anywhere, any time, so long as it is under canvas. When the 'Aldebaran' came up for sale, I had to have her. A friend of mine named Herb Talbot formed a corporation with me. He put up the money, and I put up the know-how. We paid \$15,000 for her. Originally, the 'Aldebaran' cost \$350,000, and was she elegant!

"We had an idea that we could start a passenger service between Hawaii and Tahiti. Originally, the 'Aldebaran' was the 'Meteor III,' christened by Alice Roosevelt in 1902. She was 167 feet long, and a three-master.

"I had my captain's papers and figured that this would be my real career. It didn't last long. While we were taking the 'Alderbaran' from Vancouver to Panama with a crew of 14, we ran into a heavy Northeaster. The day before, the water was calm as ice; but on Christmas a wind came up from the Southeast. Then it changed, fast.

"By the time the gale hit its peak, water got into the generator which fed the pumps. We had to form a bucket brigade to heave water over the side, and for the next twenty-four hours the galley was unapproachable.

"We flew the American flag upside down, finally attracted attention of the Coast Guard, and limped home in sad condition. There wasn't enough money to repair the damage, so we lost the 'Aldebaran'."

"Getting into movies kept me from feeling too bad about that, but I've always wanted another boat—one I could hang onto. Funny thing, the 'Quest' cost me exactly the same amount of money as the 'Aldebaran'—\$15,000."

This is no ordinary actor's story. Sterling Hayden is neither ordinary, nor yet an actor in the accepted sense of the term. A natural performer, he's had that bit in *Captains Courageous*, his famous role in *The Virginian*, and his second starring picture, *Bahama Passage*, a film in which he was sideswiped by a story that didn't jell.

Yet, six years later, he turns up again to rate as an even-money bet with the best of the top stars on the Paramount lot.

Look for a reason and there is the simple explanation that what a man is comes out clearly when magnified by the camera.

And what is Sterling Hayden?

For one thing, he's the kind of guy who

I SAW IT HAPPEN



It was a real warm fall day and I was waiting on line to see the Kate Smith program. Her guest for the evening was to be little Margaret O'Brien. As the stage entrance is right next to the theater entrance, I had the pleasure of seeing Margaret step from her car with her mother and aunt. A great many people were milling around, trying to get her autograph. One small boy remarked in a sarcastic tone, "Oh, leave her alone. She can't write yet." "Oh, no?" said Margaret, indignantly. "I can write my name and almost any other word, too!" And she gave the boy a sample of her scrawl and a promise to answer his letter if he wrote her at the studio.

Joy Felsinger
New York, N. Y.

takes the engines out of a boat because he'd rather "sail" than "yacht."

His nature is so simple—and the word is not used with a Hollywood twist—that his needs are few.

His personality is revealed in copies of two letters more or less smuggled off the wall of his cabin while Sterling was in the galley washing dishes.

These communications read:

Yugoslav Embassy

Feb. 4, 1946

Dear Captain Hamilton:

I have the honor to inform you that the President of the National Assembly, on the proposal of Marshal I. B. Tito, has awarded you with the "Order of Merit to the People of Yugoslavia," II Grade.

I take this opportunity to congratulate you upon the receipt of what is one of the highest orders of the People's Republic of Yugoslavia.

Very sincerely yours,

Dr. Sergije Makiedo,
Charge d' Affairs, a.i.

Supplementing the formal letter is another and more personal missive, which tells the story behind the work of many young men like Sterling Hayden:

Feb. 4, 1946

Dear Hamilton:

I am sure you never dreamt in the time you first met the greasy and dirty Partisan Chief in Italy that one day he would be an American diplomat.

And what is most amazing, just today I signed an official letter to our old friend, John Hamilton, alias Sterling Hayden, in which I inform you of the high decoration you have been awarded by our own people as a sign of recognition for what you did for us when we did not have very many friends and when being a friend of ours was very dangerous.

I am so glad for this because I feel that we and your group were in this time a united group, and just as you enjoyed and were pleased with every one of our successes, now I enjoy the fact that you, Toftie, Thompson and Huot received this decoration.

Sincerely yours,
Dr. Makiedo

It couldn't have happened to a couple of nicer guys!

I SAW IT HAPPEN



While in the Air Sea Rescue unit, stationed at Balboa, California, we often made patrol runs to Catalina Island. One day, while the rest of the crew was playing volley ball on the beach, I was in the galley preparing lunch. I looked out and saw a man and woman standing on the deck of our boat. My first impulse was to order them to leave, since it was an Army boat. But when I got a better look at the pair, I saw they were Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall. Bogart explained that his boat was anchored a little further off, and that he and his wife wanted to come aboard and "see what a good boat looked like."

— Vincent Mancusi
Brooklyn, N. Y.



Double or ...

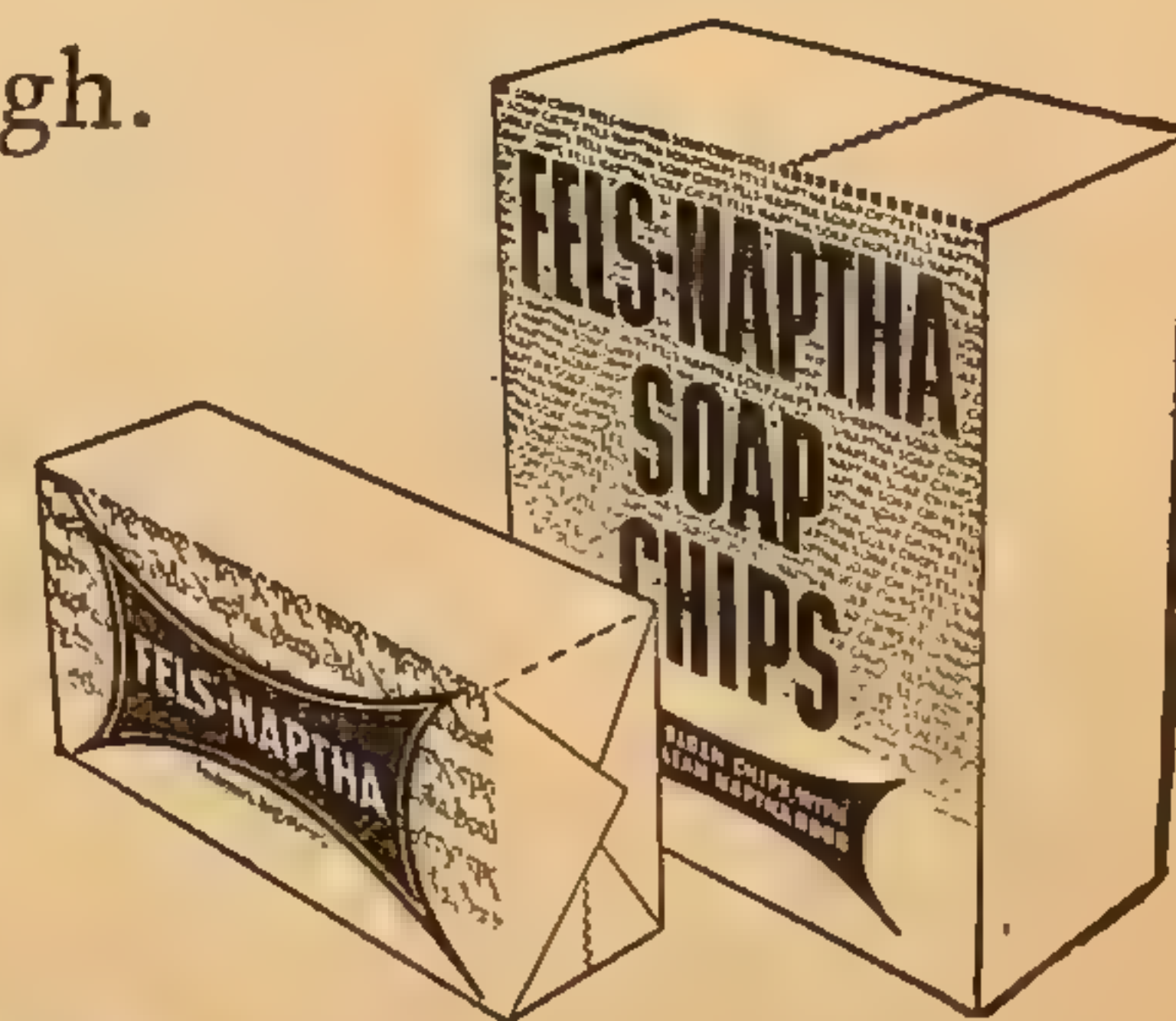
To all housekeepers we venture a gentle warning:
don't gamble on laundry soap. You can't win.

Millions of women before you have found from experience that ordinary laundry soap can't—and won't—wash like Fels-Naptha.

Your bar of Fels-Naptha soap contains *double* the usual dirt-removing action. . . . Because it's good mild soap blended with active Fels naptha. Together, these *two* grand cleaners do a matchless washing job.

They get ground-in dirt out quickly. And get it all out. They keep colors bright and clear. They wash towels and linens white-clean, through and through.

Whenever you are spending money for laundry soap, spend it on a 'sure thing'—Fels-Naptha Soap.



Fels-Naptha Soap

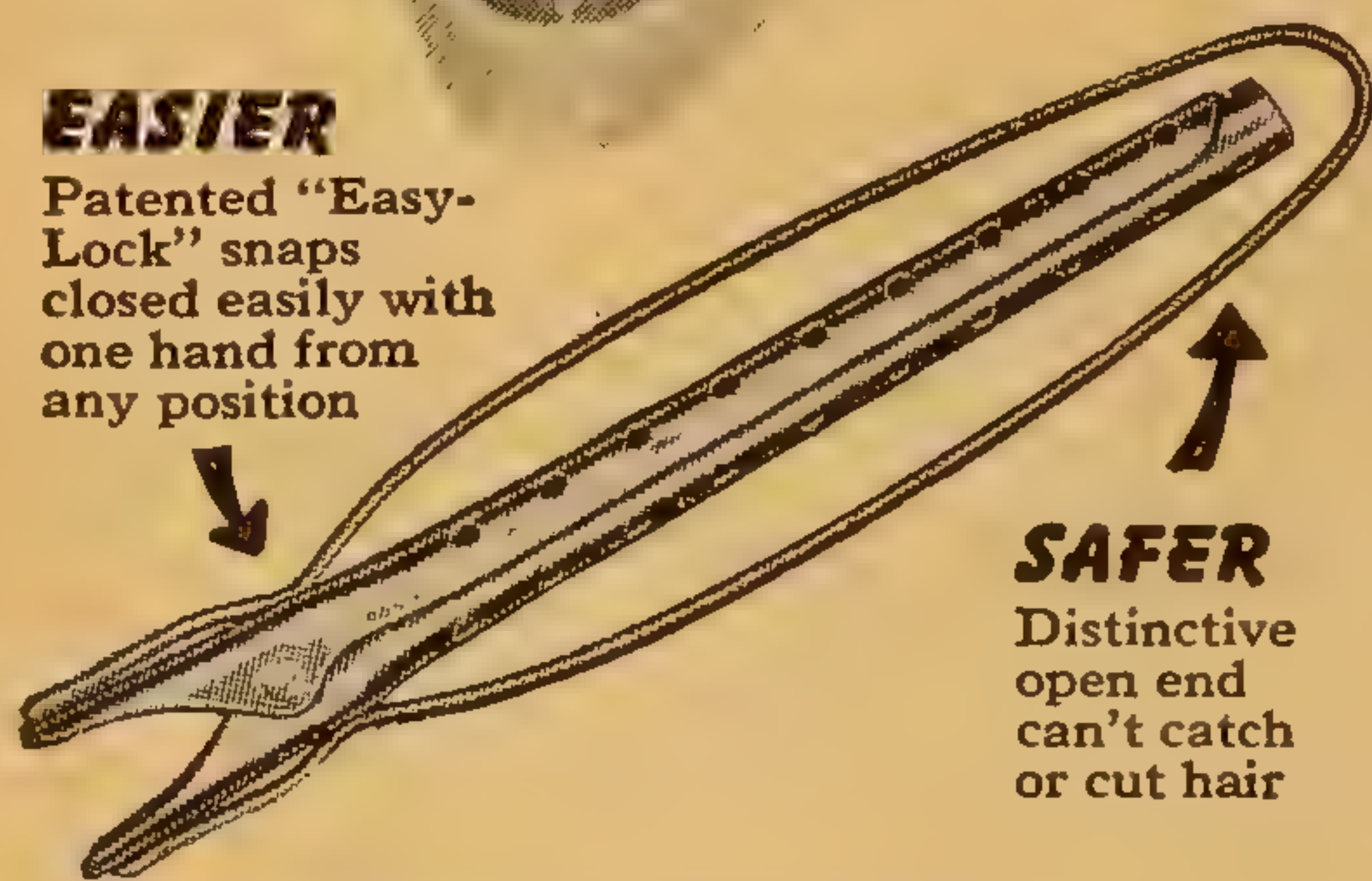
BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

New Curler for women who "Can't do a thing with their hair"



EASIER

Patented "Easy-Lock" snaps closed easily with one hand from any position



SAFER

Distinctive open end can't catch or cut hair

FOR HAIR LOVELINESS GUARD AGAINST SPLIT, FRIZZY ENDS. No matter how beautiful your permanent, no matter how natural your wave, broken hair ends can cause ugly, unmanageable frizz and ruin the most becoming hair-do.

The revolutionary new GAYLA "Easy-Lock" Curlers "baby" delicate hair-ends, treat them softly, gently—thanks to the unique "open end" feature. Your hair becomes "easy to manage"—you can try many new hair-dos—and make them becoming, soft and natural.



Get a whole set
of these new, safer curlers today

Gayla
"EASY-LOCK"
CURLER

by the makers of the famous GAYLA
Hold-Bob bobby pins and hairpins



Formal—Frances Gifford of M-G-M models an easy-to-copy coif. Frequent shampooing and brushing give that satin sheen to her locks.

**formal
and
fancy
free**



Fancy free—a second version of the same hairdo. Read how you can enjoy both editions. For that professional look do use a good setting lotion.

■ Hair styles have their ups and downs! And, honestly, one head can enjoy both styles. Wear a loose, informal coif for your informal moments and, presto, slick your locks up into a smooth, formal hairdo when in the mood. How? Frances (*The Arnelo Affair*) Gifford shows us a wonderful way. For the basic setting with a good lotion, dress the hair off the face. Set a deep wave on each side of your center part. Finish by setting the ends into large pin curls upswept high on the head. That's all!

Though impatient to see the happy results, do wait until your hair is thoroughly dried. Comb the top first, allowing it to fall in a loose wave on each side of the part, then comb these side waves up and back. Now listen intently, this is important: make a part down the back of your head. Brush the left strand to the right side, vice versa with the right strand. The crisscross effect means you'll look just as pretty going as coming.

Later, you slip into your siren garb, and in a few moments your fancy free hairdo follows your sophisticated mood. Brush those two back strands up and coil 'em together. If the resulting coil is skimpy, let it be a secret between you and me that you've plumped it out prettily with a prepared roll or a hair switch. Fasten the coil across the top of the head. Try the glamorous touch of clipping on a jewel. You'll be as enthusiastic about this hairdo as is Frances, for whom it was designed by M-G-M Hair Stylist Sydney Guilaroff.

Of course, only natural curly-heads will look good in this or any hairdo. But you other 99.9% don't despair! I was really joking because permanent waves bring curls to all. What's your choice—waves or crisp ringlets? A perm will give them to you. What's your problem—wispy hair or heavy, oily hair? There's a perm to meet your problem. And every day, a girl gives herself a home permanent wave for the first time and the results are so beautiful that she becomes a "homer" fan for life!

* * *

Get your "How to Be Beautiful" chart. It's a thorough glamorizing course, gives skin care, facials, hair styling, makeup, exercises, etc. Send 10c in coin with name and address to: Service Dept., MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

INGRID—By Charles Boyer

(Continued from page 28)

(during the run of which she proposed to give up smoking) she gave Lewis a very smart silver cigarette box; on the inside cover was the engraved legend: "Give me one, too," and the box contained one cigarette, and one match, kitchen variety. It took me a while to learn that this was a typical Bergman gesture. I knew very little about her, actually, when we first met, on the set of *Gaslight*. I had seen her pictures and listened to people talk about her, and I was naturally very curious. There was no doubting her ability as an actress. It had at times the element of greatness; she not only was a born actress, but she worked with her head as well as emotionally.

I could not, however, anticipate her personality. People had said, "Remember—she is at all times an actress!"

That was so. She was more like the European women with whom I had worked in Paris. Her first concern was her role, the woman she must portray. She was to play a wife who believed she was going crazy, and for preparation she had read a formidable number of books on psychiatry.

With the first scenes I discovered that she is the most daring performer I have ever known.

perfect from every angle . . .

Ingrid will stop at nothing to keep her performance from being even faintly phony. She knows, of course, that she possesses an almost perfect figure and head, photogenically; that there is no bad angle she can present to the camera, no matter what she does. With this knowledge as security, she does things no other actress dares to do.

She understands, for instance, that a woman who drinks habitually does not get drunk in the same fashion as a woman who is not saturated with alcohol. She knows the occasional drinker, given too much liquor on a certain evening, will be hilarious, sick, and pathetic in successive stages—and these are stages which, with some women, can be amusing and sometimes even attractive in a comic sort of way.

But an habitual drunk wears a strange mask as the evening wears on: her drunkenness is evidenced in speech that is overly precise, with a subtle slur and a throatiness. Her gait is not a stagger, it is an ordinary gait slowed like a phonograph record played under tempo, with occasional near-accidents quickly recovered.

And Ingrid knows, too, that a woman awakening with a hangover is hideous.

Thus in *Notorious*, and again in *Arch of Triumph*, there is a special realism about her drunk scenes. I don't think anyone who saw *Notorious* can forget that wisp of hair that had somehow got caught in her mouth during the night, and which she was too hung over to notice during much of the following sequence.

Ingrid has no inhibitions about herself. She does not bother to minimize what she likes about Bergman any more than she rationalizes what is wrong.

When we went together to watch the first rushes on *Arch*, she sat lounging in the deep leather chair and made no comment until the first scene was finished. "Good," she said then. "I was wonderful."

After the next scene, she sat in glum silence. "Well?" I asked.

(Continued on page 105)



"Soaping" dulls hair— Halo glorifies it!

**Yes, even finest soaps
and soap shampoos hide the
natural lustre of your hair
with dulling soap film**

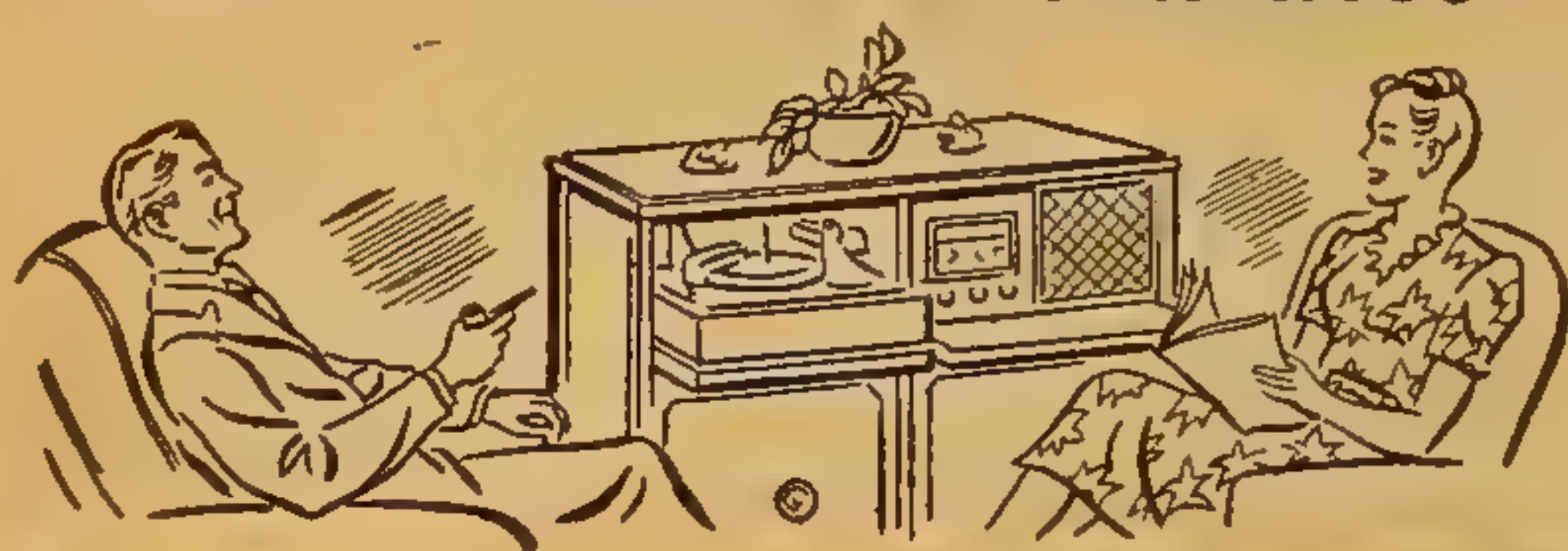


- Halo contains no soap. Made with a new patented ingredient it cannot leave dulling soap film!
- Halo reveals the true natural beauty of your hair the very first time you use it, leaves it shimmering with glorious highlights.
- Needs no lemon or vinegar after-rinse. Halo rinses away, quickly and completely!
- Makes oceans of rich, fragrant lather, even in hardest water. Leaves hair sweet, clean, naturally radiant!
- Carries away unsightly loose dandruff like magic!
- Lets hair dry soft and manageable, easy to curl!

HALO REVEALS THE HIDDEN BEAUTY OF YOUR HAIR!

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RECORDIPOINT High Fidelity PLAYBACK NEEDLE

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One of the finest playback needles that money can buy. Developed for record connoisseurs, this hand-lapped, diamond-polished needle has a lightweight aluminum shaft and fine sapphire tip to bring out the rich, bell-clear tone in any record. Laboratory tested for thousands of high fidelity reproductions. Price.....\$2.50

ALL RECORDIPOINTS are scientifically ground to ride the sides of the record groove where they search out and reproduce the finer shades of tones and musical highlights. Deeper, fuller, tones throughout a wider scale are yours with RECORDIPOINTS in the tone arm.



PLAYBACK NEEDLE... Osmium-Alloy-Tipped... Flint-hard, Osmium alloy resists the abrasive effect of all-type record playing. Overtones otherwise lost are retained and reproduced by these skillfully constructed RECORDIPOINTS. Price.....\$1.00

PLAYBACK NEEDLE... Precious-Metals-Alloy Tipped... A scientific combination of metals combined to provide the longest record wear and high fidelity reproduction. Manufactured under precision control of Wilcox-Gay engineers. Price.....\$0.50

PLAYBACK NEEDLE... High Grade Steel Cutaway Type... Carefully ground, economical steel needles built for rugged, everyday use. Finished to a smooth, scratch-free point. Package.....\$0.25

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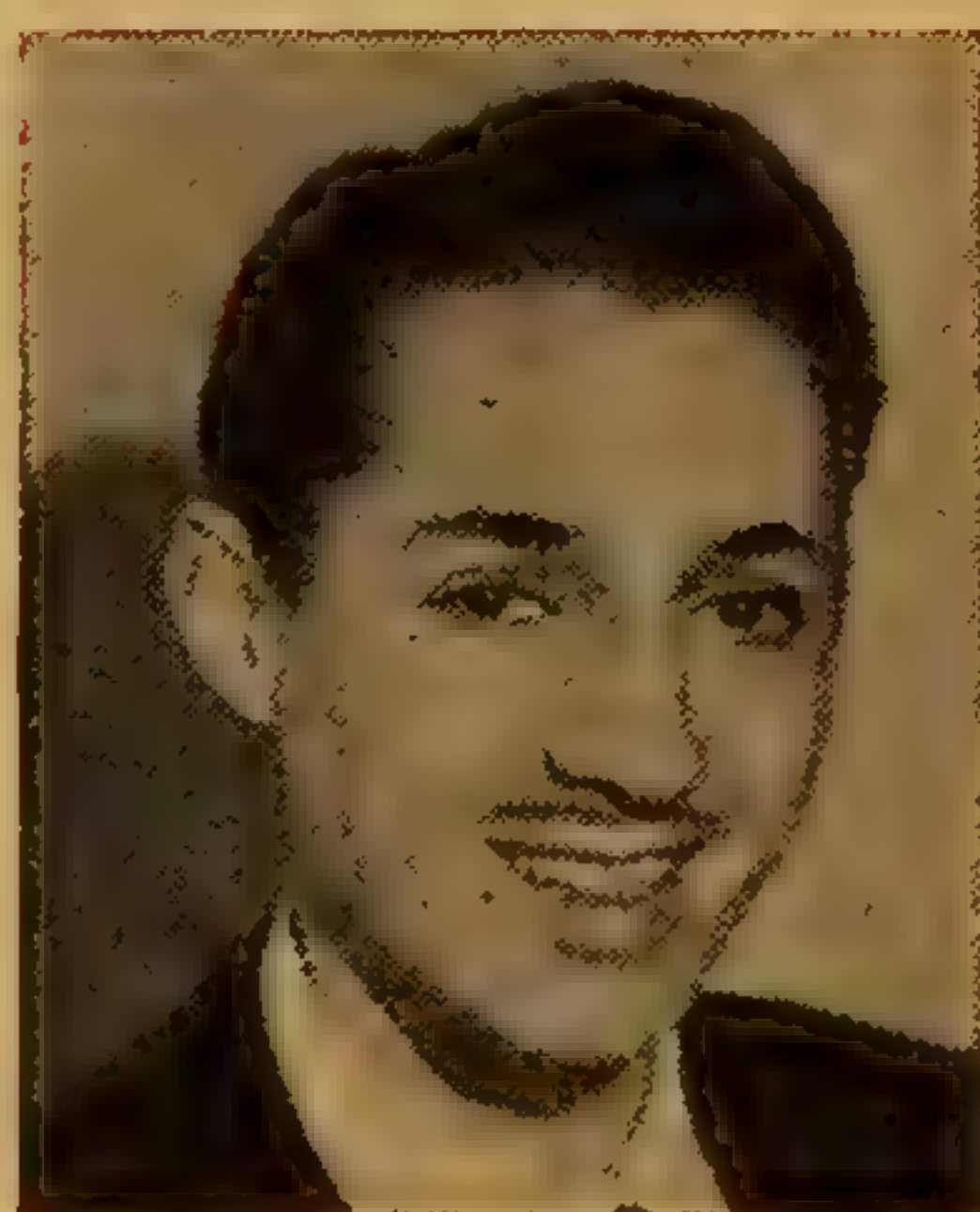
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By LEONARD FEATHER

*Recommended
**Highly recommended
No stars: average

POPULAR

HEARTACHES—*Dinah Shore (Columbia); Ted Weems (Victor); Red McKenzie (National); Joe Alexander (Capitol)

Remember Red McKenzie? He sang with Paul Whiteman in the pre-swoon era, and brings memories of it with a real heart-throb voice, but thick!

HIS FEET TOO BIG FOR DE BED—*Stan Kenton (Capitol)

Stan Kenton has fallen into the commercial pattern; now *he's* got a vocal group too. But the way he uses it in this Calypso novelty is kinda cute.

HOW ARE THINGS IN GLOCCA MORRA —*Tommy Dorsey (Victor); *Georgia Gibbs (Majestic); Bob Houston (Sonora)

IF I HAD MY LIFE TO LIVE OVER AGAIN—Red McKenzie (National); Chickering Four (Signature); Three Suns (Victor)

MANAGUA, NICARAGUA—*Kay Kyser (Columbia), Freddy Martin (Victor), Gordon Trio (Sonora)

MOVIE TO-NIGHT—*Johnny Mercer-Pied Pipers-Paul Weston (Capitol)

THAT'S HOW MUCH I LOVE YOU—**Frank Sinatra (Columbia).

An unusual, oddly-shaped tune, with Frankie sounding very informal, and for this you don't have to thank his folks, but his accompanists, the Page Cavanaugh Trio. Let's hear more of him with this kind of background.

WHO CARES WHAT PEOPLE SAY?—**Mel Torme-Sonny Burks (Musicraft)

WHY DID IT HAVE TO END SO SOON?—Charlie Spivak (Victor).

HOT JAZZ

SID CATLETT—*Just A Riff, *Mop De Mop Mop (Super Disc)

The All-American drummer with an all-star group featuring Coleman Hawkins.

KING COLE QUINTET—Album (Disc)

Recommended with reservations, if at all; poorly recorded and unfair to Nat Cole.

WOODY HERMAN—**Woodchoppers' Ball; *With Someone New (Columbia)

GENE KRUPA—*Opus One (Columbia)

DAVE LAMBERT & BUDDY STEWART—**Perdido; *Gussie G (Keynote)

Remember Gene Krupa's *What's This?* Dave and Buddy extend the idea they started in Gene's band. On these sides, they sing scat vocals in unison, joined by another ex-Krupa man, trumpeter Red Rodney. It all combines to make a weird and wondrous sound, strictly in the bebop style.

TONY MOTTOLA—*Trigger Fantasy (Majestic)

A fine jazz item featuring the bass work of Trigger Alpert, who was overseas with the Glenn Miller band.

EARLE SPENCER—*Five Guitars In Flight (Black & White)

This is different! Five electric guitars, headed by composer Arv Garrison, surrounded by a big, too-loud band. The guitar passages are great.

JUAN TIZOL—*The Sphinx; Keb-lah (Keynote)

Trombonist Tizol and another ex-Harry James man, alto saxist Willie Smith, in some typical Tizol mood music.

GERALD WILSON—**The Moors (Black & White)

Believe it or not, this fine Ellington-sounding opus was written and arranged by a girl, Melba Liston, who plays trombone in the band!

LESTER YOUNG—*Jumping With Symphony Sid (Aladdin)

Dedicated by the All-American tenor sax man to Harlem's favorite disc jockey.

FROM THE MOVIES

CARNEGIE HALL—Beware My Heart: *Les Brown (Columbia); d'Artega (Sonora); The Twilight Three (Majestic); Del Casino (Manor)

DOWN TO EARTH—They Can't Convince Me: *Elliot Lawrence (Columbia)

FABULOUS DORSEYS—At Sundown: **Mildred Bailey (Majestic); *Tommy Dorsey album of all time favorites (Victor)

LENA HORNE—**Little Girl Blue album (Black & White)

A Rodgers and Hart tune gives this album its title. Lena, aided by Phil Moore's music, again proves she's a swell singer, with eight sides on which the surface noise is the only flaw. Included is the late Victor Schertzinger's great tune *I Don't Want To Cry Any More*.

JOLSON STORY—The Anniversary Song: *Dinah Shore (Columbia); *Artie Shaw (Musicraft); *Andy Russell (Capitol); Tex Beneke (Victor); Louis Prima (Majestic); Larry Douglas (Signature).

By the time you read this there will be many other versions out, including Woody Herman's, also one by Kate Smith on the much-vaunted new M-G-M record label.

LADIES' MAN—I Got A Gal I Love: *Frank Sinatra (Columbia)

NIGHT IS YOUNG—When I Grow Too Old To Dream: *Ray Block (Signature).

Johnny Guarneri on piano.

(Continued from page 103)

"I stank. I did too much of everything, I was busy all over the screen."

"It isn't that bad."

"It was that bad."

It is taken for granted in Hollywood that Ingrid Bergman be addressed as "Miss Bergman," although she would be the last person in the world to suggest the formality. Only a few people—Milestone, David Lewis, Leo McCarey, Bing Crosby, myself—call her by her first name. There is already the aura of The Great Star about Ingrid which communicates itself to everyone who meets her.

She is almost a legend, as Garbo was a legend, and Bernhardt; but there could not be a greater difference between two personalities than that between Bergman and Garbo. I have worked with both. Both are Swedish. Both are magnificent actresses. But Garbo never conquered her shyness, and her work to her was almost a holy rite. Ingrid's work is a consuming passion; yet she is able to draw a curtain in her mind between work and the rest of life; and she is no longer shy.

She is, of course, beginning to realize that she is a star. You cannot receive Oscars, and be number one at the box-office without being aware that you are something very special.

People change, and Ingrid has changed in accordance with her new stature. It has taken her a long time to discover that life can be great fun as well as an earnest business.

't aint funny, mcgee . . .

Ingrid has a sense of humor that matches her healthy mind and body. She is outraged by filth of any description. She has always managed to disappear in the midst of the telling of dirty stories, and although she has removed herself without remark, the scent of her tacit disapproval remained, somehow to the raconteur's embarrassment.

There is a Bergman personality in the process of development which would be fairly unrecognizable to those Hollywood residents who knew the self-conscious Ingrid when she first arrived from Sweden. The changes are expressed in little things, unimportant on the surface but of tremendous significance when one considers her almost unbelievable popularity with studio personnel.

Consider the matter of the mid-morning coffee "break" when she was making *Bells of St. Mary's*, over at RKO.

On her first day there, Ingrid found herself growing tired and irritable at about eleven o'clock and accordingly asked for a cup of coffee. After a considerable interval, a waiter appeared with a tray containing one pot of coffee, sugar, cream and one cup.

Ingrid had taken only a sip or two when she observed that no one else on the set was joining her. She beckoned to an assistant producer and asked him why this was so. He told her that RKO had a no-coffee, no-time-out rule. "Why, then," she said, "I can't possibly sit here having coffee when it is forbidden the rest." And immediately sent the tray away.

She knew, of course, what she was doing. Ingrid Bergman could not be allowed to sulk or be made unhappy because of lack of coffee; and if she would not drink her coffee unless it were made available to the others on the set, there was no alternative except to revise the rule.

This was done.

She found that a different attitude prevailed at Enterprise Studios when she arrived to make *Arch of Triumph*. A buffet table was set up in the sound stage

(Continued on page 107)

NEW RCA VICTOR ALBUM...BY POPULAR DEMAND!

"Wayne King Waltzes" VOL. II



Marie Elena ★ Song of the Islands ★ Mexicali Rose
In Apple Blossom Time ★ The Anniversary Waltz ★ Carolina Moon
'Til the Sands of the Desert Grow Cold ★ Roses of Picardy

Eight of your favorite love songs in moonlight-mood arrangements by "The Waltz King" and his orchestra. Ask for RCA Victor Album P-171, \$3.15.

"MORE HITS — FRESH FROM RCA VICTOR!"



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COWBOY CLASSICS—Sons of the Pioneers. Includes *Tumbling Tumbleweeds*, *Cool Water*, *Trees*, *Blue Prairie*, others. P-168, \$3.15.

HARMONICA CLASSICS—John Sebastian. Includes *Malagueña*, *Inca Dance*, *Ritual Fire Dance*, *The Maiden*

with the *Flaxen Hair*, *Moroccan Serenade*, *Stompe a la Turca*, *Harmonica Player*, others. P-166, \$3.15.

Naturally...on RCA Victor Records!

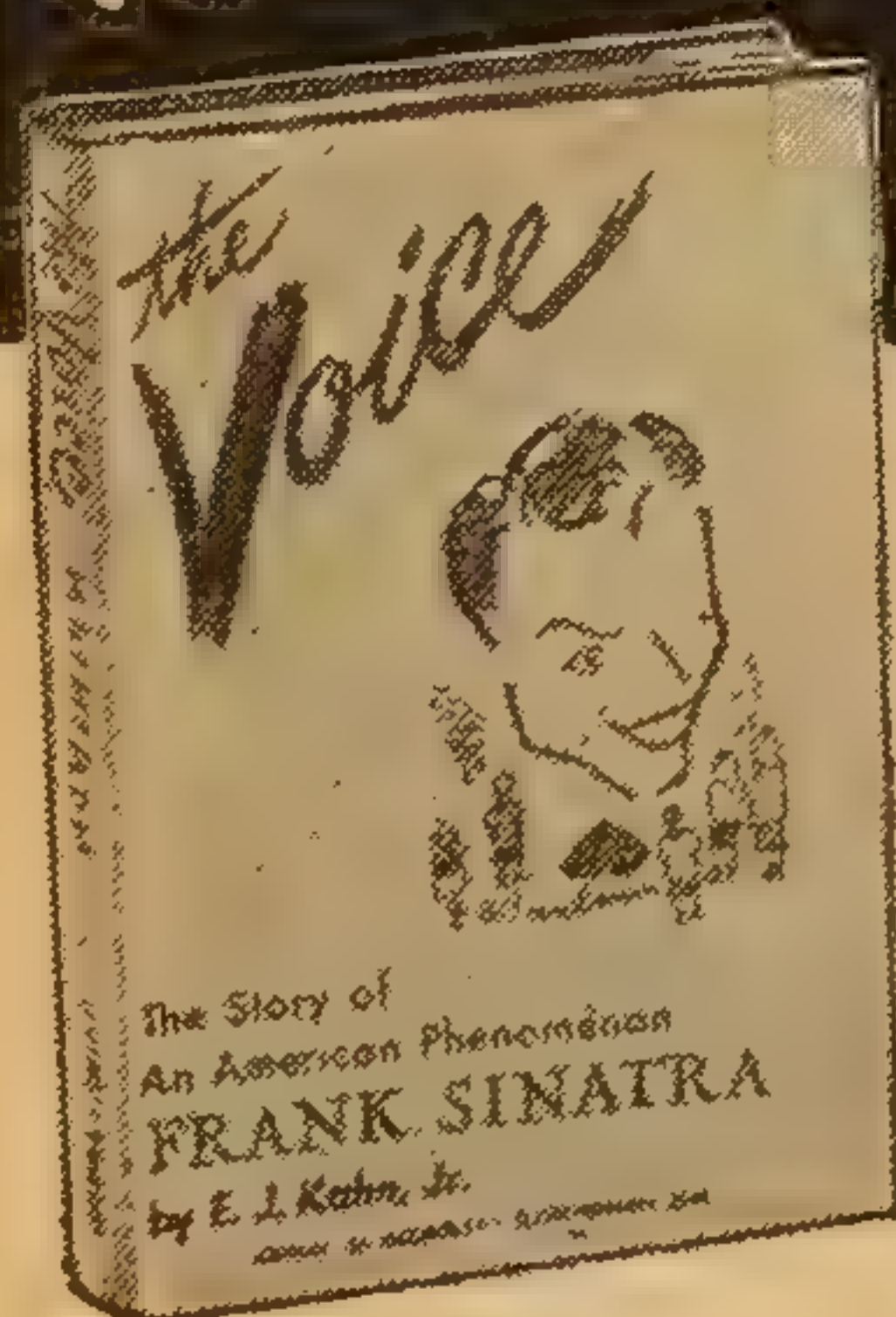
Victor's billion-record skill, plus RCA's electronic wizardry, make music sound so natural on RCA Victor Records! Hear them on a Victrola radio-phonograph. (Victrola—T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

SEE "CARNEGIE HALL," new United Artists film starring RCA Victor artists Heifetz, Jan Peerce, Artur Schnabel, Leopold Stokowski, Vaughn Monroe!

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THE **FIRST**
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the story of
FRANK SINATRA
By E. J. Kahn, Jr.

Here is *the* book about Frankie you've been asking for. It is the first full-length book about him that's ever been written. It's so handsome you'll be proud to own it and show it to all your friends.

16 PICTURES OF FRANKIE—
many of which have
never been printed before

THE VOICE is packed full of facts about Frankie's life—what sort of person he really is, what he likes to eat and wear, what kind of house he lives in, what his wife and children are like, who his friends are, all about his fans and fan clubs, how he works for tolerance and understanding among *all* Americans, what he did for the war effort, where he lived as a boy, and how he got to be famous. And it's written so that it's fun and interesting to read.

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the fans



MODERN SCREEN FAN CLUB ASSOCIATION • SHIRLEY FROHLICH, DIRECTOR

SINATRA STUFF: Good news for Sinatra clubbers: a whole book is being published by Harper and Bros. about Frank's life, career and clubbers! Called "The Voice," it's based on E. J. Kahn's New Yorker articles.

SUBSCRIPTION CONTEST: Seems ages ago that local clubbers wound up their efforts in our fascinating (and worthwhile!) MODERN SCREEN Subscription Contest. At last, the votes have been counted up and those lush and lovely prizes are at hand. So here's the news you've been waiting for: First prize (we can hardly believe it, ourselves) is a genuine 17-jewel Gruen gold wrist watch—and it's really a beauty! Lucky winner is that hard-working, ever-plugging gal, Ev Beasley, prexy of the Evelyn MacGregor Club! Second prize is a handsome Eberhard Faber Effortless Writing Pen—the kind that writes under stacks of membership blanks. Its proud claimer is Margie Ciaravino. Third, 4th, 5th and 6th prizes are magnificent Elgin-American compacts, all different shapes and sizes—each more gorgeous than the next! The happy powder-dabbers are Lola Ciaravino (just a lucky family, that's all—and good sales-gals, too!), Marie Pellegrini (Tommy Dix C.), Elsie Ellovich (Frank's U. S.), and Julie Sanges (Jan Clayton). Thanks again to the go-getting clubbers who must have made themselves a small fortune selling MS subs. (Well, enough for some extra snaps, anyway.) It's been swell fun.

CLUB BANTER: That gala party which Urban Jones' Jimmy Lloyd Club threw

for Buffalo, mems netted the happy clubbers \$30 for the Sister Kenny Fund. To make things even more wonderful, Jimmy came through with an added check for \$50 . . . Congrats to Film-land Fan Club, on their 14th anniversary . . . that Dick Jaeckel Club sketch contest, with prizes for the best drawings of Jake, sounds like a novel idea . . . Donald Blaha's Peter Karson Club is offering free (one-year) memberships to the first 500 who apply before April 30; the next 500, joining up before May 31, will be given a reduction of 75 cents on the regular \$1.00 annual dues. Don's address is 3192 Scranton Rd., Cleveland 9, Ohio . . . Foreign memberships are free in the Helen Walker F. C.; domestic dues, only 25 cents . . . Arlene Maxon and the Joe Dosh Clubbers are plenty excited about Joe's new album of lullabies . . . We certainly would like to have been there when Carmen Cavallaro threw a farewell party for his clubbers at the Mark Hopkins Hotel, in San Francisco . . . Bill Williams and Barbara Hale entertained the winners of Joyce Chandler's membership drive for Bill, at a party in their home . . . Eileen McCarthy's Glenn Vernon Club has a bright idea, dreamed up by Imogene Green. Imogene is putting on a show. The theme will be: join Glenn's club and have fun . . . Vi Paynter is throwing a send-off party for "her boy," Eddie Ryan, who's coming East to do a play . . . Shirley Bieringer, expert editor of Ed's Editions, met her honorary, Ed Ashley, in Calif. . . . Vincent Price Club made the Tampa Morning Tribune for their gift of 300 books to Bay Pines Vets' Hospital.

(Continued on page 122)



MODERN SCREEN Trophy Awards were presented at Dolores Craig's WINS show. L. to r., Dolores, m.c.; Ginny Vickery (prexy, Danny Kaye F. C.); Mary Murha, of the Gene Autry F. C.; Shirley Frohlich, MSFCA Director; Kent Smith, who made the awards, and Catherine Crookston, of the James Stewart Club.

(Continued from page 105)

containing cups bearing the names of each person associated with the production. Cookies, cakes, fruit juices, various cola drinks and everything but scotch were provided, as well.

If I make it sound as if food and drink were important to Ingrid Bergman, it is because that is true. Between pictures she lives casually at home, without paying too much attention to her weight or figure. When an assignment is imminent, she diets.

Then, for the duration of the picture, she once again eats what she likes. She can do this because she works so hard that no amount of food could add a pound to her weight. She is partial to beef tartare—chopped beef mixed with egg, onion and garlic, and eaten raw—which is not fattening; and to ice cream, which is very fattening.

When she is at home in Hollywood, Ingrid lives in a Provincial house in Beverly Hills. She calls it a "big small house" because it does not have many rooms. But each one is on a grandiose scale. The living room is fifty feet long, with a dining space attached to one end. There are a number of nooks in the walls of this room, and Ingrid calls them "conversation groups." She enjoys people like the Alfred Hitchcocks and the Jean Renoirs, and adores giving dinner parties for them.

She drives a Studebaker coupe, not very new. She has a skimpy wardrobe because she is not fascinated with clothes. When she comes downstairs she may well be dressed in a sweater and a tweed skirt, both of which appear to complement the French Provincial furniture with which she and Dr. Lindstrom have furnished their house.

She has no conception of the value of money, but she is instinctively thrifty.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



My girl friend's Marine brother was stationed in California, after having served overseas. One day he and a couple of other servicemen were trying to sink a putt on Bing Crosby's golf course, which was free to the armed forces. They were soon joined by an unprepossessing guy, wearing a sweat-shirt, baggy green slacks ("You could have sat in the bags at the knees," said the brother), moccasins and no sox. The guy asked casually, "Can I join you fellows in a game?" The servicemen assented. During the entire game the stranger hummed a tune—and the others knew to whom that hum belonged. It was Bing Crosby! Later, they went back to the club house, where Bing heard himself singing on a juke-box. He said, "Imagine that! After knocking myself out on the course all afternoon, I've got to come back and listen to that!"

Arlene Hart
Rochester, N. Y.

She simply pays no attention to the problem of expenditures. For a long period she has been financially independent; her needs are not great, since she is not a devotee of the chinchilla-and-diamonds manner of living. It pleases her that her husband can contribute his services to clinics rather than offering them for a

fee, and she is glad that her life is not complicated by worry over bills and how to pay them.

She likes to sing, and to play the piano. She reads scripts of plays and pictures, and all the current books. She likes parties, and she adores to go dancing of an evening with Dr. Lindstrom. She likes night clubs and smart cafés. She is an addict of the thing called excitement and loves new experiences.

These are the things I know about the fascinating creature named Ingrid Bergman, and they are not nearly enough to define her character for you, nor her personality, nor to give you the experience of reacting to her charm, being stimulated by her occasional flashes of genuine temperament, or watching her grow not only as an especially endowed woman but as a fine artist.

But there is one thing about Ingrid which I feel you must remember above everything else. That is her quality of tranquillity with excitement, her self-possessed awareness. She is an adult. She can laugh, when others would complain.

I like the story of her interview with Leo McCarey, the charming genius who wrote, produced and directed *Going My Way* and *Bells of St. Mary*, and who asked Ingrid to play Eve in his new, ambitious production, which is titled *Adam and Eve*.

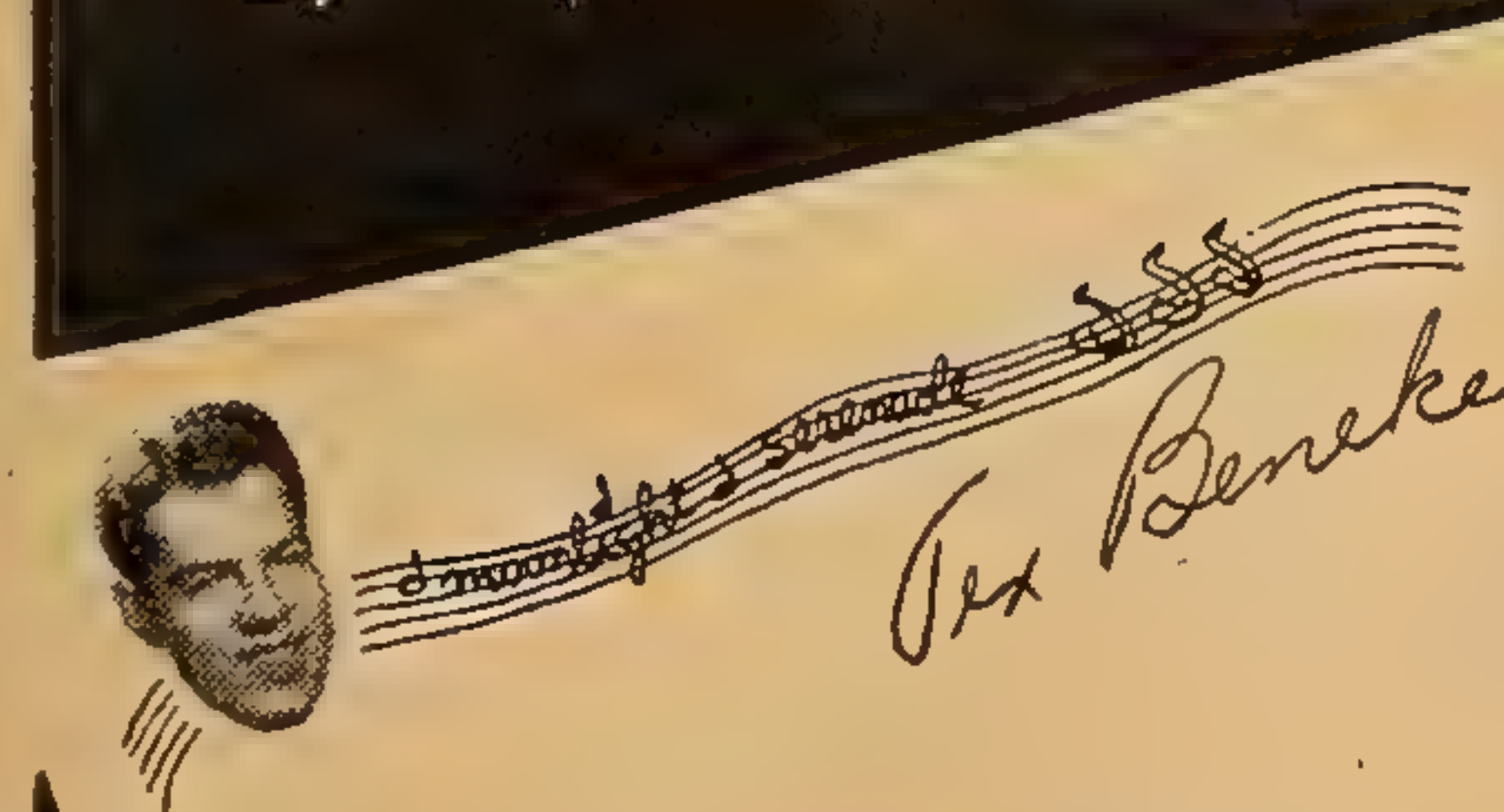
"There's one thing," Ingrid said. "My agent tells me it's time I demanded top billing. Can you give me that?"

McCarey regarded her with an expression of sheer wonderment. "Of course," he said finally. "The ads will read, 'Ingrid Bergman and Whoever, in *Eve and Adam*.' Right?"

"Okay, I'll wait for that top billing," smiled Ingrid.

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Autographed PHOTOS ON BOX, TOO

Contents: 36 sheets, 18 envelopes. Size of paper 6 1/4 x 8 1/2, which folds once to fit large envelope.

Price \$1.00

Artists featured: Charlie Spivak, Tex Beneke, Perry Como, Stan Kenton, Wanda Hearn, Jo Stafford, Guy Lombardo, Ben Jolson, and another unnamed star.



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- Meds have the famous "Safety-Well" for your extra protection.
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Meds are made in two sizes: De Luxe with super absorbency; and Slender—the new, easy-to-insert size that brings you undreamed-of comfort with the REGULAR absorbency most mature women need.

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"I'VE GOT IT BAD"

(Continued from page 46)

and the Federal government had to put three new mail planes on all the routes between California and Illinois.

I was due in New York, afterwards. There was a show that had a part in it, and I'd waited a long time.

I stuck it out in New York for three weeks, and if anybody said, "Good morning, Betty," to me, I cried. I couldn't sleep, I couldn't eat, my eyes had shadows under them as deep as the Grand Canyon.

It just wasn't any good. So I went down one morning, after I'd had a wistful letter from Larry, and called him up. Daytime rates, and everything. He sounded sort of worried, on the other end.

"What's the matter?" he said sharply.

I was sniffing into the phone. "You want me to come out?" My voice was getting weaker. "And we'll get married?"

For half a minute, there wasn't any answer. And then Larry was saying "You little cluck, when's the next plane?" and the man in the drugstore thought I was crazy, because I came out of the phone booth laughing and crying and waving my arms as though I thought I could fly without waiting for a plane.

Maybe you've figured out I had it bad.

Larry was working in *Counter-Attack*, at Columbia, when we got married, and the studio wouldn't let him shave.

hobo groom...

You should have seen us that night—me in my new blue dress, with flowers, and Larry, fresh out of the *Hobo News*.

It was a beautiful wedding, anyhow. Small, and quiet, and the church looked pretty, and there were candles. I guess any wedding is beautiful, if you care enough. I'd have married Larry at high noon on stilts in Madison Square Garden.

When we were driving home, my new husband, who'd been searching through his pockets, sighed deeply.

"What's the matter?" I said. "Aren't you happy?" He looked as though he was thinking about Betty Grable, and having regrets already.

"I've locked us out," he said in hollow tones. "And I've lost the key. I've never been married before."

"I know," I said. "You'll never be married again, either."

By this time, we'd reached the apartment, and parked the car. "I," said Larry in a very business-like voice, "will go in the window."

He was half-way through, when the cop came along. The cop looked at me suspiciously. "What's he doing up there?"

"Trying to get in," I said helpfully.

"No!" The cop was sarcastic. He went over closer, and I began to fear for the seat of Larry's pants. "You come down out of there," the cop said nastily. "I want to arrest you for house-breaking."

Larry, who was panting from exertion, gasped, "This is my house! I just got married."

The cop, who had noticed my flowered state by then, was about willing to accept the fact that Larry and I were simply peculiar. Until he got a look at Larry's beard. Then he began to think we were peculiar, but there was nothing simple about it.

He went off down the street, muttering to himself about what a lousy beat this was.

Larry finally made the grade. He walked through the apartment to open the place for me, and when I went in, I found him standing beside the door, laughing.

He couldn't talk, but he kept pointing to the door. There in the lock was the key.

I think you love people more for the small foolishnesses you remember, than for any sterling virtues they may have. The picture of Larry, struggling through that window, is all I need to put me in a sentimental mood for a week.

Well, we had a honeymoon. One month. And Larry worked every single night, all night. After that, I went back to New York.

It's funny, when I look back on our marriage. For two years, we were busy grabbing a week here, and a month there, so that I still can't believe we're together now, in a place of our own, with an honest-to-God cat, and a cook, and a hammock in the backyard.

Sometimes we sit out in the hammock till midnight, swinging, while the air gets cooler and sweeter, and I have to pinch Larry to prove I'm not dreaming.

We go off into "do you remember?" routines. There was the time Larry got to New York this last winter, after he'd finished *Down To Earth*, with Rita. He'd had a rocky trip out, but we were going to have five days together. Together with the city of New York, that was. Because a Columbia representative met him the minute he got in, and handed him a schedule.

He had a date every half hour.

They got us a beautiful suite at the Waldorf, and we used to retire to it late at night, and laugh.

"How nice to see you, Miss Garrett," my husband would say. "So glad you could come."

And I'd say, "Lovely party. Don't forget you're being photographed at two. How do you do, how do you do, how do you do?"

We were laughing with tears in our eyes.

Larry made five New York trips last year. I couldn't get away at all. After the show, I'd clean off my makeup, and we'd walk around the dirty, exciting streets. We both love New York. There are so many memories . . .

When Larry was going to school at the Group Theater Studio, and guiding Rockefeller Center tours as a side-line, he lived on 39th Street, between 6th and 7th Avenues.

beer-barrel serenade . . .

There was a restaurant across the street—called Zucca's—and about four o'clock every morning, they started banging beer cans around. In the beginning, Larry'd leap out of bed, start pulling on his pants, and wonder why the place was being raided. After a while, he got so he simply stayed in bed and muttered bad words.

It's strange that we never ran into each other before we did, our backgrounds were so parallel. Larry was born in Olathe, Kansas. I was born in St. Joe, Missouri, right across the border!

We were both only children, of middle-class families. We even had the same dramatic school teachers, though we went to different schools.

And we both came to New York in 1936.

After we got married, we'd be talking, and I'd mention a girl I ran around with in New York, and Larry'd stare.

"You knew her?" he'd ask.

"Well, I was practically her best friend!"

He'd grin. "Me too."

"Oh, really," I'd start, a little miffed, and then I'd notice that his eyes were twinkling, and I'd have a breakdown, too.

I love this house we have now so much it frightens me. You shouldn't get that attached to anything inanimate. But I've never before owned anything bigger than a bottle of cologne.

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Discover the lovely secret of April Showers . . . a dash of recklessness, a murmur of mystery, a breath of romance. Enchanting fragrance for enchanted hours!

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tante size, \$1.25 —plus tax

CHERAMY

PERFUMERS TO ROMANCE

The proof of my ignorance about houses came one afternoon. I was home all by myself, and I'd decided to haul some wood in, and surprise Larry. I was going at it with a zeal to break your back, when a lady came and sat on our porch.

"Hello," said the lady. "I'm from the tax assessment office. Last time we assessed this house, the furniture was worth \$200. Do you have the same furniture?"

We'd bought the house as was—stamp scales, down puffs, everything—so I said yes. But the \$200 value amazed me. "I'm sure it's worth more than that," I told her. "Why, we've bought a brand-new refrigerator, and I have my own good silver—"

The upshot of it all was that the lady raised the assessment value, and when Larry came home, he got hysterical.

And he kept right on teasing. "Why don't you write the government and tell them we can't afford to pay our income tax this year, because I gave you a diamond ring, honey?"

I had to grin, too. I grin just looking at that ring. It's very simple, and very lovely. I'd never thought about a diamond before. When we were first married, we needed so many other things.

And then, last Christmas, Larry handed me this little box, and I looked in it, and I could feel my throat all closing up.

"After two and a half years of marriage, I've decided to get engaged to you," he said cheerfully. "There are times when you're quite cute."

Sometimes I think Larry's too conscientious. He works so hard, he gets so nervous about things.

On the other hand, I'm too lax, too willing to "do it tomorrow."

He's got tremendous powers of concentration, and it's hard to make him stop driving himself.

MODERN SCREEN



"Allow me, Mr. Quimby."

The first time I walked into the house and found some clothes on the floor where he'd dropped them, I rejoiced.

I went hooting all over the house. "Larry, Larry, Larry, you dropped your clothes on the floor."

He came out of the kitchen. "You like that, huh? Darling, you're a moron."

"I know it," I said. "So are you!"

He isn't really. He never will be, either, despite my efforts. But I think he is a little less tense than he was. And he's influenced me for the better, too. Now, occasionally, I'll try to keep my mind on something for more than six and a half minutes flat.

He's in love with his little garden, and brags about it to everybody. I spoil things by announcing that it ought to look good, because after all, we have a gardener, and my husband says bitterly, "The times Jose comes in one year, you can count on Pepper's seven toes." (Pepper's our cat, and she really has seven toes on one paw.)

As usual, my husband is right. He's been babying one little cactus for a year. It has an odd, wine-colored flower, and you'd think he invented it.

This last year's been pretty terrific for both of us. Larry won an award for *The Jolson Story*, and I won an award for *Call Me Mister*, and he's getting better parts, and I've got an M-G-M contract.

It's happened so nicely, so that neither of us feels out of it, and each knows the excitement the other's going through.

And we're together. The only fault I find with my husband is that he likes to stand behind doors and leap out at me.

He thinks if he tells me he's going to do it, that makes everything all right. I can't seem to explain to him that it's even worse that way. By the time he finally leaps, I'm a nervous wreck.

But sometimes, when we're just sitting in front of the fireplace, I can forgive him even that, because the light flickers strangely over his thin, brown face, and I find myself being moved for no particular reason, or for a lot of particular reasons, and they all look like Larry Parks.

I forgot to tell you—he's the nicest guy I know.

ADVERTISEMENT



"...I don't mind the porridge... but somebody drank my Pepsi-Cola."

ON MOTHERS' DAY...

(Continued from page 52)

stomachs, and not always that. Marion and I meant the same to her as Lindsay Diane means to Ted and me. Here was my baby getting the best of care, and me going to pieces over an air bubble. For the first time, I *really* got a dim idea of the punishment my mother had taken. There are all kinds of heroes in this world. For the first time I realized that one kind is my mother.

Her hard times started early. Our childhood—Marion's and mine—was pretty rugged, but in between we managed to have some fun. Momma never had any. She was nine when her mother died and she went to live with a family where she washed and cooked and took care of the kids to earn her keep. At sixteen, she took a job with the phone company, didn't know a thing about life, thought she was in love with the first guy who came along, and boom! they were married. Marion was four and I was two when they called it a day, and my father faded quietly out of the picture.

From then on it was strictly up to Momma. She heard you could get work at the Oldsmobile plant in Lansing, so we moved there from Battle Creek. Then word got around that the money was better in Detroit, and that's where most of my memories begin.

My earliest memories are of Momma scrubbing. She was a bug on cleanliness. We lived in a brokendown flat, and keeping it clean was tough unless all the other tenants felt the same way, and there were always some who didn't. But Momma never gave up. After a day at the factory, she'd come home and scrub and scour and disinfect. And wash our clothes.

Momma worked at Chrysler's, trimming cars. That meant she stood on the assembly line, sticking tacks into the upholstery as it came along. You had to work real fast, and sometimes your hands would get in the way. I remember she'd come home with her fingers swollen to twice their natural size. It used to break my heart, but she'd laugh it off. "Never mind my fingers. Just be a good girl and do what Marion says."

big sister...

She depended a lot on Marion. Maybe too much, she thinks now, but what else could she do? To start working at seven, she'd have to be up by 5:30. Before leaving, she'd lay our clean clothes on a chair and set the alarm. Marion always heard it. She'd wake me up and get breakfast, which wasn't much of a job. Momma was deathly scared of fire. She'd have nightmares about our getting burned up. So every morning she'd hide the matches, and winter or summer we'd eat cold breakfast food.

Things really got bad when the depression started. There were times when we couldn't pay the rent, little as it was, and she made a deal to keep the halls and stairways scrubbed so they wouldn't put us out.

I'll never forget the time Momma'd been out all day, looking for work. All she said when she came in was, "I'm not hungry," and went inside to lie down. We knew darn well she *was* hungry, but we also knew there was no sense in making a fuss, she'd only feel worse. So we pretended, fine, she'd eaten somewhere. There was a solitary can of beans in the house. Marion heated the beans and the two of us sat there, with the tears dripping off our chins on to the plate.

My mother never read any psychology books, so it must have been instinct or

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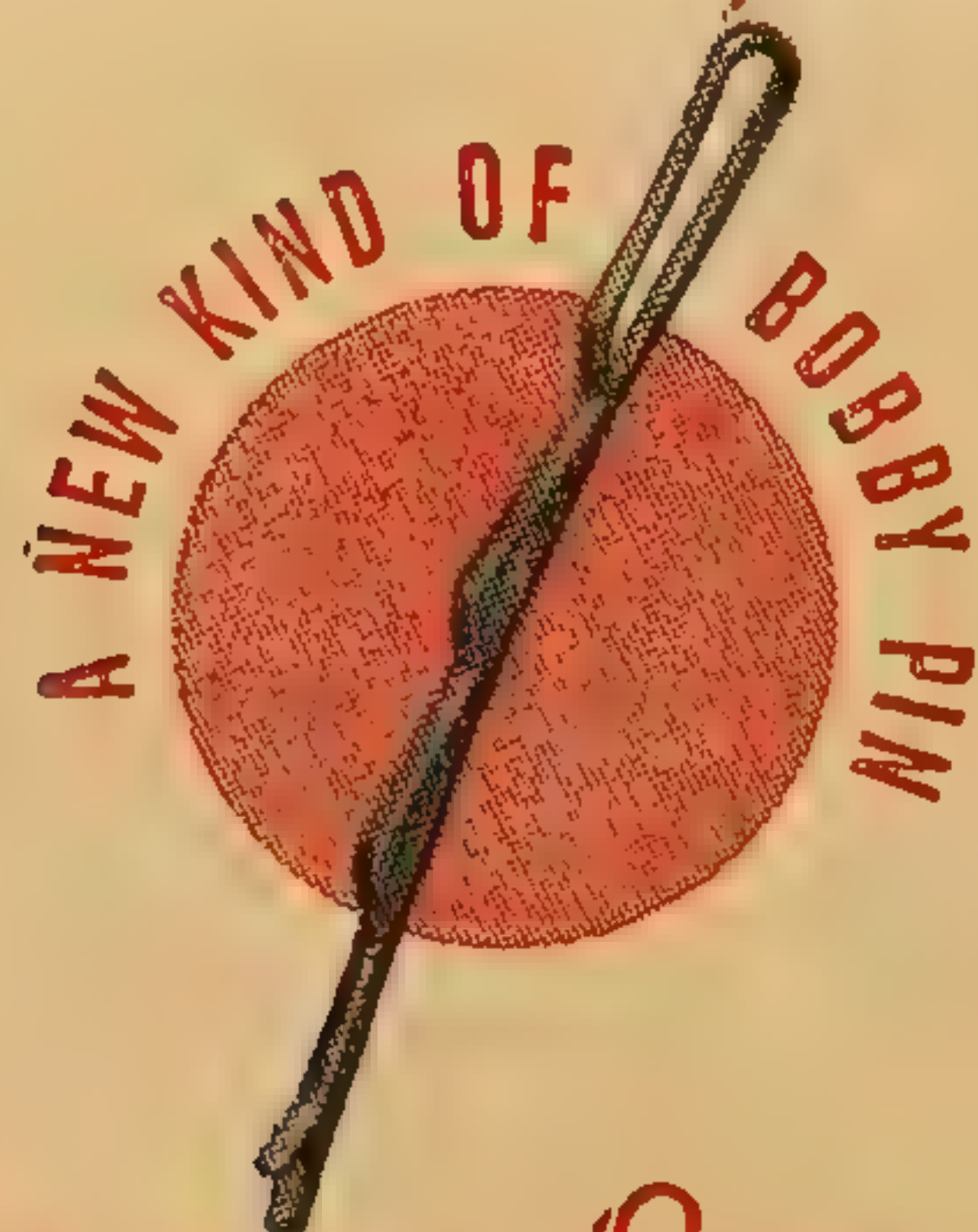
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Gayla
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SUPERGRIP



plain horse sense that told her how to handle me. I was the difficult one. Marion was an angelpuss—wavy hair, huge blue eyes and a skin like peaches and cream. Everybody liked her. People didn't like me much. I was a rack of bones with freckles and hair standing on end two minutes after you combed it out. Marion was reserved and quiet. I was always at boiling point.

My mother was a fighter herself. She knew that a certain amount of rebellion was good for the soul. She never tried to squelch it in me, just to direct it. Her ambition for both of us was a high school diploma. To put us through high school, she'd work herself to the bone. But I was stagestruck already, running around to amateur contests, sometimes winning a buck.

I wanted things now. Not only for me but for her, too. I couldn't stand the thought of her slaving away for years. And the turning point came one evening when some friends took us all to one of those family beer gardens they have in Detroit. The piano player knew me from having seen me around on amateur nights, and started kidding me. "How about a song, Betty?"

pennies from heaven . . .

One song led to another, and the people liked it. They began throwing pennies and nickels and dimes and yelling for more. Before I sat down, I'd made ten dollars. Ten dollars was a fortune. Then and there I decided that somehow I was going to get out of this life and on to the stage.

And that was another thing about my mother. She knew when to hold me and when to let me go. She knew that once I made up my mind, you couldn't budge me. I kept on at school but started running down leads at the same time, till I got this chance to sing with Frank Weingart's little local band. Frank's idea was to get to New York. That sounded like music to me.

"You can't," Momma said. "You're too young."

"How old were you when you went out on your own?"

I can remember how she looked at me. And how I looked back. And how she suddenly gave in. "All right, Betty. I guess you'll have to learn things your own way—"

This is Momma's story, not mine, so I'll skip the details of *that* adventure. Suffice it to say, we were a bust and had to borrow money to get ourselves home. And there I discover that my sister's singing at the Nut House. . .

So when little Betty comes home, everything's settled. "Honey," says Momma, "things are easier now. Marion's earning some money and you're going back to school."

And I, being kind of discouraged, said okay.

But my sister's job turned out to be my break. Comes New Year's Eve, she's working, so her boy friend picks me off the scrub team and takes me to the Club Continental. The guys in the band ask me to do a number; Vincent Lopez is there and he says, "Who's that?" I've told it a million times. Where my mother steps into the picture again is early a.m. with me whooping. "Wake up, Momma, he's paying me \$65 a week!"

Momma got two weeks leave from the factory to see me open at the Casa Mañana. The morning she came in, I climbed into her lap like I did when I was six. I was sixteen and scared to death.

It would have been nice if Momma had had somebody to sit with, but we didn't know a soul in New York. We picked out a teeny table up on the balcony, where I

Who said nothing could astonish a secretary?



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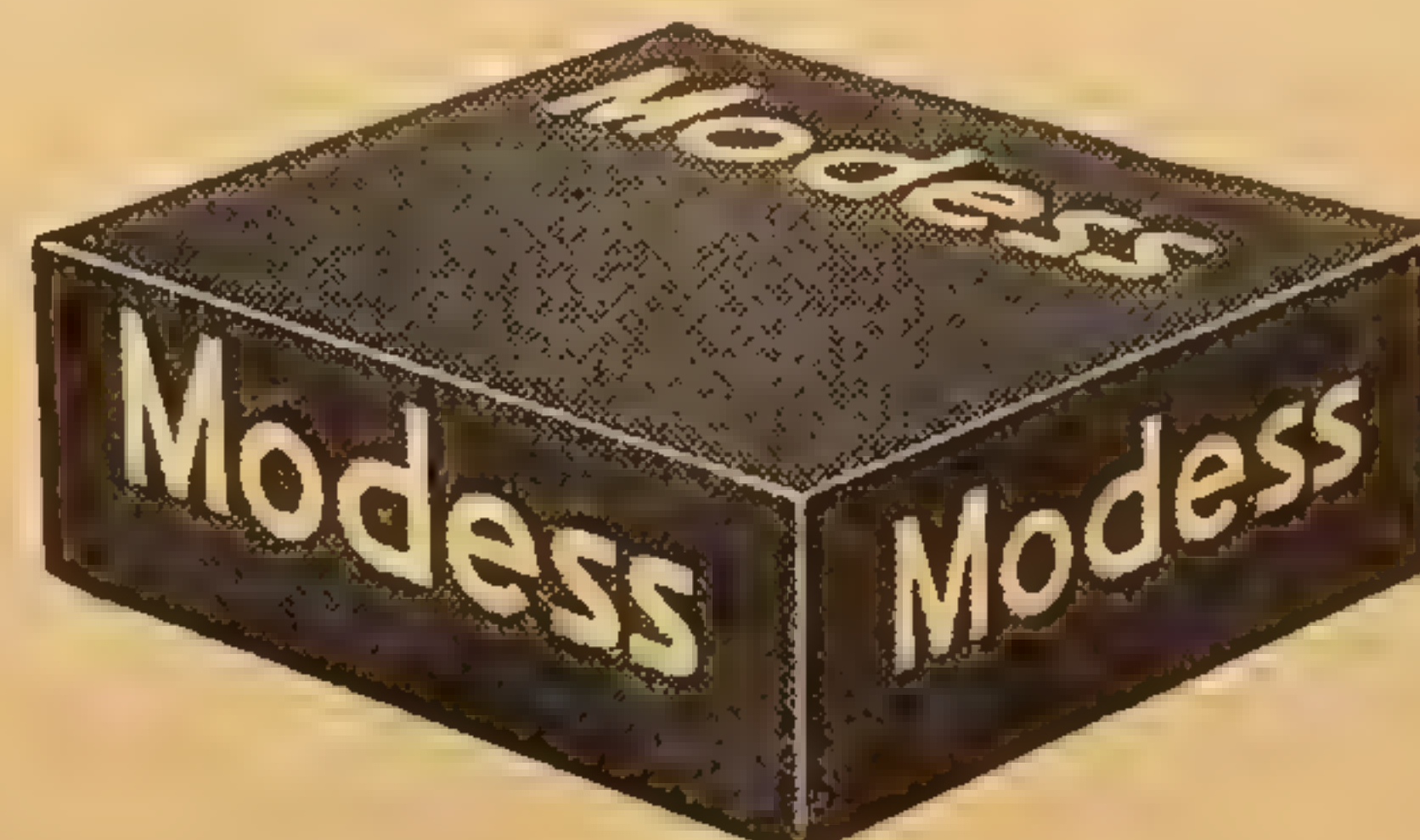
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could see her from the mike. My first number was "Old Man Mose" and, you can take it from me, it was lousy.

"If you get enough applause," they'd said, "do another number." I didn't get enough applause to scare a rabbit, but I looked up at Momma. From the smile on her face, you'd have thought I'd laid 'em in the aisles. My heart came up from my boots and lifted me with it. There was no logic in it. I knew she was prejudiced. But I didn't need logic then; I needed faith. "Now we go," I thought, "or we're finished." Well, we weren't finished. I'd stopped shaking; I felt like someone had given me wings; I saw people nudging each other, laying down their knives and forks, the waiters quit serving. . . .

They kept me on stage for an hour. When it was over I found Momma on a little iron fire-escape outside the building. We fell into each other's arms and cried and cried.

Vincent said to Momma: "I think you ought to stay with Betty. She's so young."

At the time, my salary was still \$65 a week, which didn't go a long way in New York. Today I was a small hit. Tomorrow I could be a big bust. In a factory, seniority's very important. Momma'd worked years for hers, she didn't want to lose it. She said: "I'll try to get an extension of my leave." But they wouldn't give it to her.

I was young and sure of myself. "You won't have to go back, Momma. I promise you, you'll never have to go back."

Vincent didn't make any promises. He just said: "Mabel, you ought to stay."

So she stayed, and it turned out all right. But for all she knew then, it could have turned out just as wrong.

We've had lots of wonderful experiences together since, but you couldn't top that Casa Mañana opening, because it was the first. And I don't think you could top our first Christmas in New York. For one thing, Glenn Miller's band was playing the old Paradise Restaurant, and his singer was none other than Miss Marion Hutton.

But the five-star feature for me was my mother's coat. All my life I'd been saying, "Some day, Momma, you'll have a fur coat down to here." That was my idea of riches—a fur coat down to the ground. One day we were passing a little Seventh Avenue shop, and there was a coat in the window—black cloth with an imitation Persian lamb collar. "Most elegant coat I ever saw in my life," said Momma.

gift for a queen . . .

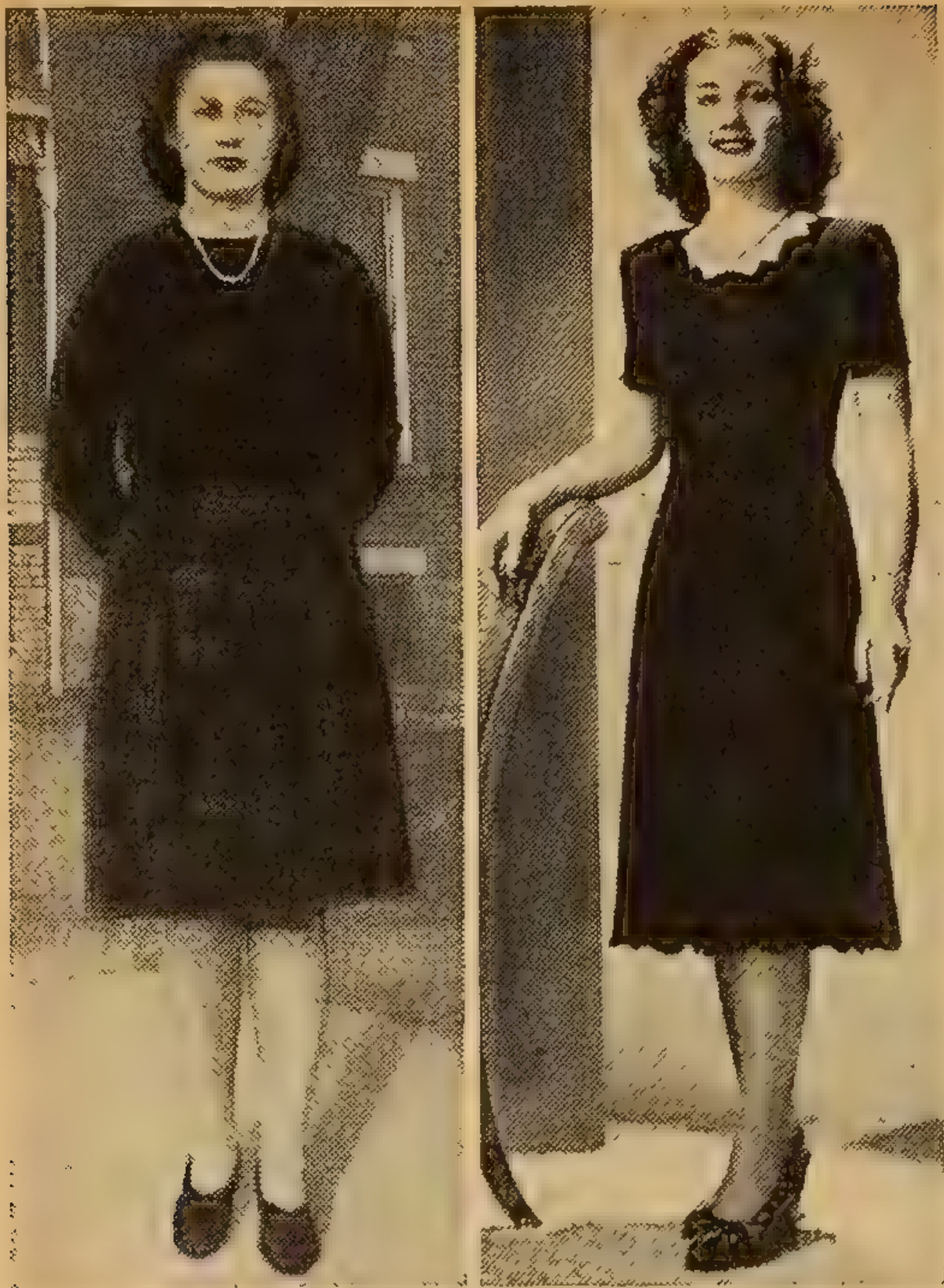
Next day I ran in to price it—\$49.50. The money wasn't easy to save, but dollar by dollar I stashed it away, and on Christmas Eve the coat was lying in its box under the tree. I'd planned to be real nonchalant about the coat, but by the time I plunked it in Momma's lap, I was so keyed up I must have looked like something on wires.

"Of course it's not fur," I babbled as if she didn't know. "But at least it's new. It was never somebody else's first."

Now she's got a fur coat and a car and an apartment she swears is twice too big for her, but we think she's entitled to spread herself a little.

But sometimes I suspect my mother. Sometimes I catch a happy glint in her eye that no Chanel No. 5 ever put there. Like the time Ted's room was just finished, and the painters didn't leave things as clean as she thought they should've. If you dropped in that day, you'd have seen a blonde in a house dress, bon-ami and a pail of water at her feet, scraping paint spots off the French doors with a razor blade, and humming a lively tune.

That was no maid, folks. That was my dearest mother.



Before

After

"I Feel as though I had Started Life Over"

—says Edith McCormick

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"CHICAGO, I LOVE YOU!"

(Continued from page 60)

hand on her arm and said, "Don't be the least bit nervous. You're the most famous person here, and what's more you can play rings around anyone in the whole place." She had barely mouthed the words when one of the Lane Brothers, half of an acrobatic act on the same bill, hissed into their ears:

"I just saw Eleanor Roosevelt in the front row. And a few seats down, Stokowski."

Eileen's clammy grip tightened convulsively, and then they looked at each other and began to giggle. When both their nervous systems are absolutely shot, they giggle. They know it's not adult, but they're convinced that it often saves their sanity.

shades of caruso . . .

Diana went on finally, and Eileen went out front to get the full effect. She took one look at Diana sitting at the gaping grand piano, and her heart sank. The poor kid would definitely not last out the act. She looked cadaverous. She looked disinterred. Dear Lord, Eileen thought, I promised her mother I'd take care of her, and I forgot the vitamin pills this morning, and she hasn't worn boots in all this snow, and now she's just plain going to conk out on me. Diana played her numbers perfectly, spoke her lines in a good strong voice, and the whole thing tore Eileen apart. Who was it that got through his performance and then keeled over? Enrico Caruso or someone. Well, shades of him. The show must go on and all that. Poor, poor kid. When the act was over Eileen was waiting for her in the dressing room.

"How was it?" Diana bubbled. "Did you hear them clap? Was I okay?"

"You were perfectly fine," Eileen murmured, bewildered by the healthy face before her. "Only you looked like—darling, excuse me, but for a while there you did look so frightful."

Diana looked stricken. "The dark make-up!" she said. "They told me to put it on, but old smarty pants here—I thought I knew better. Well, if I must, I must . . ." Eileen sank onto the couch and took three vitamin pills.

They had more fun over that dark make-up. The first time Eileen saw her in it she didn't recognize her. Literally. She passed her in the hall backstage and didn't even nod. Another time, Diana had a date for lunch at the Hotel Stevens. She went right over from the theater complete with terrifically theatrical-looking puss. Her date was a little late, and she stood in the lobby—fur coat, dark glasses and dark makeup—suddenly aware of the stir she was causing. Gangs of men, apparently at a convention, ogled her. A few did those clucking noises and one whistled. No one got around to asking her for a date, but she's convinced that if she'd had another couple of minutes in which to operate she'd have been booked solid for the weekend. However, when her date appeared and whisked her off, she could hear two of the would-be mashers sourgrapes-ing it to each other. "Hard as nails," one of them muttered. "And he's such a nice respectable-looking youngster, too." "Glamor," intoned the other. "The college boys can't resist it." Diana shrieked inside.

She and Eileen got to know the other people who were appearing on the same bill, and they had a wonderful two weeks together. The two Lanes were a constant source of entertainment in a nerve-rack-

ing Marx Brotherish way. One was always whipping out some leather work, and the other was constantly poring over a bit of sewing. Diana was practically positive it was a gag, but they were so dead-pan about it, she couldn't be really sure.

Bob Evans, the ventriloquist, was appearing at the theater at the same time with a superbly smart-alecky red-haired dummy named Jerry O'Leary. One Saturday evening, with four shows down and two to go, Diana stumbled wearily into her dressing room to find Jerry O'Leary sitting on her couch. "I simply cannot go on one more time today," he said.

Diana nodded her head. "I simply can't either," she told him. Then she gave him one good look and screamed for Bob. Who was just outside the door, naturally.

Evenings, after the 8:30 show, they'd sometimes all go out together; Bob Evans, Bill Johnson—who was also on the bill—Lou Breese, the really superb musical director, and the Lanes, all with their wives and girls; Eileen and Diana with any of their host of swains. One night they went to a place where dozens of high school kids were apparently celebrating a mid-term graduation. The girls were in long white dresses, the boys all looked as if they'd been to the barber at the most ten minutes before. A few of them came over to the table and asked Diana to dance. She'd have loved to, but she couldn't, of course. There were so many of them, and if she'd danced with one she would have had to dance with them all, and her escort would have had two strokes. The youngsters were so cute when she told them she was sorry, but she just couldn't. They said, "That's okay, Miss Lynn," and grinned at her, and weren't in the least fresh or disgruntled. She's pretty sold on Chicago kids. They were all so nice. There wasn't one, not even one, that misbehaved.

When she did her stint for the March of Dimes, selling autographs at ten cents apiece, the youngsters walked by her desk in orderly fashion, some of them too shy to speak, some managing a breathless, "I've seen your show eight times!" Two girls from the MODERN SCREEN Fan Club Association came backstage to see her one day, and Diana was impressed by how grown-up and intelligent they were. Another day a Chinese girls' club came to her hotel room. They were sweet and soft-voiced, and they gave her a silk scarf and handkerchief that she adores.

a ring for diana . . .

The youngsters were always doing nice things for her. They sent her red roses and candy and little notes that said, "You looked beautiful on the stage tonight," and "Please play 'The Man I Love' again tomorrow." One boy from Oak Park sent her his high school ring and asked her, by mail, for a date. She'd have liked to have gone—his note was so sweet—but she was afraid that perhaps his mother wouldn't approve, and the weather was so hideous for him to contemplate driving in. She sent back the ring with the gentlest no-thank-you letter she'd ever written.

The Daily News arranged a junior press conference one day, and dozens of high school kids were there, representing their school papers. Diana was prepared for the usual run-of-the-mill queries, and there were some of these. (Q. Which of the dresses that you brought on this tour do you like best? A. My off-the-shoulder ice blue satin. Q. Is Lynn your real name? A. No, it's Loehr. Etc., etc.) But she was

surprised at the depth of some of the questions, and one of them was particularly thought-provoking. What do you think about actors in politics? She replied that she approved of actors campaigning for broad issues like tolerance, as Frank Sinatra has done, but that she did not think actors should go out and stump for individual candidates. One of the questions put to her wasn't exactly profound, but she couldn't seem to put it out of her mind. It was the query, "Why don't you smile when you play that classical music?" Diana answered, "I'll try next time." And she did, too, but Eileen said it was awful. "A Cheshire cat grin does not go with 'Clair de Lune.'"

Between five shows a day (six on Saturdays) and meeting the press and sleeping a little, there wasn't much time to see the town, but Diana did manage a bit of gadding. She went over to Marshall Field's one day and loved it. She had a memory-making dinner at Henrici's, the oldest restaurant in Chicago, where dining is positively an art. She went to the Chez Paris and heard Tony Martin, and to the Riocabana to roll in the aisles over Jerry Lester. But maybe she had the most fun of all at a place called Gibby's. Bob Evans or someone had told her about it and had told her about a short cut for reaching it.

Diana and Eileen set off one night on foot. They came to a cobblestone alleyway and Diana said, "This is the short-cut." It was pitch dark, and the going was not good, especially for Eileen who teeters on perfectly smooth sidewalks. The wind set their hats askew, and as they paused for breath in an eerie patch of light from a street lamp, Diana guesses they did look like something out of a Hitchcock movie. Anyway, a policeman—swinging his club in a doorway—said, "Move along, girls," and sent them scurrying and giggling on their way again. Gibby's, when they finally found it, was a one-flight-up place, sort of dim and smoky and definitely no glitterspot. But the food was gorgeous, and Sam the piano player was red hot, and for Diana and Eileen everything was on the house.

"I'm going to miss this place," Diana said, their last night there. She turned and faced Eileen. "You know—don't laugh—I'm really going to miss Chicago."

"Me, too," Eileen said. "Gee, what a beautiful, big-hearted town."

among our souvenirs . . .

Looking out of her taxicab window as they drove out to the airport next day, Diana felt a funny nostalgia wash over her. It was ridiculous. You didn't get sentimental over a town you'd only known for sixteen days. Yet there it was. She thought about Bill, one of the doormen at the theater, who'd brought her in her bacon and tomato sandwiches and regaled her with tales of when Frankie Sinatra and Danny Kaye and other lights were appearing at the theater. And George, the other doorman, who'd been a song and dance man back in 1902, and who still had all the gestures and dash of a George M. Cohan. She remembered the gin rummy games backstage, and the silly birthday party they'd given for Lou Breese, and Miss Truesdale, the angel of a hairdresser, who did her hair so perfectly and so quickly to the accompaniment of a running patter about other stars she'd met. She thought about how courteous everyone was at her hotel, the Ambassador East, how jolly the cab drivers were, how incredibly polite the fans had been.

"Gee, what a town," she thought for the dozenth time, and settling back in the taxi she put the nice warm feeling into words. "Chicago," she murmured softly, "I love you."

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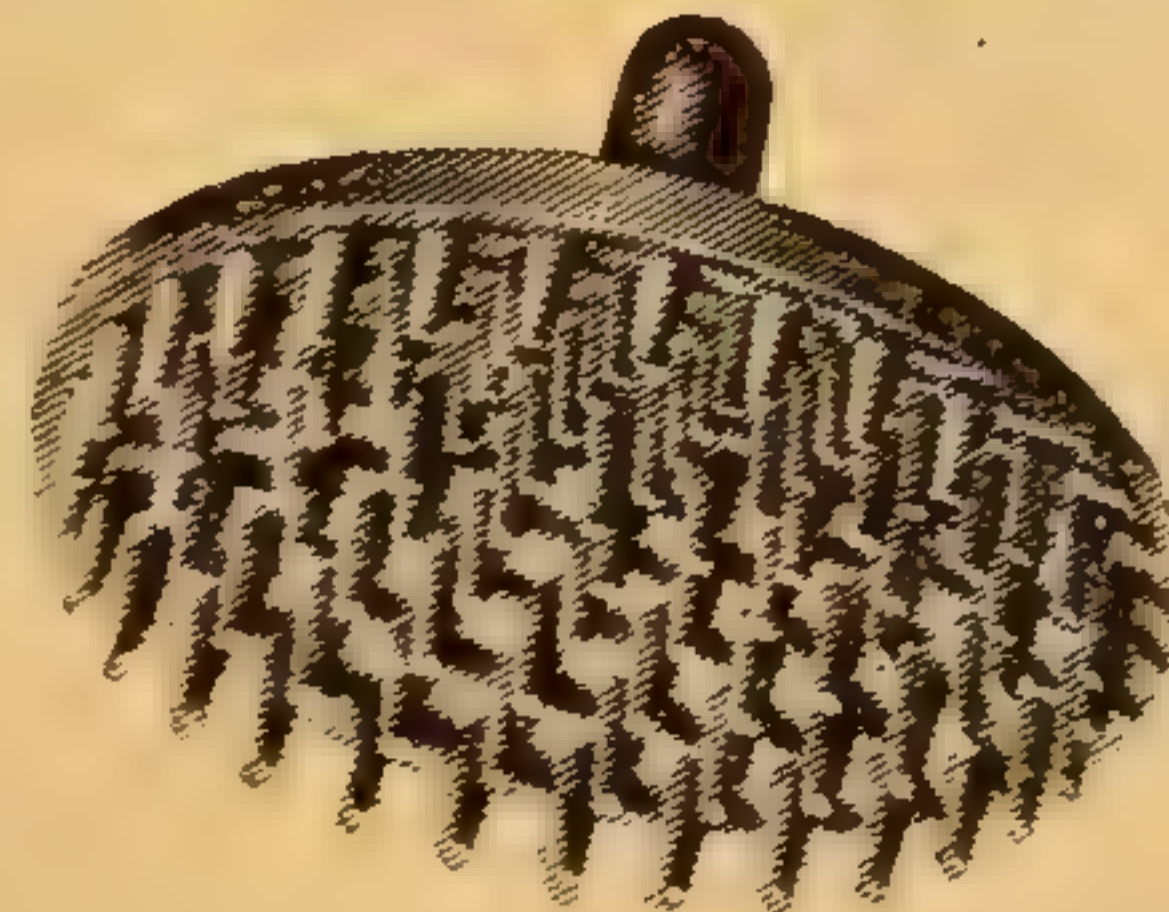
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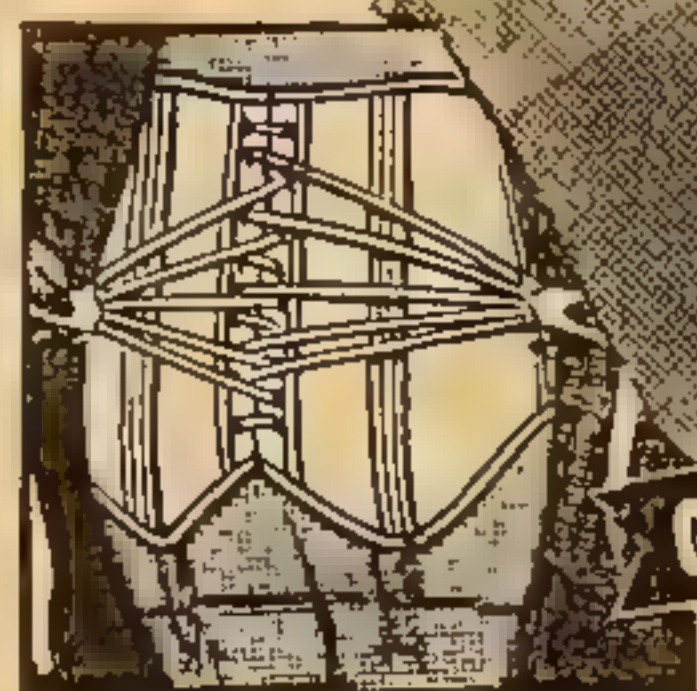
GOOD NEWS—By Louella Parsons

(Continued from page 10)



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romance because they felt it might hurt their careers. Guy, particularly, was being built as a bobby-soxers' delight and the Selznick studio wasn't at all happy about his becoming a benedick. The kids listened to enough "good advice" to fill a tome.

When Gail's mother became desperately ill, Gail became nervous and upset and she and Guy had frequent misunderstandings. They decided that if they quarrelled that much before marriage, they should call the whole thing off.

So, for a little while, Guy stepped out with other charmers and now and then Gail was seen with someone else. But the "cure" didn't work. They were unhappy kids.

Several weeks ago, Mrs. Russell had an operation that was a complete success. For the first time in months and months the strain of worry was off Gail's shoulders. But she hesitated to call Guy. She hadn't heard from him in a long time. Maybe he had become interested in someone else. After all, a girl has her pride.

One evening, her telephone rang and it was one of her best girl friends on the other end of the wire. "Do you feel like a double date tonight?" the g.f. asked.

"No, I don't," replied Gail, "particularly not with someone I haven't met."

But the friend insisted that getting out would be good for her.

Well, I guess you've guessed it by now. The "blind date" was Guy—and since then they've been constantly together.

I've lost my gift for guessing if that gleam in their eyes doesn't mean matrimony. Studios and troubles—be hanged.

* * *

If there's anything around these parts any swankier than the Santa Anita Turf Club, I've missed it. Only the creme de creme of the social and movie worlds are permitted to be members and in case anyone "lends" tickets to pals or outsiders, the ducats are promptly picked up by guards at the doors.

I've frequently been amused at the way some of the staid Eastern visitors and blue-bloods have forgotten all about the horses in being absorbed in the movie stars.

Betty Grable knocked the conservatives for a loop with her long red cigarette holder that is exactly the color of a fireman's hat. Betty is expecting a baby soon, and shows it, so the combination of the red holder is really a "race" stopper—no pun!

Mickey Rooney is another who never fails to get his share of attention, usually because he is accompanied by a tall blonde at least a foot taller than he. Mickey also has a little trick of giving out wrong information about the lady's name. She's a different Miss Somebody every week.

Franchot Tone, very serious and dignified behind glasses, is seldom recognized.

Rosalind Russell always appears looking like a fashion plate.

No movie set was ever decorated as elaborately as the Turf Club lounge. Each week

the floral decorations are changed into an entirely different color scheme. Sometimes the place is ablaze with red roses. Again it's peach or cherry blossoms. And the day of the \$100,000 Handicap, the enormous room was a mass of white orchids—even strung in garlands over the mirror of the bar.

* * *

Hollywood's biggest parties this month were inspired by two of the biggest social families in this country—the Astors and the Fords.

Mrs. Vincent Astor, one of the three lovely Cushing sisters, hosted a wonderful affair at the home of Annabella.

"Minnie" Astor certainly proved that an Eastern hostess knows how to give a good Hollywood party in Hollywood. Of course, she had the expert assistance of Annabella, who is still living in the warm, spacious and colorful Ty Power home. It was a real Who's Who in Hollywood with every important star in our town dancing to the wonderful music and staying way past movie stars' bed time.

Mrs. Astor and Annabella didn't make the mistake of turning the charming house into a miniature night club. It still looked like a lovely home even though a flower strung tent was added to the dining room. When they were married, Ty and Annabella collected some really beautiful paintings, and believe me, they were much admired.

I was very amused at Ronald Colman, who is always very reserved, even with his closest friends.

"We've got a beauty on our hands, Louella," he told me. "You should see Juliet. She's lovely." Mrs. Colman told me that the young deb of the family had been told she could give her father anything she, herself, selected for his birthday—so what does she pick out but a whistle? Said Ronnie, "I haven't had a chance to use it—but I will, most assuredly."

The Charles Boyers were celebrating their thirteenth wedding anniversary. "Not everybody in Hollywood is getting divorced," said Charles.

Not everybody, indeed. Maria Montez was flashing a bracelet given her by Jean Pierre Aumont for their daughter's birthday, which is the same as the Boyers' wedding anniversary. "Charles is her godfather," Maria said.

I've never seen Margaret Sullavan looking so perfectly beautiful. Her husband, Leland Hayward, is still ill, so Marggie came with their good friend, Jimmy Stewart. She was wearing a green sequined dress and, while never in your wildest moments do you think of her as a clothes horse, she was a dream.

Lilli Palmer and Rex Harrison were enjoying themselves because it was Saturday night and neither had to get up early the next morning. Rex always reminds me of the King of England—and I always tell him so.

Joan Bennett was stunning in a black brocaded dress with gold birds. I told her I had a dress of the same material. But doggone if I look like Joanie in it.

Gregory Ratoff's fiancée, who had just that day arrived from Paris, came with him. She's a stunning-looking blonde by the name of Maria Costes. Her husband was a noted French flyer, often called "the Lindbergh of France." I've never in my life seen such jewels as hers—even in Hollywood.

* * *

This month's letter Postscript: Each month I invite you readers of MODERN SCREEN to write me about your favorites in stars and movies and newcomers.

Last month, I had a letter that interested me very much and I can't help but feel that the writer expresses the opinions of many others. He said, in effect, that too much emphasis is put on newcomers and that thousands of fans are just as interested in the more mature stars such as Spencer Tracy, Walter Pidgeon, Clark Gable, and even players long missing from the movies, including Jean Arthur and Greta Garbo. Bingo for the gent! I think he's right.

If you feel the same way—here's the very latest on some of the above-mentioned stars.

I've never seen Spencer Tracy look so handsome as he does with his almost completely white thatch of hair. On the screen it photographs blonde—but Spence is not a guy to fool with the color of his hair in private life. Instead of making him look older, he looks like a million dollars in one-dollar bills. I saw him dining at La Rue cafe the other night, sitting at a table next to Veronica Lake's. It was hard to decide which was the most "platinum blonde"—Ronnie or Spence, and I think they were a bit amused themselves although they did not speak. Most people away from Hollywood think all actors know one another. That's not true.

Greta Garbo was much in the news after she "inherited" a \$20,000 farm from a man in the East she had never met. There was something unbearably sad and lonely about this man's will. Obviously, he had been secretly in love with Garbo for years. He even made a trip to Hollywood in the hope of meeting her and marrying her.

Instead of disappointing him or making him turn against her, it seemed merely to make him more of a recluse to his neighbors and friends. When he died and left everything to Greta—it made front page news.

Those close to her said she was very bewildered about what to do with the strange inheritance. At first, she was going to flatly refuse to accept it. But her good friend, Gaylord Hauser, advised her that a great deal of good might be done by taking the money and turning it over to the Sister Kenny foundation.

As for Jean Arthur, she's back on the screen—or will be soon—making *Foreign Affair* for Billy Wilder at Paramount. Contrary to the opinion of a lot of people in Hollywood, Jean was not being temperamental when she didn't make *Voice of The Turtle* at Warners. She had been all dressed and ready to go out to the studio to huddle about that picture when she was notified that the deal was off. When Jean starts her new movie at Para, I want to be one of the first to visit on the set and talk to her, so I'll have more Arthur news next month.

That's all for now. See you then.

Are you in the know?



If you drop your fork, should you —

- ☐ Pick it up.
- ☐ Have your date pick it up
- ☐ Ask for another

Ah-ah—mustn't touch. Let slipping silver lie! When your fork or any tableware falls, ignore it. Ask for another. By meeting trying

moments serenely, no one will be the wiser. Cherish that thought for trying *days*, too. You'll meet the eye without a qualm by choosing Kotex . . . because Kotex has *flat pressed ends* that prevent telltale outlines. And you can keep your *daintiness* beyond doubt—thanks to the *deodorant* locked in every Kotex napkin.



If your hands are clammy, what helps?

- ☐ Hold a hanky
- ☐ Wear gloves
- ☐ Use an anti-perspirant

Smoothness and drippy hands don't mix! To keep them un-clammy, cross your palms with an anti-perspirant before you go dancing. And to keep confident at certain times, choose those partners-in-comfort—Kotex and Kotex belts. That heavenly softness of Kotex stands by you, for Kotex is made to *stay soft while you wear it*. And, because your Kotex Wonderform Belt is elastic, fits divinely, you'll feel so carefree—so s-m-o-o-t-h!



Should you remember your beau's Mom?

- ☐ If you want to
- ☐ By all means
- ☐ No; you'll seem forward

Send a gift to your best beau's Mom? On Mother's Day or her birthday, why not—if you want to? Maybe a hanky or a little cologne. (It needn't cost a month's lunch-money.) If etiquette puzzles you, bone up. And to outsmart "problem day" uncertainty—learn for yourself how Kotex protects you in an extra-special way. Yes, that exclusive *safety center* of Kotex gives you extra security. You're sky-high in confidence!



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FOR SENTIMENTAL REASONS

(Continued from page 36)

watered every time it rains.

The Russells, mother and daughter, love rain. They're old walking-in-the-soup people. Gail's got a beautiful red rain-coat, too, which has nothing to do with the case.

Because she can be out in that coat when the sun's shining brightly, and if she sees a little grey cloud, she dashes for the house. "Where are you going?" her companion of the hour will demand in some surprise.

"To change my coat," she hollers back. "You think I want to get it wet?"

She's the practical sort. She's practical about eating, too. She costs almost nothing to feed, because she only eats one meal a day. At night. Plus coffee in the morning.

slug-a-bed gail . . .

Gail's coffee in the morning is essential. For one thing, she hates to get up. When she isn't working, her bed and she are inseparable until noon.

Then she staggers out and into some slacks, and gropes her way outside. If the sun is shining, she has coffee in the yard. She figures she can't see anyway, for the first couple of hours after she's risen, so she might as well have the sun in her eyes besides.

The miracle is that she'll touch food at all. She has an idea she's a pack horse, and if she gains half an ounce, she chases over to Jim Davis, the athletic director at Paramount, with a wild look in her eye.

"Take it off, Jiminy, please," she begs.

He sometimes has to ask her, "Where is it?"

She's not too fussy about the clothes she drapes on her bulging shape. She likes black for evening, with gold jewelry. She doesn't care *what* the Duchess of Windsor says about gold being wrong for evening.

Gail doesn't go out much, nights, actually. Her idea of a hell of a time is slinking off to a sad movie all by herself. She sits and sobs to her heart's content, and when she comes out, she feels older and mellow and, somehow, very wise.

On other nights, there's a date with Guy, who's been number one man for a long time, and, once in a while, a date with Billy De Wolfe. There's nothing the matter with Billy De Wolfe, except he's crazy. In a delightful way, you understand, but there it is.

When Gail goes out with him, she usually ends up in a mild state of hysterics, holding her head in shame.

He'll call the waiter over at one of the big places—Ciro's, for instance—and start lisping at him. "Pleathe, may we have the check?" Or elthe—or else, that is—he starts using words mostly with s's in them, and he whistles the s's, sort of like a baby air raid siren.

You try to look quietly sophisticated, with a guy like that holding forth.

He does some fine, cruel imitations of Gail and Diana (Diana Lynn, Gail's best friend), too.

Diana's in New York, now, and Gail's miffed because she hasn't written. "I don't think she *can* write," she's been heard to mutter.

She brought Diana an elaborate farewell gift. She'd got a little stuffed skunk, and she packed it in a shoe-box, and made air-holes in the shoe-box, and presented it just before the train pulled out.

"Here," she said brightly. "This'll keep those New York wolves away."

Diana dimpled. "Who wants to keep

'em away?"

Diana's got a whole series of small stuffed creatures that Gail has thought she needed.

There was a little doll at the Publichki—"Isn't it cute?" Diana'd whisper, like a two-year-old, seeing a red lolly-pop, every time they went there.

Gail would act bored. "Well, ask for it, silly."

But Diana never did.

Then, one time when she had a big radio broadcast coming up—she was terrifically nervous about it—Gail decided to get the Publichki doll, and have it delivered right after the show.

Gail got the doll, all right, but the guy who was delivering it didn't quite make connections. Diana'd left the studio before he arrived, and he ended up chasing her in a cab. When he caught up with her car, he just stuck his arm through the window and handed her the doll. For a few short minutes, she thought she'd lost her mind.

Diana's so near-sighted, she's been accused of snooting people, simply because she didn't see them when they were two feet away. Because of this adverse publicity, she now goes to the other extreme.

She and Gail will be walking along, and suddenly Diana's face will light up. "Hellooooo Gertrude!" she will howl, in a tone to break your ear drum.

After the racket dies down, Gail says sadly, "That wasn't Gertrude," and Diana shrugs.

Occasionally, Gail saves the situation by murmuring softly, "Smile, dear, here comes Mr. So and So." Thus preserving some of Diana's social standing.

talks sixty miles a minute . . .

When she's in a car with Diana, however, she tries to encourage all her anti-social instincts. Diana's the chatty driver. She'll be going sixty miles an hour, and looking at Gail in the seat beside her, and talking a blue streak.

Gail just sits there saying, "Uh huh, uh huh, uh huh," in dumb anguish.

Lately, she's taken a pitiful tack with Diana. "And to think I'll never live to wear that new dress," she says dolefully, "on account of your reckless driving."

At that, she's only recently begun to care about new dresses. For a long time, she had no particular interest in what she wore, and her mother would buy her a dress, and she'd put it on and wear it till it fell apart.

Then she reached the stage where she was interested enough so that she didn't like what her mother bought, but still not interested enough to buy 'em herself. She'd just look at the things that came into the house and say, "Hmm," in a blasé way.

When she had a date, she used to peer through her closet, and if she didn't find anything she liked, she'd go rifle her mother's closet. (Her mother's a big, unshapely creature, too, at least a size 12.) After a while, Mrs. Russell hit upon a brilliant idea.

She still bought clothes for Gail, but she hung them in her own closet.

Came a date night. Gail, pathetically: "Mother, I have nothing to wear. May I look over your things?"

Mother, craftily: "Yes, dear."

Gail, snooping around the closet: "This blue one is sort of cute."

And for a wonder, the blue one would just fit.

Gail would go off in the blue one, and

Mrs. Russell would sit in the living room and smile to herself.

The Russells also have a son, George—he's "Russ" to most people—who's been out of the army for about a year. He's a musician, part of a trio. He and Gail hardly ever see each other, because he starts for work at about five p.m., and she's just going home then. They meet so rarely, they almost need a formal introduction.

corny puts on the dog . . .

The Russells also have a Maltese terrier, and a honey-colored spaniel. The Maltese is named Corny (for Cornelia Otis Skinner) and she's a very rare dog, white with black spots. Right now, she's sporting a French poodle haircut.

This makes her feel very superior to Kelly, the spaniel, who's a darling dog, but not nearly so fashionable as Corny.

Corny and Kelly and Russ and Gail and Mr. and Mrs. Russell all live in a seven room bungalow in Westwood—you already know about the leaky den—which they bought a year and a half ago.

It's a nice place, with a camellia bush out front, and a general air of charm.

The best thing *inside*, as far as Gail's concerned, is a special Thorens radio-phonograph combination. It'll play records, radio transcriptions, anything at all. And if the housing shortage got bad enough, she could sleep two people in it.

Everybody else in her family is musically gifted. Owning the Thorens is as close as she comes to it, and she admits it isn't awfully close. Her gifts lie in other directions. She never uses a makeup man, for instance. She applies her own paint.

And she can't be dragged into a beauty parlor. Every once in a while, somebody tries. "Come on, Gail. Maybe we'll fix your hair another way. Maybe we'll have it trimmed a little. Maybe—"

She looks at the character out of those strange, bruised eyes, and she says in that tired, husky voice, "Maybe we won't."

And we don't. She washes and sets her own hair, and she keeps discovering silver hairs among the black.

These cause her to go running to her mother, stark tragedy in the eyes. "Mother, look—" Pause fraught with meaning. "Another one!"

Her mother figures it's a good time to get some licks in. "Well, maybe if you didn't read until two o'clock in the morning—"

This is the wrong approach. "Don't you want me to *know* anything?"

"Maybe you could learn enough by midnight?" meekly, from Mrs. Russell.

Miss Russell, by this time, is deep in a crossword puzzle, and has forgotten the whole conversation. She has even forgotten her gray hair.

a tonic for the nerves . . .

Crossword puzzles are a drug with her. It started when she was nervous, and somebody suggested knitting. "Knitting'll calm you down."

"Knitting'll put me in the booby-hatch," said Miss Russell sharply. "Purl one, drop three—no thanks!"

And then she discovered crossword puzzles. Crossword puzzles soothe her. The only trouble with crossword puzzles is that they often demand a background which she hasn't got. She knows from nothing about Latin cases.

"Except they're dark," she says cheerfully, making bad jokes.

And all she knows about perfumes is Lanvin's Arpege, and all she knows about slacks is that she likes them, and all she knows about her personal plans is that she hasn't any. As of today.

Tomorrow, we are not qualified to speak for.



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Buy it from your druggist today

DR. HAND'S TEETHING LOTION
Just rub it on the gums

I WILL NEVER GO BACK TO THE OTHER

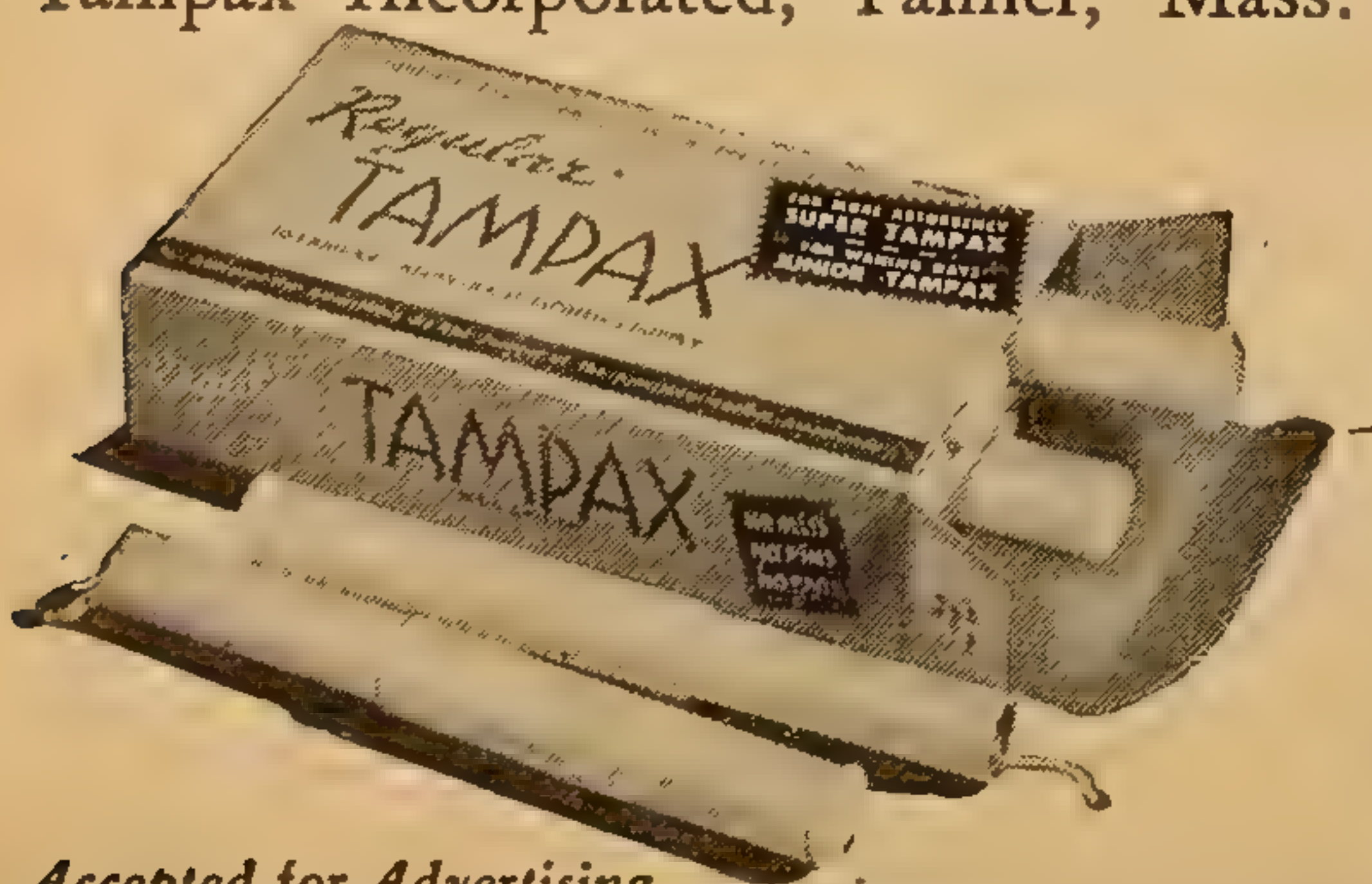


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MADAM QUEEN

(Continued from page 44)

"... and her greatest, latest picture given its world premiere to coincide with the opening of the Kentucky Derby! With the stars—and the producer, of course—in attendance."

"Now listen—"

"I don't know why you never told me about this before. It's a perfect promotion stunt. I'll have to get permission from New York, but that shouldn't be—"

"Leo, it's just because you want to see the Derby!"

"Of course, I want to see the Derby. Have you ever heard of a better excuse for me to be in Louisville Saturday? Now run along and let me get on the phone."

"But there's something I ought—"

"I don't mean to be rude, Irene, but there's a lot of work to do on this thing." He took her by the arm and propelled her gently to the door, and through it. "Be packed by tomorrow night."

"Some men will not listen to anybody," said Irene, but she said it to a closed door. And, knowing Leo, she was packed and ready the following evening.

Thursday morning they were in the air, in a chartered plane approved by New York, headed for festivities approved by the Mayor of Louisville. Leo had arranged the entire thing in a series of rapid-fire conversations Tuesday, during which long distance wires alternately sizzled with his commands and hummed with his charming blandishments.

He had even remembered to get, as a last minute thought, a Louisville theater in which to show his picture, *My Favorite Wife*.

There were ten guests with Leo, including Irene and Randy Scott and Maggie Ettinger and Gene Fowler; Cary Grant, the other star of the picture, had had a previous engagement but had begged off on the excuse that he was afraid of his last name in the deep South...

And everyone, with the apparent exception of Irene, had a wonderful time.

Leo, happily watching a horse named Gallahadean romp across the finish line first, discovered that he had the only \$100 ticket on that horse that had been purchased at the track, and in consequence, upon presenting it to the cashier, received in return the tidy sum of \$3800.

local girl makes good...

The premiere itself was an unbounded success, and, what with the speeches, the dinners, the parties, the headlines in the papers and the general whoop-de-do, there was no mistaking the fact that a local girl had come home, and was furthermore indubitably a success.

Why, then, had local girl conducted herself with such unsmiling seriousness in private, offering only a wan, uncertain smile when, in public, she was acclaimed by her own? Even on the plane the next day, while everyone sang to pass the hours and Leo from time to time elatedly patted his bulging billfold, Irene was pensive.

Finally, Leo made his way down the aisle to her seat, sat on his heels beside her, and said, "Irene, what's the matter?" Then suddenly, in alarm, "For heaven's sake don't cry! Just tell me—there's nothing we can't fix."

"Fix this, then," Irene said. "Remember the busloads of children who met me at the train, waving banners and shouting? Remember that the banners read, 'Hail to Irene Dunne, Louisville School Alumnus'? Remember that because of this little junket of ours the Louisville public school system

declared an official holiday, in my honor?"

"Why not?"

"Why not indeed! Because I never went to school in Louisville. I left there when I was practically a baby. I learned whatever I know—and that isn't much, I'm beginning to think—in Madison."

"Wisconsin? With that accent?"

"Indiana, darling. It's just across the state line. But I just couldn't tell those kids, when they were so full of beans and the holiday had been declared, and all—"

Leo's mouth hung open, rather unattractively. "You mean..."

"I mean I feel like a cheat. That's all. But you wanted so much to see a Kentucky Derby."

laughter after the storm...

She stopped, her voice drowned out by Leo's monumental laughter. The others in the plane turned, and some of them hurried back, to find out what was so funny; and Leo told them with mingled relief and delight.

It is a not unwelcome, but certainly an uneasy, task to translate into words on paper the human being who is Irene Dunne—at least the Irene Dunne, the Mrs. Francis Griffin, of 1947. This is not because, in her way of life, she is an anomaly in Hollywood: there are any number of other beautiful, talented, financially—shall we say "comfortable"—wives and mothers in that town who do their work well, find time to run their large, superbly designed and furnished houses in an orderly fashion, and who make a success of their marriages and their other personal responsibilities.

It is just that, to be truthful, there is an indefinable, surely enviable barrier between the woman and her personal life, and the rest of the world. Like all Hollywood actresses, particularly great ones, she lives in the traditional goldfish bowl—but she has curtains fitted to hers, and she holds the strings that make them open or close. This is so important a part of her personality portrait that I put it in here deliberately, not as an apology but as a brush-stroke designed to enhance the picture you must have of her.

Of course, the other Hollywood wives and mothers mentioned above do not necessarily fit into her category on many counts. They did not play Anna in *Anna and the King of Siam*, for instance, nor did they appear where Irene Dunne appeared on the recent treasury department list of top U. S. incomes. And I don't mean that she is unapproachable.

On the contrary...

If you want to see her, you make an appointment and two minutes before the designated hour (since she, of course, will not herself be more than five minutes late, if that) you drive up the short road to her motor court, enter the white Georgian house, and like as not are met by Mary Frances Griffin, aged 12, a slim, attractive, self-possessed young lady who likes to meet people.

(Often enough during the war, indeed, when Mary Frances came home from exclusive Marymount and found her mother entertaining crowds of soldiers and sailors and marines, Mary Frances unobtrusively took over the job. In the end, Irene found that she could bow out of these gatherings if something important came up, without worrying about being missed, if Mary Frances was there.)

In any case, Mary Frances will escort you into the long, high-ceilinged drawing

room with its appointments that are a mixture of comfort and formality, and its magnificent concert grand imported from Vienna; she will explain that her mother will be along in just a moment, that the harsh light in the room is because the new draperies have not yet arrived.

During the three minutes yet remaining she will chat pleasantly and intelligently with you on any one of a number of subjects, from books to sailboat racing; then, when her mother appears, she finishes whatever remark she is making and somehow manages to dissolve gracefully into thin air, leaving behind her the impression that you dreamed her.

It would be well for you to observe closely the manner of Irene's entrance. In the first place, she has just driven up in her town car, a glimpse of which you catch through the open door. A maid has opened the door, and takes a pile of bundles handed her by the chauffeur.

Then all but Irene fade away noiselessly; she has not missed a step in her progress from car to hall.

She takes you into the small office-library, because it is comfortable and also informal, and because the draperies are up in there. She asks if you will have a drink, and you say you will, and she opens the nearest door, steps inside, and promptly emerges with a scotch and soda for you and a cola drink for herself.

In the course of the next hour, if what you want to know about is Irene herself, she talks about Irene Dunne with candor and a kind of amusement. You learn that she adores good parties but likes to leave them about 12 o'clock, is fond of entertaining small groups, and likes to trim Christmas trees.

the gay deception . . .

You hear about the last Christmas tree she bought. She had decided that it should be a silver tree this time, very glamorous, and had driven up in her car and priced one. Appalled at the price, certain it was marked up merely because she was a movie star, and determined not to be taken advantage of, she left her coat and hat in the car, tied a scarf around her head, put on a pair of glasses, and walked to the next lot.

"I'll take that one," she said, pointing. "Put a tag on it and I'll send my husband around in his truck to get it tomorrow. How much?"

The man told her. It was, if anything, slightly higher than the one she had just refused to buy. Resignedly, she dug into her purse. "Awful high this year, aren't they?" she said.

"Everything's higher this year, Miss Dunne," the man said.

You hear, and like, the story of her visit to Arrowhead, when she visited the chapel for early mass and, in the midst of her prayers, felt a tap on her shoulder. A girl of about fifteen grinned at her when she turned around, and whispered, "That's Dottie Lamour down there. You know her, don't you? Would you get her autograph for me?"

So, when she'd finished her prayers, Irene slipped down to Dottie and got her autograph—

But these little flashes, and the story of the Kentucky Derby are the entertaining, the superficial colors in her portrait. What you must finally sense, and it becomes more and more apparent as you talk to her, is that here is a woman of stature, of innate dignity, of tremendous personal strength, who has self-discipline as well as a sense of humor. Without her wit and her weaknesses she would be a little formidable.

As it is, I guess you know by now, she is a pretty nice gal.

Lovely hair deserves fine care
...use Du Pont Combs



You'll be the *prettiest* girl . . . if you keep your hair shining-neat with colorful plastic Du Pont Combs. Curl-careful, scalp-gentle—yet *strong, strong, strong!* Buy a complete comb wardrobe . . . Du Pont quality . . . 10-50¢ . . . at good stores everywhere.

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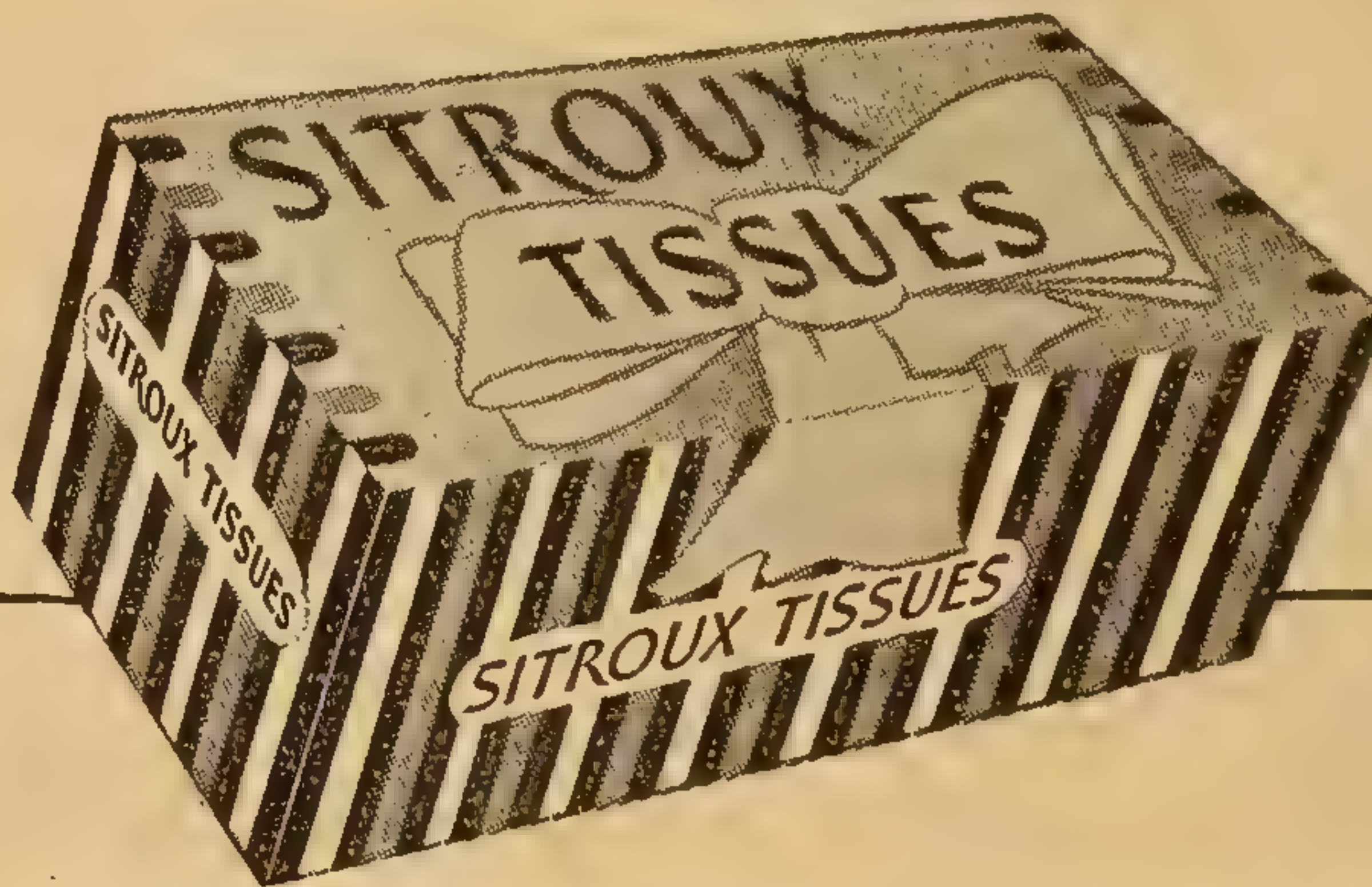
Jumbo Size **25¢** Plus Tax.



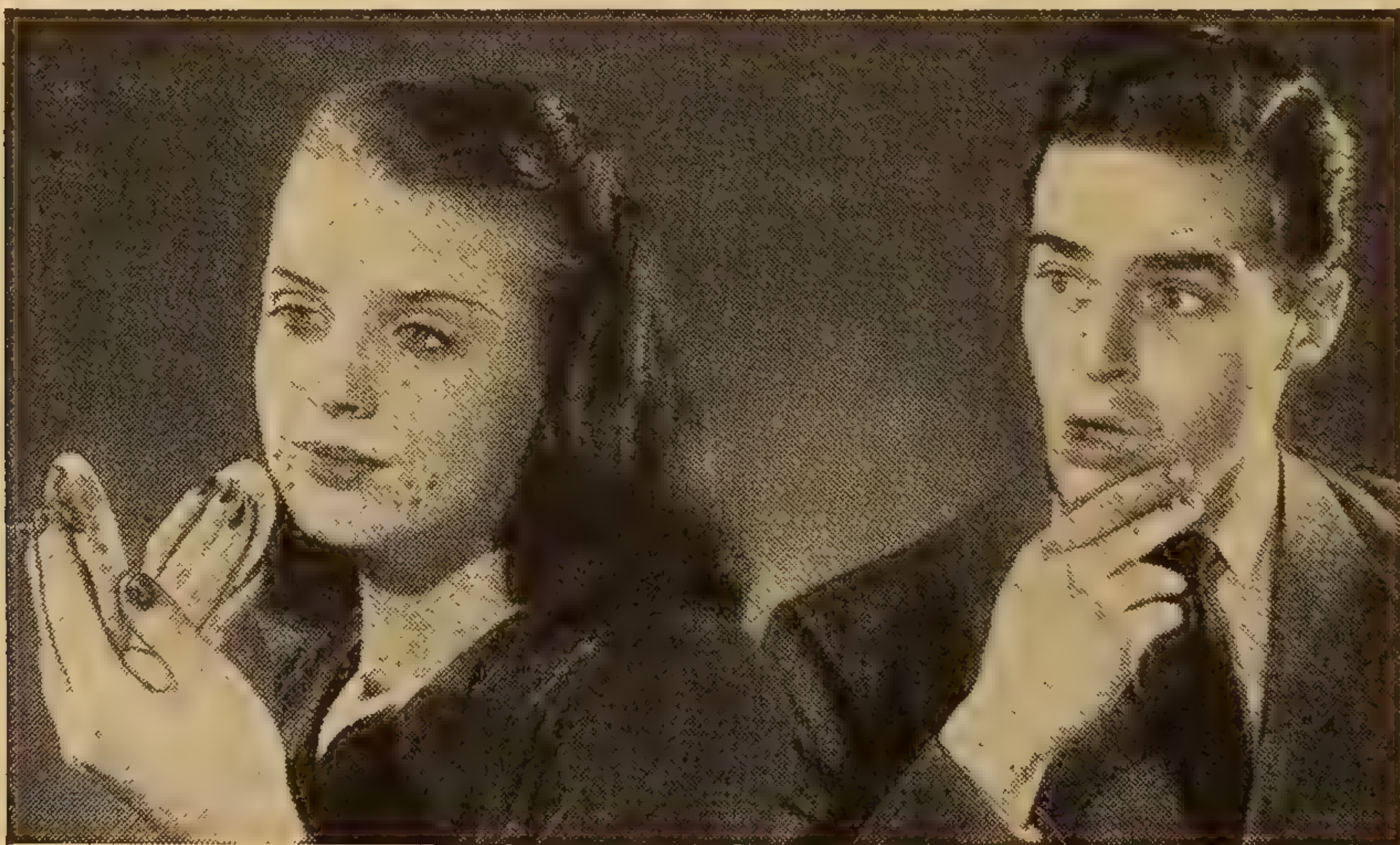
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**Get your jar today! At all
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plus tax**

THE FANS

(Continued from page 106)

TROPHY CUP CONTEST

Here's the picture at the half-way mark:
League 1: Nelson Eddy Music, 750; Dennis Morgan, 650; Temple, 600; Crosby (Vendetti), 500; Autry, 450; Guy Madison, 400; Haymes (Haywood), 350. League 2: Charles Korvin, 700; G. Kelly, L. Douglas, 600; J. MacDonald (Farrington), 550; Jack Carson, 450; Scott McKay, Ginger Rogers, Bob Crosby, J. MacDonald (Riley), 350. League 3: Bill Williams (Demers), 750; Dick Jaeckel, 650; Carole Landis, New Stars, Sinatra (Beattie), Basil Rathbone, 600; Curley Bradley, Ilene Woods, Rand Brooks, 450; A. Ladd (Pearl), K. Wynn, Sinatra (Pianconi), Jan Clayton, V. Price, 350.

THIS IS MY BEST, 100 pts. (Prize: Combination gift of FABERGE'S saucy Straw Hat Perfume and Cologne) Jean Crocker, Filmland Fan C.; Ellen Coughlin, Louise Erickson C.; Marie Sojka, David Brooks C.; Mrs. W. C. Foutz, Ilene Woods C.; Adele Reenan, Helen Walker C.; Jeanne Morgan, Jack Carson C. **CANDID CAMERA CONTEST**. (First prize, 100 pts.; Beautiful Assortment of POND'S lovely cosmetics) Lita Lipstein, Gene Krupa C., (Others, 50 pts., package of 4 different Dell Mystery Books) Tex Kroboth, Gene Autry F. C.; Louella Correia, Jack Owens C.; Muriel Scott, Joe Cotten C.; Eileen McCarthy, Glenn Vernon C.; Ev Beasley, Evelyn MacGregor C. **BEST EDITORS**, 250 pts. (Prize: POND'S exquisite assortment of cosmetics) Virginia Haywood, Dick Haymes C.; Marie Waddy, J. MacDonald C. (Prize: year's subscription to FRONT PAGE DETECTIVE and SCREEN ALBUM, four Dell Mysteries) Lee Dyer, Rand Brooks C. **BEST ART WORK**, 150 pts. (Prize: Glamorous, handsome TANGEE Trip Kit for traveling) Doris Dietrich, Bill Williams C. (Demers). **COVERS**, 250 pts.; Bingang (Vendetti), Carson's Collections, Joe's (Dosh) Journal. **WORTH-WHILE ACTIVITIES**, 250 pts.; Crosby C. (Vendetti), \$105 to Sister Kenny Fund; J. MacDonald C. (Riley); Margaret Whiting C., collected \$145 for March of Dimes. **BEST JOURNALS**, 500 pts.: Shirley's Scoops (Temple); (Gene) Kelly Club News; (4 ties) (Dick) Jaeckel Times, The Caroler (Landis), Talent Scout (New Stars), Bill's Pals (Williams, Demers). **PERCENTAGE INCREASES**, 100 pts.: G. Madison, Baritone, Blaine Boosters. **CORRESPONDENTS**, 50 pts.; Maym Sagert, Jane Withers C.; Vic Watson, British Sinatra C.; Bernice Harbaugh, Ken Curtis C.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Last summer, while I was visiting in Petersburg, Virginia, my boyfriend and I went into a photographer's studio. While waiting for our pictures, we noticed a tall, red-headed soldier enter. It was Red

Skelton, who at that time was stationed at Camp Lee. We asked him how he had gotten into the Army and he replied, with typical Skelton humor, "Oh, I had some pull with the draft board."

Elaine Knapp
Meadville, Pa.

MY DONNA

(Continued from page 48)

"Tippy," she said, "where are you?"

I'd been "Tippy" to the whole family ever since I learned to walk. Dad had started it because he said I looked as if I was about to tip over any minute.

"I'm here," I said, but I didn't move. I knew Jack was right behind her, and every time I looked at him I went all custard soft inside. Gosh, he was so tall and so dark and so handsome!

"Come on in, honey," Donna said softly. "I think it's time you learned to dance, and Jack's going to teach you."

The star I'd wished on seemed to come down out of the sky and catch in my throat. Because that was the wish I'd made, and Donna must have guessed.

Jack came out on the porch then, and stood there grinning at me. "Come on, Tippy. I'll bet you're a natural-born dancer. Let's give it a whirl."

I almost died of fright and embarrassment right then, before I even tried taking a step. But I looked over at Donna and she winked at me. I remembered then what she had told me about the first time she ever danced. She'd been about as old as I was now, and she'd gone to a party. They had music and people were dancing. A boy started across the room to where Donna sat, and she knew, she just *knew*, he was going to ask her to dance. And she would have to say, "I'm so sorry, but I don't know how." And maybe people would laugh and tell each other, "That Mullenger girl lives on a farm. No wonder she doesn't know how to dance."

As the boy came closer, she made up her mind, the way Donna has always made up her mind about things. She stuck out that firm little chin of hers, and when the boy said, "May I have this dance?" she got right up and danced, as if she'd been doing it for years.

out in i-o-way . . .

Maybe, to help explain Donna and me, I should tell you that our home town, Dennison, Iowa, has only four thousand inhabitants. And we didn't even live in town—but on a farm seven miles out in the back country.

Dad and mother and my brother Billy, and little sister, Karen, still live on the farm. That Karen! She's the cutest four year old you ever saw. Brown hair that comes clear to her waist, and brown eyes, and a turned-up nose. When I'm married and have children, I won't know whether I want them to look like Karen, or like Donna's adorable adopted baby, Penny Jane.

I don't think anyone knew how much I longed to be like Donna, who always did well in her studies and took all the prizes in oratory and had the lead in the school plays. The first big thrill of my life was when I was made Queen of the May in high school, and the reason I was so excited was because Donna had been Queen three years before, so for the first time I was following in her footsteps.

I was only fourteen when our Aunt Milly asked Donna to come and stay with her and go to UCLA, right in Los Angeles. Donna wasn't sure about it at first. California was an awfully long way from Iowa. Then with the calm practicality which always characterizes her decisions, she concluded it was the thing to do. It was an Opportunity. How much of a one, she couldn't possibly know at that point.

Gosh, how I hated to have her go! I followed her around for days before she left, like a silent little ghost, not wanting



"We were out of tune . . ."

Tirades...bickering...like jangled notes ruining the harmony of our marriage—and I never dreaming it was *my* fault! Oh, I understood about feminine hygiene—I thought. But, carelessly, I'd depended on just

occasional care. "That's why many marriages fail," my doctor said, putting me wise. "Never trust to inadequate feminine hygiene," he told me—then advised using "Lysol" brand disinfectant for douching—always.



"But . . . it's sweet harmony now"

The song is back in my heart! I feel myself loved and cherished again... *happy!* Yes, our discord has vanished since I took my doctor's advice about feminine hygiene . . . always use "Lysol" for douching.

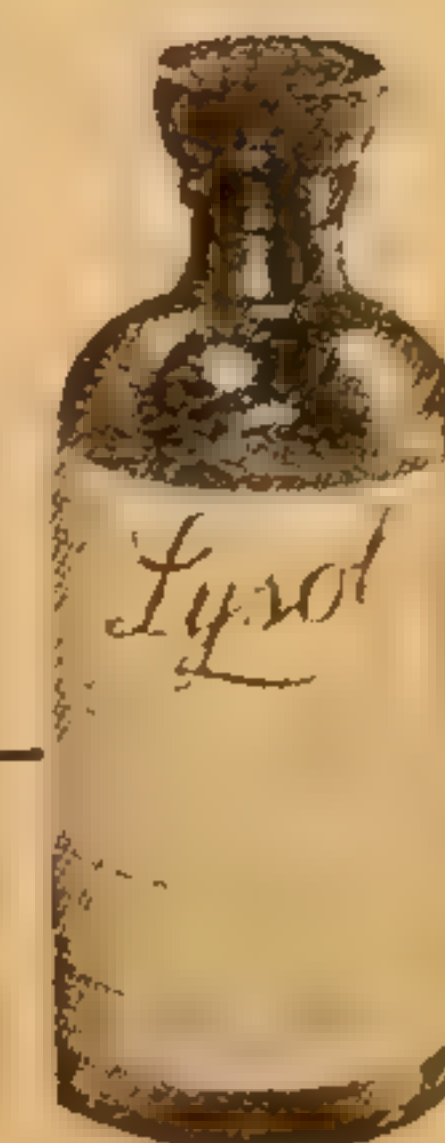
"Lysol" is far more effective than salt, soda or other homemade solutions. "A proved *germ-killer*," my doctor said—"that cleanses *thoroughly*, yet so gently!" "Lysol" is so easy to use and so economical!

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to let my feelings show. As usual, though, Donna knew. She cried a little when she kissed me goodbye.

"Be good, Tippy, and write me all the news, won't you?"

I didn't cry. I never can. But I was crying inside. After she left, the big house seemed awfully quiet.

Donna used to write to us regularly. I remember when the letter came that said she had been chosen Campus Queen. She enclosed a picture that had appeared in the Los Angeles paper.

"Doesn't surprise me a bit," Dad said comfortably. "I'd bet on Donna to beat those California girls any day."

Apparently, the Hollywood talent scouts thought so, too. Because Donna was approached by every major studio but one, that week the picture appeared.

To each of them, Donna just smiled sweetly and said, "I'm going to finish this semester at school before I do anything."

"Don't you want to be in pictures?" one of the scouts demanded incredulously.

"Oh, yes. I think I'd like it. But I want to finish this semester first."

This particular talent scout pointed out acidly that Campus Queens were not unique, that there would be a whole new crop of them along by the time the semester was over, that she'd better grab a contract while she had the chance.

Donna, as usual, was practical. "I won't look any different, or act any different, in another five months. If I'm any good for pictures now, I'll be good then."

As it turned out, the one studio—Metro—which had done nothing about her up to that time was the one which signed her at the end of the semester.

I can't tell you how happy I was when she asked me to come out to Hollywood. We had a wonderful reunion, Donna and I. Sat up until four in the morning, catching up on the news. Right away Donna introduced me to all her friends. Then pretty soon I started modeling which I lo-o-ved.

Donna was living out at Santa Monica then, and Sunday mornings sometimes Van Johnson and Peter Lawford would drive down and we'd cook breakfast for them. We're both good cooks—Mother taught us when we were kids—but Donna's better than I am. I was always telling Van and Pete what luscious apple pies she could make.

just a light snack . . .

"How about producing one next Sunday instead of just talking about it?" Van asked one time.

"For breakfast?" Donna asked.

"Certainly, for breakfast. Pie for breakfast is a good old New England custom, and I'm still a New Englander at heart," Van insisted.

So the next Sunday the menu was orange juice, ham and eggs, coffee—and enormous pieces of the best apple pie you ever ate. The boys stuffed themselves and then went swimming. Why they didn't die of cramps I'll never know.

Then all of a sudden Donna fell in love. The man was Tony Owen, and she had met him first about three years before. He was connected with the agency which handled her. He and Donna hadn't made any particular impression on each other then, but Tony went into the Navy and was away for almost three years. When he came back, things were different.

The first date they had, he took Donna to an ice cream parlor. They ate sundaes, and told each other the story of their lives, and the evening went by as if jet propelled.

After that they saw each other several times a week. Donna went around looking like a five year old who has just seen

Santa Claus for the first time. She *glowed!* There's absolutely no other way to describe it.

So the first thing I knew they were being married the next week in the Presbyterian Church in Beverly Hills. I was to be bridesmaid. Mother and Dad couldn't leave the farm at that time, so I was to represent the family.

Donna and I drove into Beverly Hills one afternoon to buy our clothes for the wedding. It was to be very informal, so Donna chose a chic navy suit, and a devastating navy and white hat that couldn't have been more becoming. I found a powder blue gabardine suit that seemed to be the one I'd been looking for all my life. We started the drive home, very pleased with ourselves.

Well, you know Los Angeles traffic. We were driving along, minding our own business, with Donna at the wheel, when a car zoomed out of a side lane and hit us. Our car went up and over on one side. Somehow the door came open and I fell out on my head.

tears and laughter . . .

I suppose it looked awful. But it really didn't hurt me at all. I sat up and shook my head to see if it was all there, which it seemed to be, and began to laugh. But Donna ran over and put her arms around me and cried and cried.

I said, "Donna, are you hurt?"

"Me! Of course not! But Heidi, you fell on your head. You'll have concussion or something, and it will be all my fault."

I didn't have concussion or anything else, except a bump the size of a turkey egg on my head. The wedding went through as scheduled, and it was perfectly lovely.

Donna was very calm and very quiet. When she turned to Tony at the altar, as the minister said, "I now pronounce you man and wife," her eyes were as big as pansies and her mouth lifted to his in a kiss that seemed to express all the love and trust and happiness in the whole wide world.

Then they started off on a New York honeymoon. Donna had never been there before and she reacted like an excited child!

"Just a hick tourist from Iowa, that's my wife," Tony sighed in mock derision.

"Never mind, darling. We're going to a very lush cocktail party this afternoon. I'll be sophisticated and bored and New Yorkerish."

"You couldn't, and I wouldn't love you if you could."

Donna came back to Hollywood and painted bright pictures of the Big Town for me.

"It's funny, Heidi, but I have a feeling New York is the right place for you. And if that's so you'll land there sooner or later. Just the way I did in Hollywood."

Maybe it was just talk, or maybe my sister is psychic. But when Harry Conover came out to the Coast, he met me and offered me a contract modeling in New York. Before I knew it, I was living in Manhattan, walking up Park Avenue with my official hat-box in my hand.

When Donna and Tony came on for a visit in February, I felt as if everything in my whole life had somehow led up to this. I was a successful model, and Donna was proud of me, and that counted more than anything.

Donna's last day in town, I had to go out on a job, and she was straightening my scarf for me. As she stood there beside me, all the love and affection I've always felt for her swept over me. But as usual, all I could say at a time like that was, "Thanks, Donna."

Thanks, Donna—for everything.

HOW VAN GOT MARRIED

(Continued from page 12)

Keenan knew that eventually Evie and his own best friend would marry. In fact, they'd been expected to marry at Sun Valley, Idaho, just after New Year's, since Evie had announced that for the sake of the children there would be no rush about divorce before the holidays were over.

But this Friday afternoon was the first that Keenan knew of their actual decision. Van and Keenan shook hands. The look on Van's boyish face was quite serious when he broke the news, briefly and to the point.

"It's tomorrow," he said, and Keenan didn't have to ask what he meant. He knew. He smiled. "I'm glad for you," he said. "Both of you."

Evie did not go to a hotel when she arrived in El Paso, but stayed at the home of her attorney there. One thing both she and Van did everything to insure—no publicity! Probably they felt that there might be some adverse criticism.

Van invited his friend at the studio to accompany him the next morning on a chartered plane, and the friend agreed. Keenan smiled again and wished them "happy landings."

"Not a soul must know," Van cautioned him.

"I know how it is," Keenan assured him. "I'm a clam."

the bachelor's last breakfast . . .

Van went home to his suite at the Bel Air Hotel for his last night as a bachelor. He was up bright and early and at this point one can record that the "condemned man" did not eat a hearty breakfast, in fact, scarcely any breakfast at all because he had to hurry to keep a very important date. The studio friend drove up to the hotel and transferred to Van's new Cadillac, and with Van at the wheel they took off for the Burbank airport.

There, Paul Mantz, the man who knows many inside Hollywood secrets, had a C-47 warming up. The C-47 is a two-motored job capable of carrying twenty-four passengers. Mantz said: "Had your breakfast?" Van said no, he'd been too preoccupied to think about eating. "A fellow going to get married is that way, I guess," Van said.

"Well, that's the way I figured it," said Mantz, "so you'll find plenty of sandwiches and hot coffee in the plane."

Fortunately for their hopes for secrecy, they didn't have to go through the regular airport channels to board the plane. Mantz gave her the gun, and they were in the air in another jiffy, pilot, co-pilot and two passengers rattling around in that huge ship.

In a few minutes they were speeding inland and soon were over the vast reaches of the Arizona desert. What did Van talk about? Well, I wondered what a young man flying to his bride might find to talk about, too, but the answer is pretty vague. "Just nothing at all," the friend said. "We ate and drank coffee and stared at the ground. Van acted like he wanted to be quiet, so I didn't bother him."

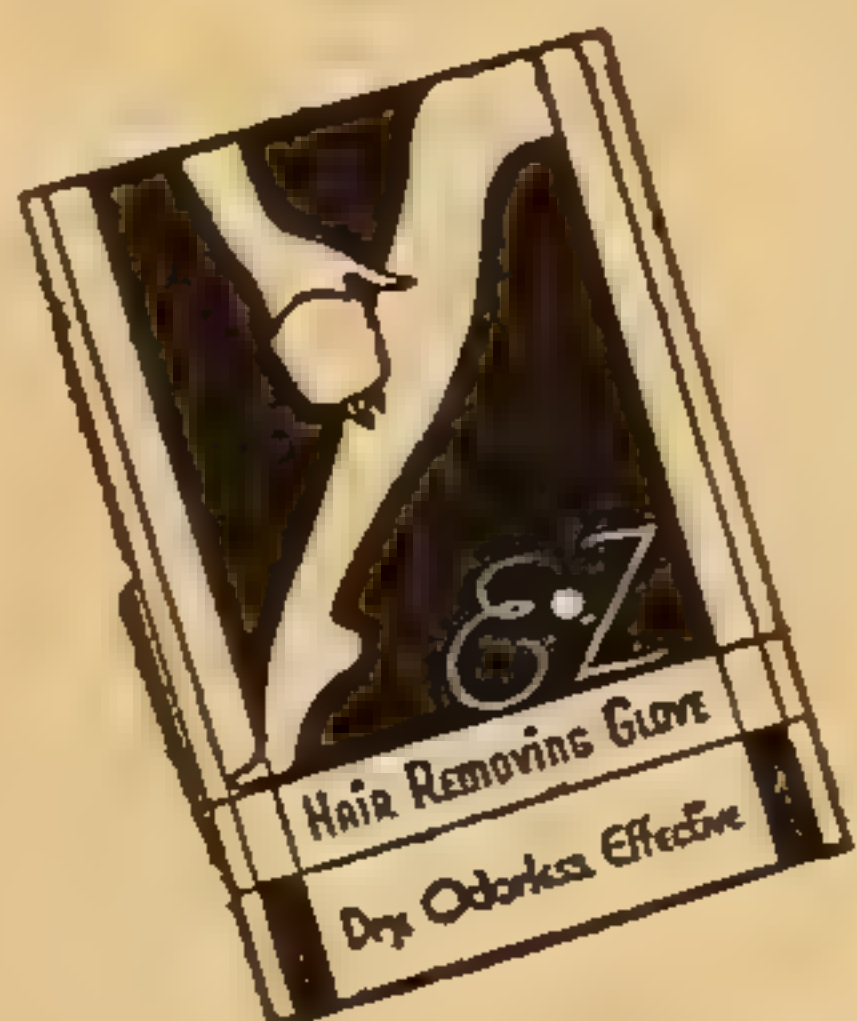
Back in El Paso, Evie, too, had risen early because she also had a busy morning ahead. The first thing after breakfast, she and her lawyer hurried across the International Bridge from El Paso to Juarez. In the space of a few minutes she fulfilled all the requirements of Mexican law that made her a free matrimonial agent and entitled her to take another husband. This idea of a Mexican divorce and mar-

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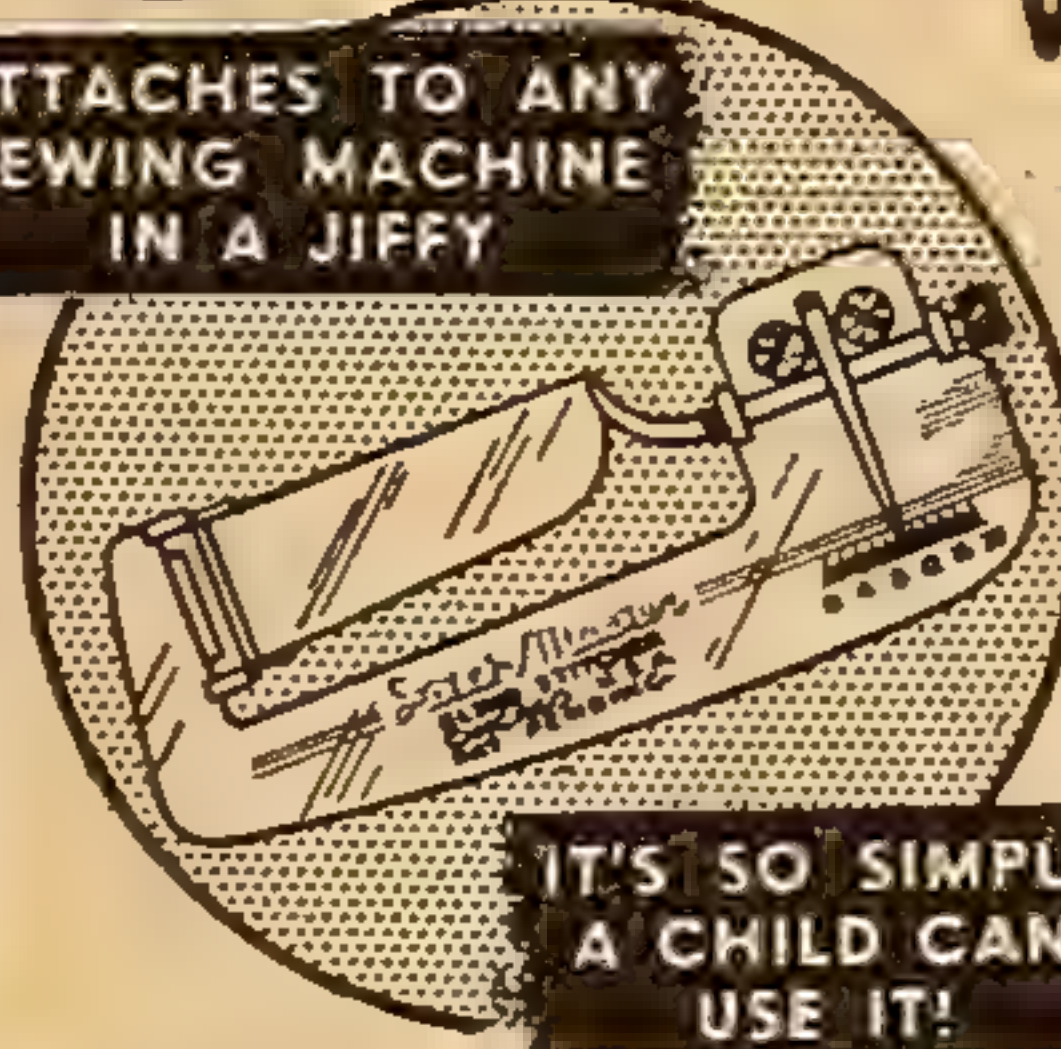
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riage wasn't a new one. Evie and Van had pigeonholed it as definitely among their possibilities. So all the groundwork had been prepared in advance.

As soon as the divorce formalities were over, Evie hurried back to her car and sped out to the El Paso airport. And right on the dot, three hours after leaving Burbank, Paul Mantz nosed his ship down to earth again. The first leg of the flight of the bumblebee was done.

From that moment on Van and Evie kept themselves to a hairtrigger schedule. In the back of the minds of both was the dread that they might be recognized, and that was the one thing they did not want. How they escaped recognition must remain one of the minor wonders. Luck was just with them.

big investment . . .

Entering the lawyer's automobile, they hurried back to El Paso and parked close by the International Bridge. Van's pal from home forked over an American dime and got back two cents change. It costs eight cents to enter Mexico from the United States, and considering what Van and Evie got when they went over the border, that journey must go down as one of their gilt-edged investments.

In the middle of the bridge their hearts stood still for a moment.

A woman crossing in the opposite direction with a man passed and stared. The man with her pulled at her elbow. "What are you waiting for?" he demanded. "Why, I'm sure that young man with the pretty girl is Van Johnson, the movie star," she replied. "Nonsense," said the man, "what would Van Johnson be doing here?"

Van leaned over to Evie and whispered: "Gee, honey, I forgot my vanishing cream. I'd sure like to vanish right now."

The ceremony was brief and very dignified, presided over by a Mexican civil judge, Raul Orozco, a man of size and immense judicial poise. He asked the customary formal questions. Van wasn't a bit nervous, and neither was Evie. He had the ring ready, a plain gold band purchased for him in a Beverly Hills jewelry shop a few days previously. Van wanted to buy the ring himself but knew he didn't dare. The risk that the story would be all over town in no time was too great.

The bride wore blue, a plain blue tailored suit with a becoming blue hat and a small veil. The bridegroom, too, was in blue, a pinstripe suit, white shirt, blue tie, and black shoes. As soon as Judge Orozco had pronounced them man and wife, Van gave his bride a hug and kiss. Nothing overly demonstrative. Witnesses to the marriage were Evie's lawyer and the studio friend of Van's.

When the party got back to the airport, Paul Mantz had the plane ready. Again they had to run the gauntlet of people at the airport, but again they escaped without being recognized. Not one word went out over the wires, not a single intimation that these two glamorous people had been united in matrimony went to the outside world until they were good and ready. A message was rushed to M-G-M studio at Van's bidding just before they took off, and that was all.

It was enough. Three hours more in the air, winging into the gathering sunset, brought them back home again. Less than twelve hours elapsed between the time when Van hopped aboard the plane to meet his bride-to-be and when he landed safely home again with his bachelorhood behind him. Photographers from the downtown Los Angeles newspapers, the photo services, and the studios were on hand to greet them as they stepped from the plane. The business of posing was quickly over with. Van was quiet, dig-



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nified, and firm. He turned aside all inquiries about what had happened that day and about their honeymoon and future plans, and did it very deftly. Nevertheless, intimations began to appear in print that they had taken off for a secret destination.

Their destination was secret enough, all right, but hardly mysterious. Less than an hour after settling down in Burbank, Van was carrying his bride over the threshold of their lovely, secluded honeymoon home in Brentwood. And there they remained, stepping not a foot out of town, while Hollywood wondered where they were.

It's a wonderful honeymoon home, too. And it's nothing new for those luxurious quarters to welcome honeymooners, since it was to that marvelous place that Cedric Gibbons, the famous art director, brought Dolores De Rio as his bride.

A few of their close friends came to see the newlyweds in the first days and weeks after their marriage and among them, of course, was Keenan Wynn. Evie delights in showing the place off and telling of her plans for it. The downstairs has a huge drawing room and dining room spacious enough for a large party. There is a lovely big fireplace and a marble stairway leading to the second floor, where the Johnsons will really live. Off one end is a bedroom suite for Van and Evie and off the other the sleeping apartment for the two youngsters, Edmund, five, and Tracy, three.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer made it possible for him to acquire the honeymoon house. It was something he never would have attempted to swing on his own because Van isn't the sort to throw his money away on ostentatious living. The cost of the house was \$125,000, and of that sum the studio guaranteed \$100,000. It wasn't exactly an outright gift, but a bonus in recognition of the fact that Van has been a consistently potent box-office draw.

Truly, there is a young man who has everything! His dreams have all come true, and at thirty, when a man's young enough to enjoy the fruition of dreams.

"I guess," he said to me in deep contentment, as he sprawled on a huge divan. "I guess I'm really what you call a happy man. Yep, Florabel, that's me. Happy. And it's great!"

I SAW IT HAPPEN



I was en route from California to Texas by train, accompanied by my two small children. It was no easy job getting them settled for the night, and while I was undressing my little

girl, my 3-year-old son, Butch, went adventuring. After a frantic search through the made-up Pullmans, I reached the compartment end, and there, through an open door, I saw my offspring happily eating raisins, perched on the knee of the one and only Jimmy Durante, who was on his way to Fort Worth to put on a show. For the rest of the trip, Butch spent most of his time with Mr. Durante, whom he called "my friend who has gum," and both of them appeared to enjoy the association very much. I found Mr. Durante as charming and delightful a person as he is a comedian, and I would like to thank him again for the nurse-maid service.

*Mrs. Dorothy Weaver
Fort Worth, Texas*

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TWO ON A STRAW

(Continued from page 54)

I wrote her a cutting reply, but I was chuckling as I did it. I was pleased.

Janie came home, finally, only to win a Hollywood Showcase contest, and then she was gone again. But this time for good. She was gone to Hollywood, and an M-G-M contract, and a picture called *Song Of The Open Road*. She was set.

By this time, I'd moved to New York, myself, but Jane and I kept in touch.

I saw her once in New York. After *Song Of The Open Road*, she was taken on a personal appearance tour, and she covered twenty-one cities in forty-six states—luncheons, dinners, hospital wards. She got pretty worn, that trip. She was a slight girl—still is—and while she's not as frail as she looks, she's no lady wrestling champ either. It got to the point where the mayors would take her out to give her the keys to their cities, and they'd have to wake her up to accept them. The mayors were all lovely, but she was tired.

She was glad to get back to Hollywood. We still corresponded, Janie and I, and I knew when she'd made *Delightfully Dangerous*, and I knew when she'd finished *Holiday in Mexico*.

We'd gone on burning up typewriter ribbons asking each other questions. From me, it was always, "When are you coming to New York?" From her, it was always "When are you coming to Hollywood?"

So here I am, in California.

two straws, please . . .

Janie met me at the airport, and we stopped at her father's malt shop on the way out to the house, and almost choked to death over our sandwiches and one-malted-between-us-please, we were talking so hard and so fast. The Burces' new house is in the San Fernando Valley (they had six months to get out of the one they were renting before) and Mr. Burce is going to sell this shop he has now, on Sunset Avenue, and buy one closer to home.

And oh, that home. It's a long, white bungalow—the most charming place yet. It's got a pool out in back, and a guest house—the guest house is going to have a soda fountain some day—and a place where Janie wants to build a badminton court.

The outside isn't fixed up yet, but the inside is heavenly. All Early American, with coral ceilings and painted beams, and the living room is going to have a maple fireplace, and Janie's room is all soft and pink and it looks as though it ought to smell of sweetpeas. I don't even know if sweetpeas have any smell, but it's just a feeling you get from that room.

The funniest thing is that the Burces weren't crazy about the place when they bought it. The man who owned it before had it full of big, dark furniture, and turquoise walls, and it was dirty, and the lawn looked seedy. No pun. But Janie didn't see anything except the pool.

"We've got to have it, Mom," she said rapturously.

And Mrs. Burce guessed they had. Jane had stars in her eyes so big they made you nervous.

After that, they started trotting around to auctions, looking for copper and brass. They got staggering bargains, too. Life just isn't fair. You take two people like Jane and her mother—they seem so tiny and innocent and unable to take care of themselves that an auctioneer turns proprietary.

Mrs. Burce was scared to bid, in the beginning, and she'd just sit there, quietly, while the stuff was sold off, and finally, Janie couldn't stand it any longer, and she



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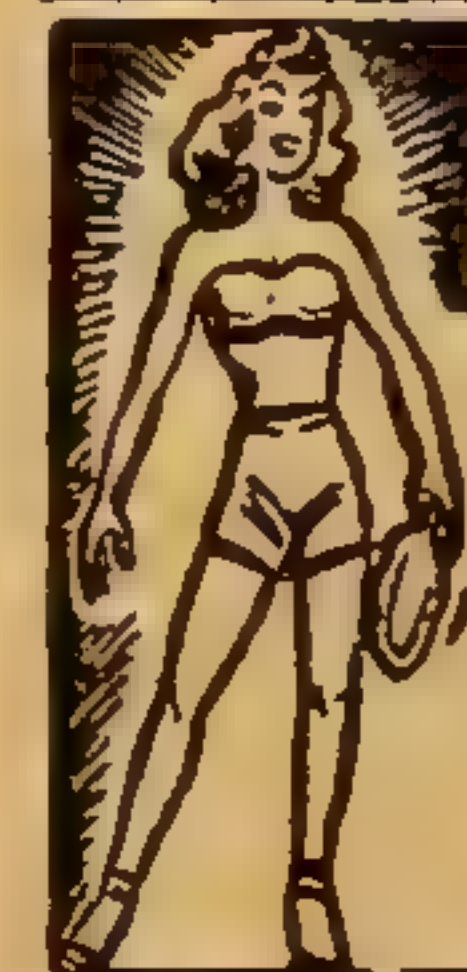
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raised her voice. When she got a picture frame that had been made in Germany in 1800 for four dollars and fifty cents, she realized the auctioneer was being prejudiced.

From this, Mrs. Burce took heart. There was a darling copper pitcher up, and the bidding had started. "Five dollars!" cried Mrs. Burce bravely.

She got it for five dollars. They also picked up an antique hall tree—it's a job with a mirror, and hooks for coats—since there isn't any closet in the living room. The hall tree cost them ten bucks, and Mr. Burce finished it himself.

Anyhow, the bungalow is fast becoming a paradise. It already is, to Cinderella. Cinderella is a collie, and if she likes you, she comes over and knocks you down, all in good clean fun. She liked me, right away.

The day I got there, she was feeling pleasantly frivolous. She and Janie and I went into the house together. Janie'd just finished making *The Birds and The Bees*, and she was free as air for a while.

Except for school. "You like it any better?" I asked.

She grinned. "I love music appreciation." And that was that. Who's she to go hurting teachers' feelings? She also loves recess.

I asked her about boys, and stuff, and she said she'd been dating Roddy McDowall. "And Gary."

"Gary?"

"Gary." She grabbed my arm, and pulled me toward the pink bedroom. There was a picture on her bureau. The boy wasn't handsome, and he wasn't homely, but he looked nice.

Janie grinned again. "He's Sonja Henie's skating partner," she said blandly. And then, with that perfect innocence: "I'm—uh—learning to skate."

Gary, who's going to be more than a skater, leaves for Dartmouth next year, to get himself some higher education.

Jane's kind of wistful about that, too. You wouldn't think that a movie star might sometimes envy other kids their normal lives, but you'd be surprised.

You see, most of us go to public schools and meet other kids, and have parties and go on dates and grow up with a crowd.

poor little rich girl . . .

A girl like Janie doesn't get a chance to meet people her own age. She's in a studio school with everyone from Butch Jenkins up, and her Saturday nights aren't as busy as yours!

"You know how it is," she said. "When I'm working in a picture, my friends are free, and when they're free, I'm working."

Mrs. Burce was sitting there, listening to us babble, and drinking coffee. She doesn't look old enough to drink coffee.

"Let's go out and eat," she smiled. "Give you a look at Hollywood."

We went to the Tropics, and I gaped at the movie stars—I think I saw Lana Turner, but I may be wrong—and then we drove around and I gaped at the city, and then we went on back to the house.

Janie and I still hadn't stopped talking. We slowed down a little bit, that evening, at any rate. Jane was knitting on some blue socks (she's too lazy to start a whole sweater).

We both started yawning, but sat up an hour longer, anyway, then called it a day.

While we were setting our hair, she looked so serious, I asked her what she was thinking about.

"Vincent Price," she said. "He's so masterful."

I gave up, and went to bed.

The next morning, that little dynamo, that nervous system with a head on it, hustled into my peaceful guest house headquarters and shook my bed practically out into the yard.



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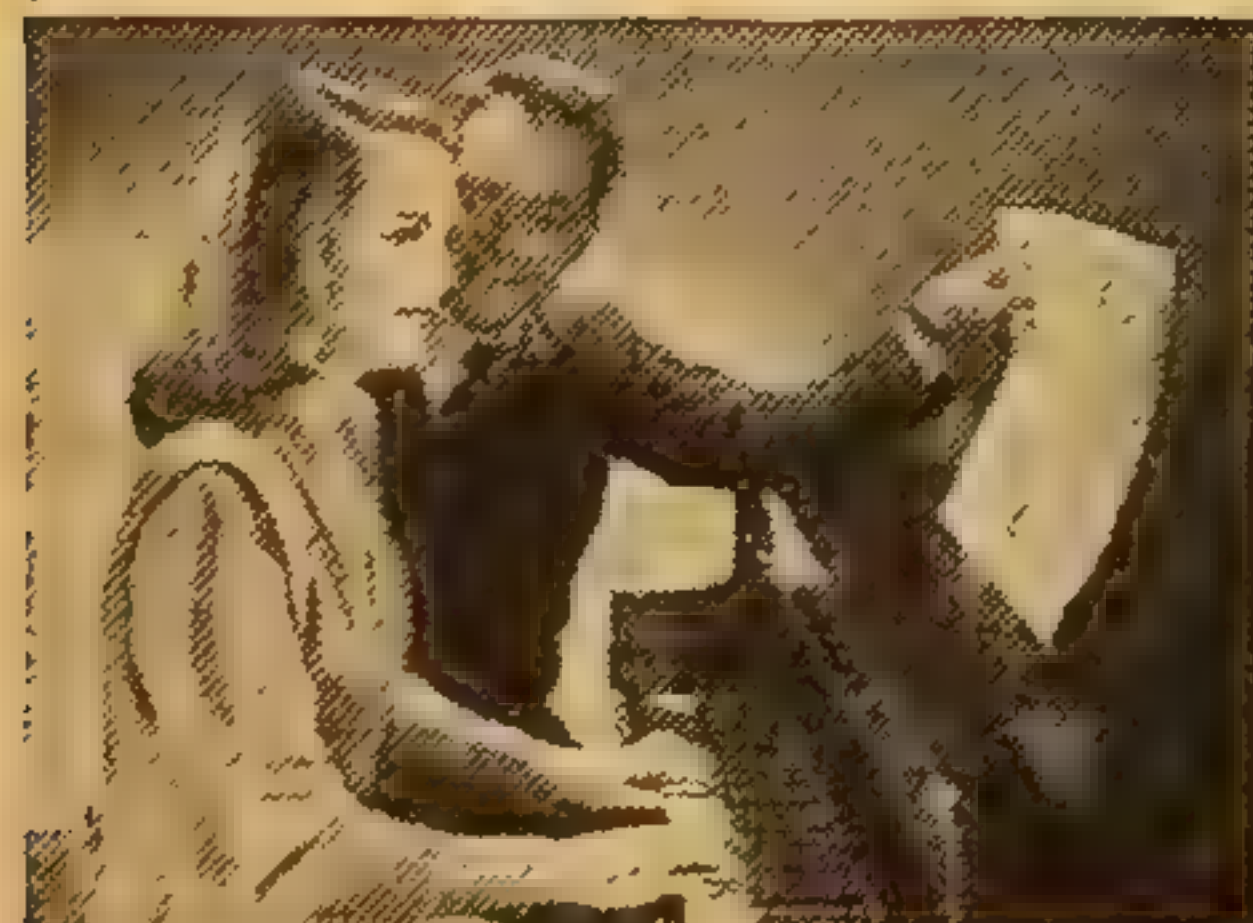
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I decided to be friendly, anyway. "Yes?" I said.

"Get up." She was ever so cheerful. "We're going skating."

Now skates and I don't mix. I'm the lazy type. I like to read light verse under big shade trees. No mental or physical strain for me.

So we went skating.

Jane announced to the family that she was taking the car, and they said, "Yes, dear, go ahead, only don't wear out all the tires going around the curves. It's the only car we've got."

Which was even more ominous-sounding than the skating deal. I figure Jane must have been a reckless driver in her youth, but now she's an old hag of sixteen, she's improved. I didn't have to get out and push once.

The skating, I'd rather not talk about, if you don't mind.

a little peace and quiet, please . . .

We went, and we came home. I was ready for something quiet by then. I spent a couple of hours looking over some pastels Janie'd done, and decided they were pretty good. I wasn't going to tell her that, though. Not after what she'd put me through.

Still, I got fond of her again very soon. She makes the best darn cream puffs. They're sort of small and flaky, and they have chocolate on them, and she piles them high with sweet whipped cream. After you've eaten a couple, you begin to think about what a dear, cunning place the world is.

I was thinking exactly that when Jane's voice interrupted me. "—that squash?" she was saying. I looked up, and she was pointing to the biggest squash in the whole world. "We had a Christmas party," she went on. "Christmas Eve. And the next day, we found that squash on the porch with a Christmas card attached to it, and no other name. We don't know where it came from."

It was her turn to look dreamy. "Parties are fun." She got up quickly. "That gives me an idea!"

My heart sank. Not another idea; oh, please not another idea. But this one was gay, as a matter of fact. This one had to do with giving a little party, and before Jane got through turning it over in her mind, she had her sweater on. The Burces have no phone, and she was on her way to the nearest booth, with a pocket full of shiny nickels.

spaghetti party . . .

She worked up quite a party, too. Roddy, and Elizabeth Taylor, and some other cronies who weren't in the movies, all said okay, they'd come on out, and they did. We had spaghetti, and pizza—Powell specialties—and a big tossed salad and a lot of fun.

Janie played records (she has a good collection) and some of the kids danced, afterward. I could hardly walk, let alone dance. That spaghetti!

A few of us just sat and talked. We talked about Janie, I guess. I remember the subject of the Sinatra broadcasts coming up. You probably know how, when Frankie (who was so exhausted he was on the ragged edge of a breakdown) took off for a little vacation, Janie was given the job of carrying on with his show. And you can figure what a spot that was to fill. Jane came through with her usual competence and grace.

And she was deprecating about it. "They miss Frank so much," she'd murmur in a dreamy voice.

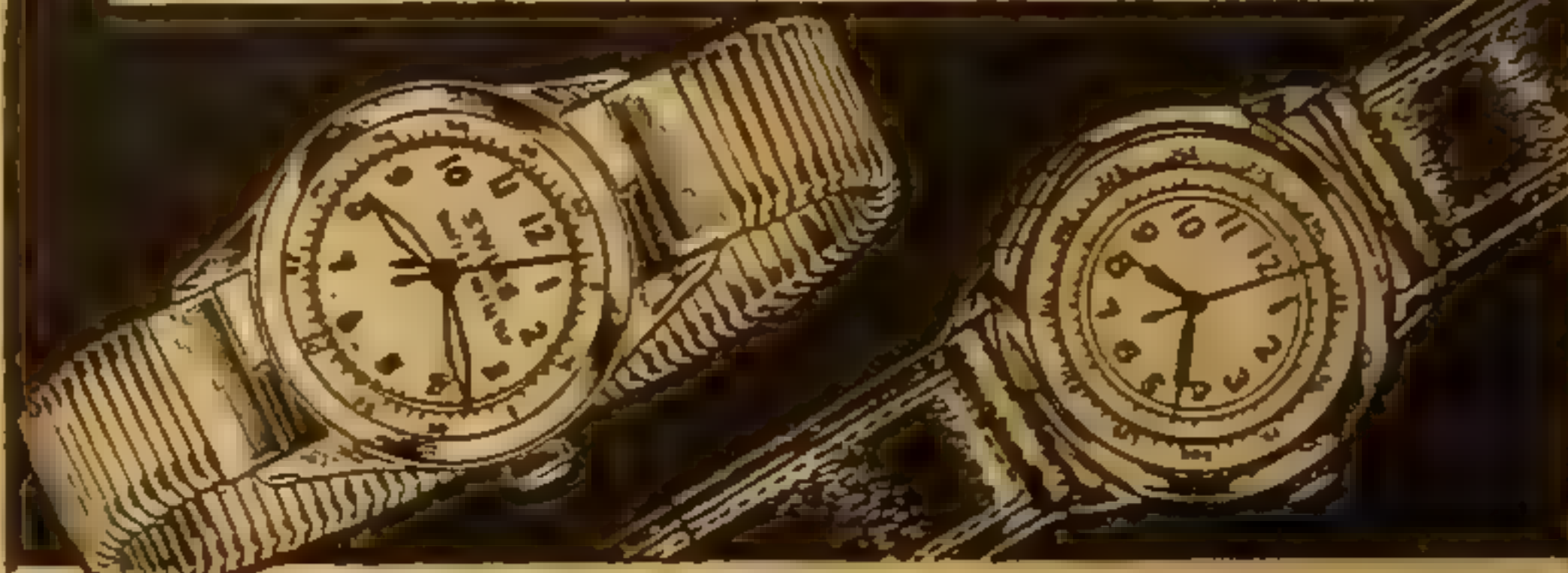
Listen, I don't care how that old saying goes. There never was a button as cute as Janie Powell. I know.

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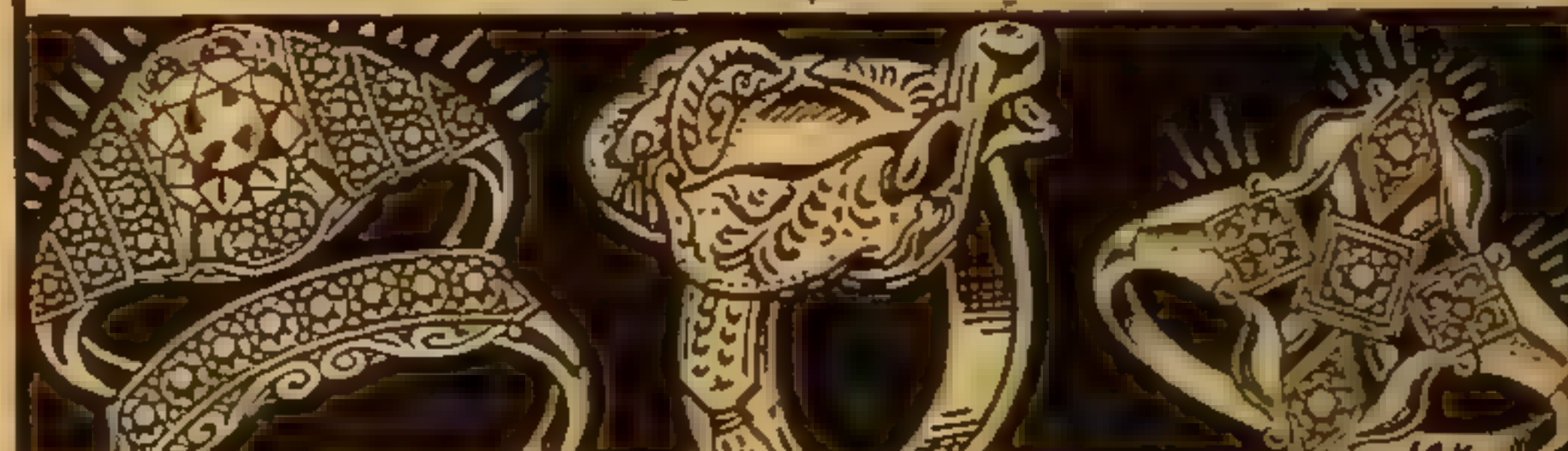
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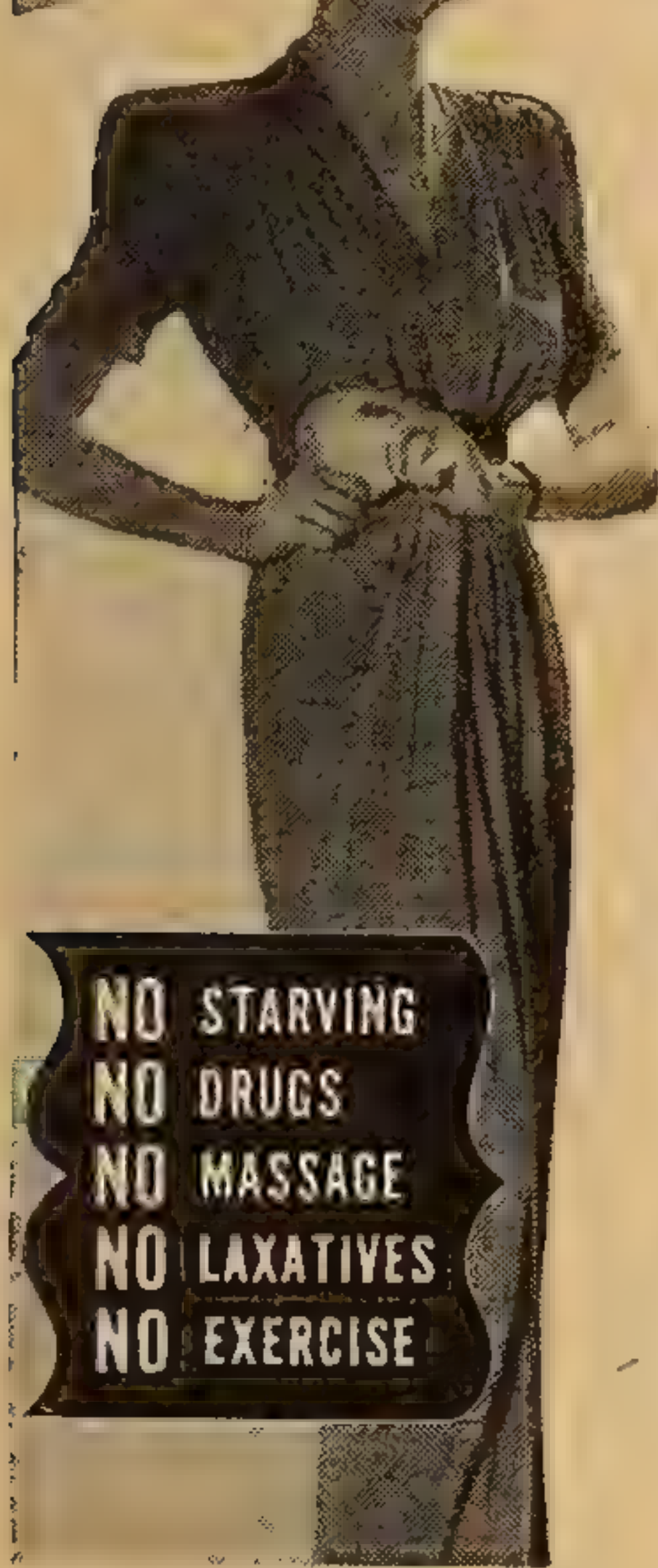


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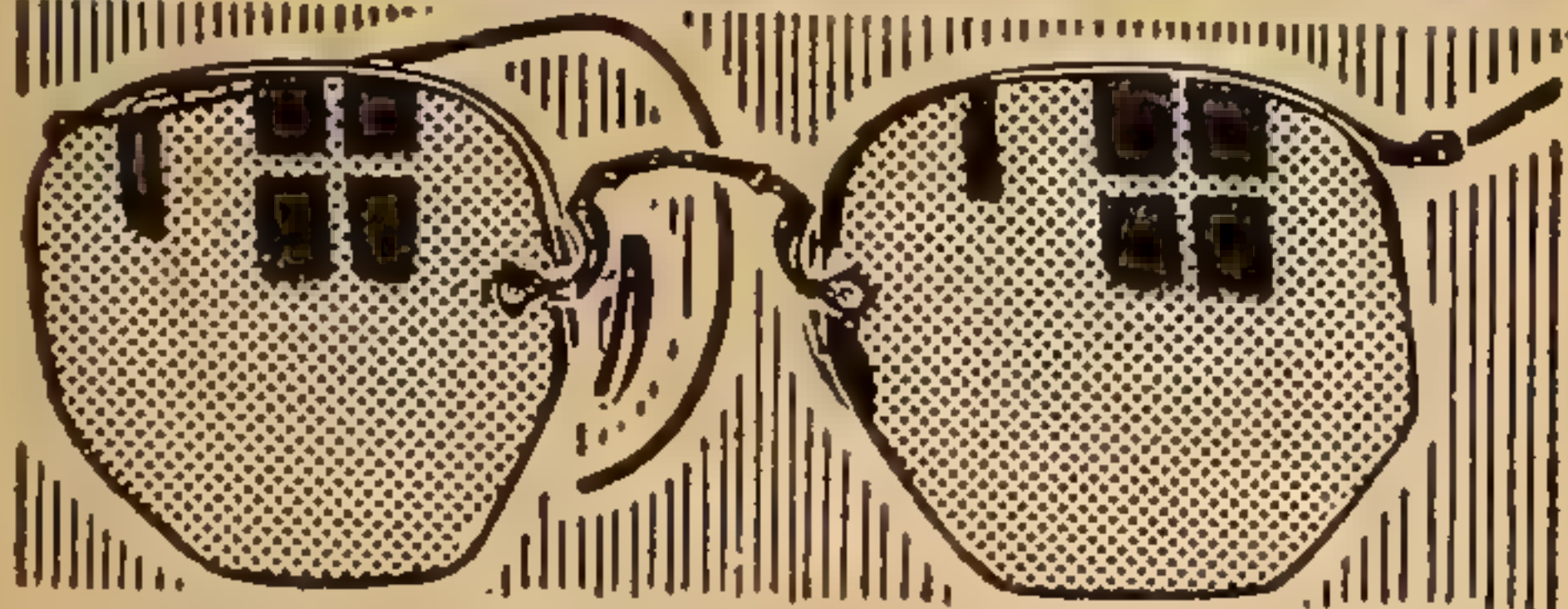
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IT'S A BOY!

(Continued from page 42)

at least we can use it for something now." "You won't put our baby in that thing," she said.

Sue tracked down the bassinette that held Alana during her first weeks. It had become a tradition in her circle of friends to move the bassinette wherever a new baby was expected. The Crosbys' first boy and last boy had used it, Kay Kyser and Georgia Carroll had it for a while and Rosemary Lane had trimmed it with new ribbons for her baby. Now it was trimmed in pink.

"Don't you think we ought to fix it up in blue?" Alan said.

Sue smiled to herself. Alan wanted a boy so badly. She remembered when Alana'd been born. The first time she'd seen Alan afterward, he had come into her hospital room, his eyes strangely glazed.

"Are you happy that it's a girl?" Sue had asked.

"Oh—" said Alan, looking out the window, "it's all right."

never lost a father, yet . . .

Then Sue had discovered that he was ill, and when the nurse had taken his temperature at Sue's suggestion, the thermometer had shown 104 degrees. So his indifference, while partly disappointment, had been due mostly to being "out" on his feet. Just the same, this time it was obvious that he wanted a boy!

Alan bought hundreds of cigars and stowed them away in his studio dressing room. The baby was expected any time between December 15th and January 15th, but Christmas went by, and so did New Year's Day, and nothing happened.

Sue's doctor had bet her three pairs of nylons the baby would arrive by January 3rd. Sue had won that bet easily. The waiting was getting them down. It's sort of a Ladd jinx. Alana had been born several weeks late, now this one was overdue, and to add another thorn to the strain on their patience, Alan's favorite mare at the Alsulana Ranch was negotiating with Father Time regarding her own addition. The situation extended even to the pair of rabbits at the ranch. There were two of them and for a year they had maintained a childless marriage—a record in rabbit annals.

"It's a curse on us," muttered Alan.

Then at eight o'clock at night, on February 4th, the doctor called the ambulance. They told Alana they were going to the hospital to get her a baby, and left the house in a rush.

At the hospital Alan retired to the waiting room, a bleak affair with four walls and not much else. Through the night he sat nursing his anxiety with half smoked cigarettes.

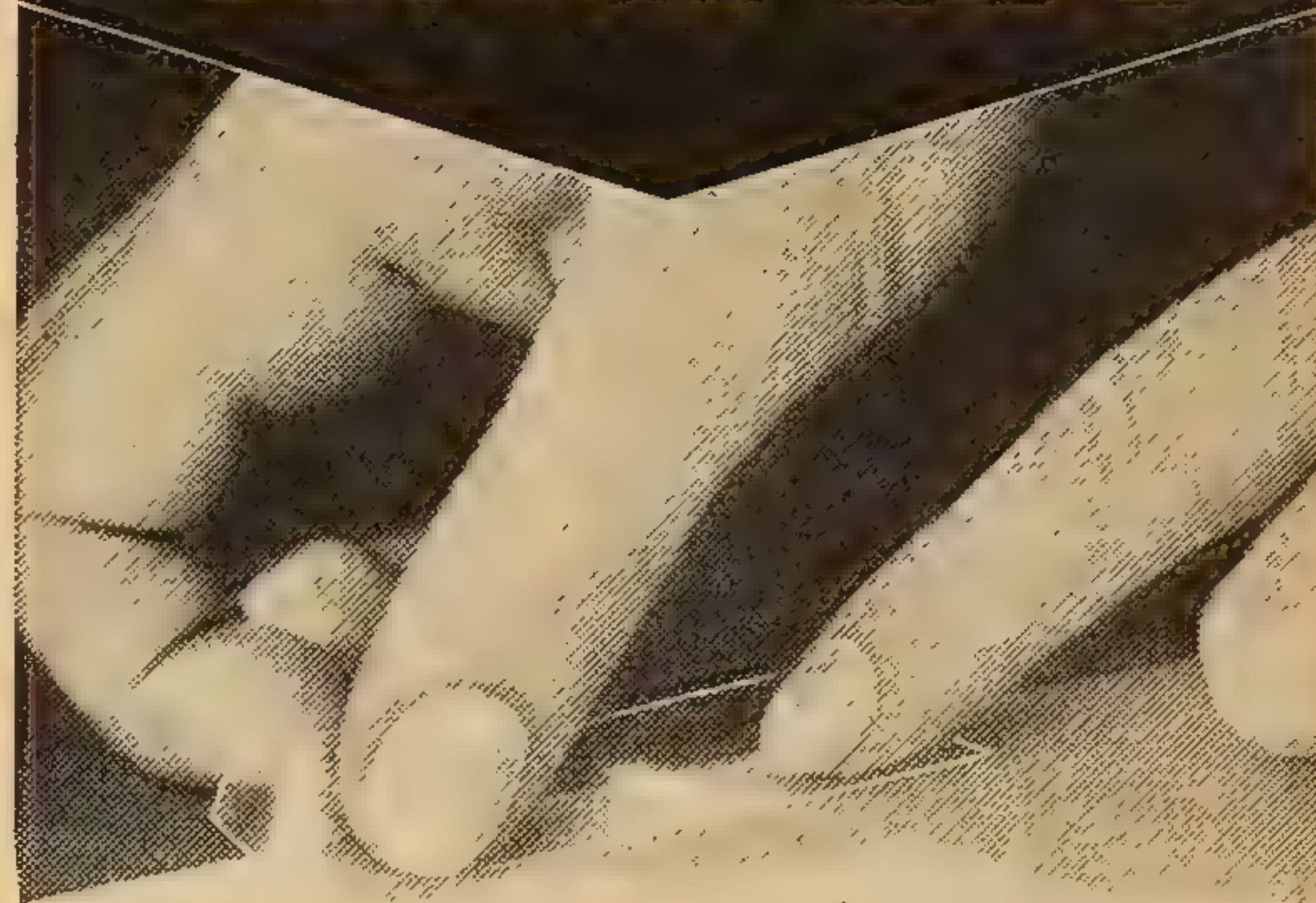
Around noon of the next day, Alan learned that complications had set in and that there might be serious trouble. Knowing he was in a frenzy of worry, Sue suggested that he phone Chet Root, his best friend, to keep him company. Chet said sure, he'd be right down.

When it came time for Sue to go to the operating room, Alan followed dejectedly as they wheeled her down the corridor. Sue watched his drawn face and tried to keep courage written on her own. Just before they wheeled her away from him, Alan pressed a small picture of Alana into her hand.

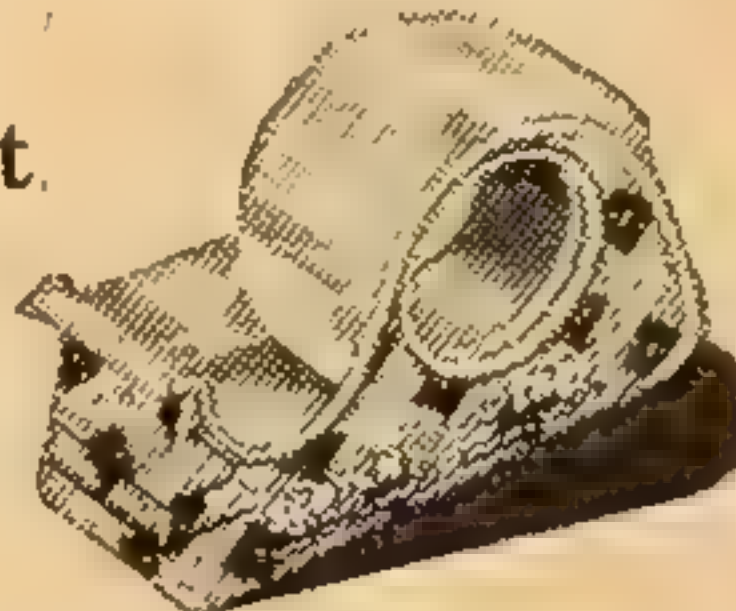
"For luck," he said.

It broke Sue's reserve, and by the time she had passed through the door she was

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dissolved in a flow of silent tears. Outside, Alan and Chet waited, staring at each other helplessly. Two hours later, Sue's nurse walked into the waiting room. "You have a son," she said. "Eight pounds, eleven and a half ounces." The word "son" had no effect on Alan. He looked at the nurse, his eyes haggard. He sank into a chair. "I don't care what it is," he said. "How's Susie?" "She's—all right," said the nurse. Chet had made two phone calls when the doctor entered the room and spoke briefly to Alan. Watching Alan's face, Chet saw the muscles contract and then quiver slightly. He hung up the phone. "What's the matter, Alan?" "There are—" Alan gulped. "Complications. More of them. She's having a transfusion." "My God," said Chet. They brought the baby to Alan for his inspection. He looked down at the small bundle and said a silent prayer. It was three hours until he finally saw Sue. She was very sick, but she managed a smile. "That was an awful trick, Laddie—showing me Alana's picture. It made me bawl." Alan went out again, and waited. Chet finally went to his own home, worn out. He couldn't get over it, and kept his wife awake all night talking about the ordeal. Alan, meanwhile, was going through the worst of it. Sue was dangerously ill. There was transfusion after transfusion, and he learned that twice, while she'd been on the operating table, she had registered no pulse or blood pressure.

welcome sue and david . . .

Twelve days went by before Sue could leave the hospital. Alan spent the preceding night decorating the house for her homecoming. He followed the ambulance from the hospital and joined Sue at the front door, beaming at her reactions. The door was hung with a big sign that read "WELCOME SUE AND DAVID." The living room was blotted out by a huge placard that said "GOOD BOY, DOC." The bedroom was festooned with twisted crepe paper hung from the ceiling, and a sign over Sue's bed read "GOSH! IT'S GOOD TO HAVE YOU HOME."

They'd named the baby David Alan, and soon after Sue came home, a trade paper carried an item to the effect that Mr. Ladd must be mighty fond of his own name, what with a daughter named Alana, his son David Alan, his ranch Alsulana, his racing horse Alsuladd. Sue froze when she read it, and immediately phoned the paper.

"Listen," she said. "If there's anything in the Ladd family named after Alan, it's my own doing. I happen to be in love with the guy—and if I had six more children I'd like to name them all Alan. He has nothing to do with it. I put up his pictures all over the house, and he comes home at night and takes them down. You really shouldn't—"

"All right, Mrs. Ladd," said the editor. "All right, we're sorry. You win."

And the next edition printed her statement. Sue showed it to Alan.

"There," she said. "I guess I fixed that." He patted her head. "You don't care who knows it, do you, honey?"

"I certainly don't. I'm proud of it." Small Alana was dumbstruck with happiness over the new baby. She had been moved into the guest room to make space for a nursery and considered the whole thing a great honor. Glued to the nursery for days after the baby's installation, she was in attendance during feedings, baths and diapering, always holding David's tiny hand as a signal of her devotion. One night she sat on the bed, solemnly

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watching her father struggle with his tie.

"You like David?" said Alan.

"Oh yes, Daddy."

"What are you going to call him? A nickname, I mean."

"His name is David Alan," she said gravely.

"But he ought to have a nickname. Your name is Alana but we call you Lonnie. What'll it be for David?"

"Butch," said Alana promptly.

So Butch it is, and his chubby highness rules the household. They treasured the gifts sent Butch by friends, perhaps most of all the tiny set of dentures, less than one inch square, sent by their dentist. The card read, "He's got to have teeth."

Three nights after Sue's return to the fold, she and Alan were playing gin rummy in the bedroom when the phone rang. It was the caretaker at the Alsulana Ranch, his voice high with excitement.

"Alan!" he said. "You're a father!"

"No kidding," said Alan drily.

"No—I mean the mare. She's thrown a filly—a beautiful chestnut filly!"

"Well, that's that," said Alan. "Now only the rabbits remain stubborn."

The man laughed. "You're wrong there. The doe is expecting a litter next Thursday. I guess they finally got the idea."

Alan hung up and grinned at Sue. "We're certainly a busy family." He touched the old cradle with the toe of his shoe. "What do you say we store this thing away at the ranch? We've all had enough for a while."

A WOMAN'S PREROGATIVE

(Continued from page 38)

that a chat with me was better than champagne and caviar for breakfast."

Then Linda gave me the straight of it, to explain why she had given her marriage another try while all around her Hollywood married couples were calling it quits for good.

"First," she said, "let me explain about Pev going to Honolulu just ten days after our reconciliation. He had planned this vacation trip for a long time. He had just finished photographing *Night Unto Night*, the new Viveca Lindfors picture at Warners, and really needed a rest. He took the trip with a friend of his, Don Siegel, the director of the picture, and I would have gone along except that there wasn't a chance because of the *Forever Amber* schedule."

Linda makes no bones about it. Her marriage to Pev Marley, which was of three years' and three months' duration, and interrupted by a six months' separation, may not continue. She sincerely hopes it will.

"I think," Linda continued, "that my particular marriage problem is a little different from most of those you have been called upon to report. In the first place, I didn't file for divorce. We talked about the community property problem, but that was as far as it went. Shortly after Christmas, Pev and I began seeing each other casually, and we made the gradual decision to go back together. Then I moved out of my Hollywood apartment, and back into our home at Pacific Palisades."

Back of all this is a romantic story of duration seldom known in Hollywood. Linda met Pev Marley for the first time when she was fourteen years old. He had photographed her second test. That was in April, 1939, after she had gone back to Dallas, Texas, her first try at pictures a failure because she was too young for older roles and too old for children's work.

"I was in love with Pev for four years



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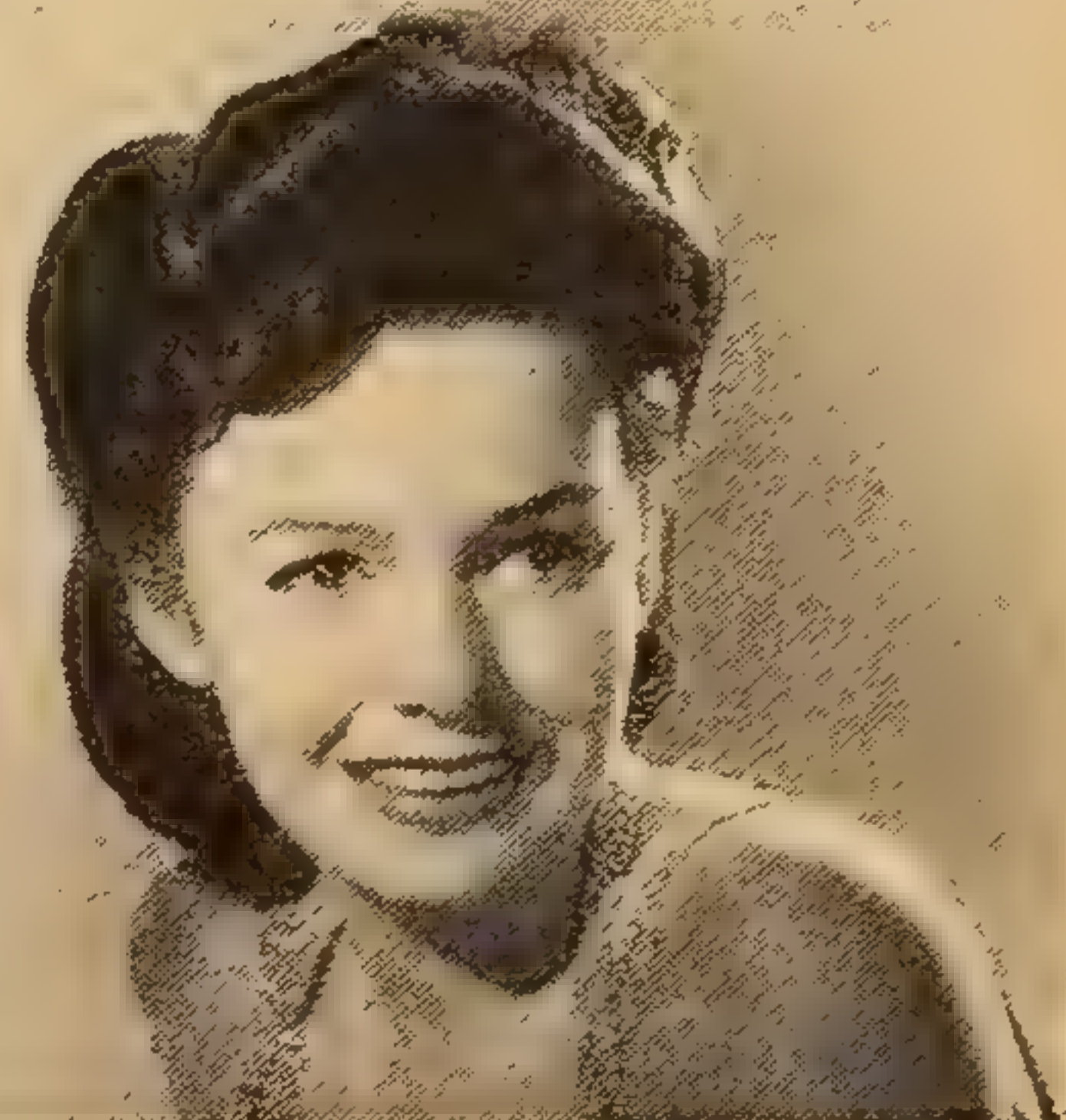
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before he began to take me seriously. After we'd known each other for a couple of years, during which he treated me like an older brother does his kid sister, I couldn't hide my feelings.

"Pev didn't convince himself that I was sure in my own mind until just a few weeks before we eloped to Las Vegas. Ten months before that I was so certain that he would propose at last that I bought a white wedding suit and asked Ann Miller to be my bridesmaid.

"Finally, Pev broke down and admitted that for a long time he had been putting on the four-wheel brakes to keep from asking me, and that he would admit at last that I was not just a little nitwit who imagined that being married was simply the most exciting thing ever."

The marriage plans were kept a secret. They had to be. There was a solid wall of opposition from studio and family.

"Ann and I finally took our wedding costumes out of their respective closets," Linda declared, "and there was more than a slight aroma of moth balls. We had planned to leave early on Saturday morning, and drive to Las Vegas, but the studio called Ann in to dub some tap sounds.

"In the meantime, I was still frantically calling hotels in Las Vegas. There wasn't a room to be had in the whole town, and we needed two. One for Ann and me, and another for Pev and his best man.

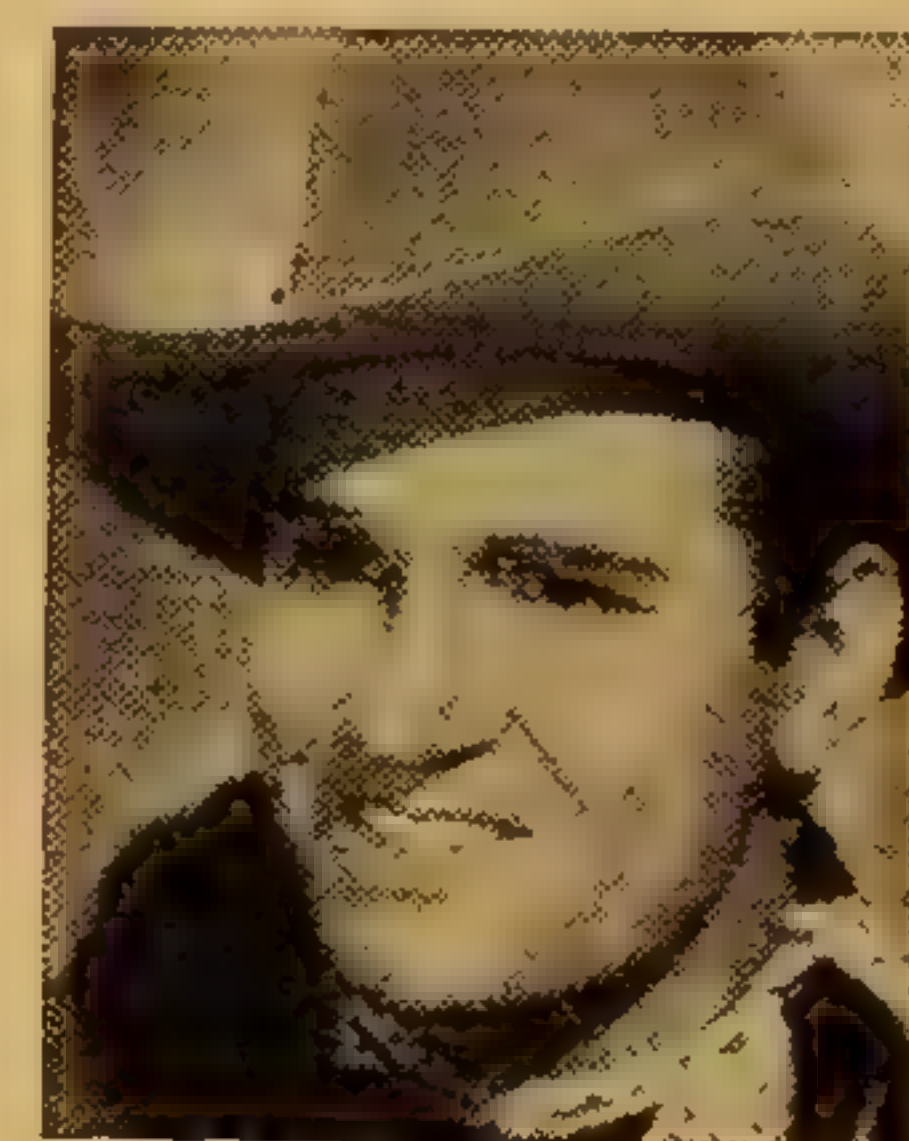
"I decided to use 'movie influence.' I said that Ann and I were coming up, as we did frequently, to entertain the men at a nearby air field . . . and we were bringing our mothers."

That should have turned the trick, but the little scheme backfired. One of the hotels called Linda back and reported that they were only able to secure one room, but inasmuch as the party consisted only of females would they mind?

Pev and Linda talked the situation over and decided that it was now or never.

"When we got there, Ann and I unpacked while Pev and Bill went looking for a room. We were too excited to do much sleeping, but when I finally closed my

I SAW IT HAPPEN



One Sunday morning at 6 a.m., Gene Autry arrived in our town—and there wasn't one restaurant open. He came in to our bakery shop, which is one of the few places open at that time, and asked my

mother if there were any place he could get a cup of coffee. My mother, who is no movie fan, thought he was a poor cowhand who had come to Chicago on the cattle train, and promptly offered him some coffee in the tin cups we use in the shop. He sat on the counter, talking quietly about everything under the sun—until the town came to life. He even went out and rolled down the awning in front of our bakery. That evening, as Gene was walking from the hotel to the theater, followed by hundreds of his fans, he passed our shop, which caused my mother to remark, "Everyone's acting so silly. Didn't they ever see a cowboy before?" When I told my mother the cowboy was Gene Autry, the famous movie star, she got quite a pleasant surprise.

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eyes there was a loud knock on the door. I opened it to find a bell hop with a telegram from Pev. After turning the town upside down he and Bill had a room in the same hotel, two floors above us!"

Linda and Pev were married on Palm Sunday in the office of Judge O'Malley. Church bells rang. Everything was beautiful. Linda and Ann wept a little, and the happy event was over.

The trip back was wonderful, until they turned on the car radio. They heard Winchell announce the news of the elopement. Then followed Louella Parsons and Jimmie Fidler. And they couldn't miss the blunt truth that few people, if any outside themselves, were in a congratulatory mood.

Linda gave a wedding reception. Quite a group of her friends attended, but she couldn't miss the obvious attitude of those who should have been there but weren't.

During their honeymoon, Pev and Linda avoided everyone. But gradually the opposition turned to enthusiasm. Linda and Pev bought their home in Pacific Palisades, a few blocks from the ocean, and began to furnish it. The task took almost three years because Pev was still in the army. Although stationed nearby for most of the time, during which he was photographing training films and the re-created landscapes in miniature which were used for pin-point bombing over Germany, he had little free time. Linda and the studio made up, and the pressure of her career became stronger.

Linda views her marriage problems with a direct attitude. "Our adjustment probably wasn't nearly as difficult as many marriages at the same time," she pointed out, "but an actress has a specialized situation to face. It is more than a problem of whether or not two careers in the same family will work."

"Pev and I married for companionship, but frequently we missed out on it. And not through any fault of Pev's. He is one of those vital, energetic men who is interested in many things. It may seem small and ridiculous, but I frequently didn't want to talk about my experiences during the day—whom I saw, whether the scenes went right, and so on."

"Pev, on the other hand, is deeply interested in his work, and in mine. Whereas, the way I am, when a day is over, I seldom feel like rehashing any of it."

alone in a crowd...

"The reason for my craving for silence may be as simple as the fact that I was raised with a large family. There were five of us, not to mention the pets we were forever collecting. Our home was always a happy madhouse. I could walk in at any time, find a horse in the living room, which I didn't, of course, and never bat an eyelash."

"As a result I found privacy by just being quiet. The habit of long standing still prevails to such an extent that Pev sometimes has asked me what I am unhappy about when I am simply sitting around and relaxing, enjoying the luxury of not saying anything."

This seemed a good point to pop up with a question about the future. Linda grinned. "I have just bought a small ranch near Taos," she said. "It is a five-and-a-half acre hideaway built of adobe, with four bedrooms and an art studio. Mr. Zanuck has promised me three months off after *Forever Amber* is finished, and you don't have to guess where I'm going."

"Alone?" I asked.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you one thing about the ranch," she answered quickly. "There's a small stream running through it. If you happen to be passing by—as you won't—you'll probably see Pev out fishing for trout."



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CRACK-UP

(Continued from page 62)

home of Ginger Rogers, and while he was living there in a great deal of secrecy, Harrison Carroll, the columnist, got wind that something was wrong. He called Greer, who shot back a fast denial.

"Oh, no," she told him. "We're just having the house redecorated, and Richard went away so he wouldn't be bothered while he's working so hard on *Ivy*."

Carroll used the story that way on a Friday, but the following Sunday, Louella Parsons had their separation on her radio program, having got hold of Richard, who admitted it. He himself had only learned that morning from Greer that she considered their break final.

That's when Greer fled posthaste to Pebble Beach with her mother, and she was really in a terrible state of nerves. Richard said to me afterwards, "Pressure from correspondents and columnists became so terrific that she was completely beside herself."

After talking to Richard I am quite sure that he was not let in on Greer's plans and that the announcement from her came as a great shock to him. Nevertheless, outwardly he betrayed nothing. In fact, he seemed to me to be making a point of nonchalance—not that I was fooled by it. I suspected all the time that he was just laughing on the outside, crying on the inside. I knew he was hard hit.

For more than a year before the rift, the gossip about the Garson-Ney menage had been hot. People seemed to have a feeling that everything was not quite as it ought to be in that three-cornered household. (Greer's mother lived with them, you

know.) The rumors increased about the time he left M-G-M. In order to quell those rumors, Greer and Richard announced that they planned to buy a trailer and tour the country all by themselves. Greer told me glowingly of their plans.

"Richard is so handy with the pot and skillet," she said. "Really a fine cook, you know. We shall have the most wonderful time." The trip never came off. It was just sort of forgotten.

Then the gossip took a really ridiculous turn, showing how little people honestly know about the inner lives of our stars who are so constantly on parade. The next rumor was that they were victims of mother-in-law trouble. Nina Garson and Richard have been the best of pals, and gin rummy antagonists from way back. I am betting she misses him almost as much as Greer does.

Furthermore, Richard's own mother visited him and Greer for months last winter, and the two mothers-in-law went everywhere with the glamorous pair—to night clubs, premieres and private parties. I met Greer's mama and Richard's on the Sunday when Smiley Burnette gave a birthday party for his favorite horse and they were certainly the closest of pals. No, the mother-in-law angle will have to be ruled out. This difficulty goes deeper.

Richard told me he thought Greer never had entirely got over her accident and near-drowning at Monterey while making *A Woman of My Own*. (That was the time she was romantically rescued by a handsome fisherman and much was made of it.) The after-effects of that mishap

left her morose and depressed. Yet in her public appearances, she was so gay that no one could have suspected a thing wrong. Outwardly they appeared ecstatically happy, completely wrapped up in each other—but what went on when it was no longer necessary to wear a mask, when they faced one another in the privacy of their own home, those things nobody knows.

Richard has discussed his marriage and its at least temporary failure with nobody. He consented to see me only because of our old and strong friendship, and because he knows that I am as ardent a Garson fan as he is. I am sure he has given me confidences that no one else has received, and for that reason this story as it relates to their break-up is exclusive.

But by skirting judiciously around what Richard told me, and what with my knowledge of Greer and her history in Hollywood, I think I have a pretty clear conception of what happened.

off with the queen's head . . .

Metro built Greer up to queenly stature. She stayed on top, reaping new harvests of adulation as each new picture came along, until the inevitable law of averages caught up with her.

Not every film can be a *Mr. Chips*, a *Mrs. Miniver*, a *Random Harvest*. Every top star must face the fact at some time in her career that she's going to have not-so-good pictures, but Greer wants every picture to be her best. She is a very highly organized girl, thin-skinned, ready to break into tears if she thinks people don't love her every minute. And she can be plunged into depths of misery by little things. Love doesn't thrive in that sort of climate.

Greer and Richard met in the wardrobe department at Metro. Richard had just come to Hollywood for the first time.

Let no one question that Greer did a great deal for Richard's career when he came back from the service. Let no one deny, either, that in a time that might have been difficult for a man of less finely-tempered character, Richard proved himself to be all man.

There are those who said that he couldn't help succeeding as an actor because, after all, wasn't he married to "Miss M-G-M?" A pretty catty aspersion! Richard got away from Metro as fast as he could. In *The Late George Apley* at Twentieth Century-Fox, he manifested a fine and trained talent. Sam Wood and Bill Dozier, two excellent judges of ability, paged him at Universal-International for a top featured role in *Ivy*. Again he acquitted himself with great credit. Gradually, the back-biting dwindled and finally ceased altogether. Today Richard is accepted on his own ability as one of the most skilled young players in pictures, with a bright future.

In the midst of all this success—the blow, tempered only by the knowledge that his friends are true and wholeheartedly interested in his happiness.

Richard said a strange thing to me that day at LaRue. "I am one of those men," he told me with that earnest look in his eyes, "who believe that the woman should have the right to decide whether she wants to marry—and also if she wants to call it a day. I believe that's a woman's privilege." But the torch Richard is carrying burns high and hot. Perhaps one day it may rekindle the love that Greer once had for him. Richard hopes so.

He told me he thought it was a woman's privilege to decide when she should marry and when she should end her marriage. But I discovered he has a way of making decisions for women. For instance, when I had lunch with him he had it all ordered for me before I arrived. He told me he thought women liked to have men make decisions for them. I don't. I like to order my own lunch. Maybe Greer does, too.

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